THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Vol. 193, No. 4. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

JULY 24, 1920

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The Laughing Horse of Gallup Street — By Edward Streeter

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
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Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 193 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, JULY 24, 1920 — $2.50 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 4

THE LAUGHING HORSE OF GALLUP STREET

By Edward Streeter

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

The Boys Led the Old Gray Horse Away With a Feeling That During the Last Half Hour the World Had Changed

A HOLY zeal filled the twelve-year-old breast of Beany Fleming. He had just listened to the message of the Rev. Thaddeus Hopkins, secretary of the S. P. C. A. As a rule school talks left him in a comatose condition. To-day, however, he had been prejudiced in the speaker's favor. An unprepared arithmetic lesson had been swept out of existence by the arrival of the reverend gentleman. Under such conditions Beany would willingly have become a convert to anything from back-yard gardening to the eternal wearing of rubbers.

Mr. Hopkins had made a favorable impression on the whole school. He did not fuss about soul uplift, like other dreary bores who addressed them, but spoke like a man—of sling shots, air rifles, tin cans and flying stones; in fact, he had gone into the subject so minutely that he had suggested a number of new tortures which the school had never thought of before but were anxious to try as soon as they decently could.

Beany had a code of morals entirely his own. He felt that the Reverend Mr. Hopkins had done him a favor. The least he could do in return was to follow that gentleman's wishes to the letter. Some such idea was passing through his mind when a squirrel climbed down the trunk of a tree, paused cautiously on the opposite curbing, then scampered across the street toward them. Gangleshanks instinctively swung his books on the end of their strap and let them fly. The squirrel disappeared into the branches of a tree. The books slid harmlessly along the grass and stopped under an automatic sprinkler. Having recovered them in a glutinous state, they continued their walk.

"What's the sense in doin' that? Golly day! Why don't you try an' be decent to somethin' once in a while?" inquired the new champion of the dumb.

"Aw shucks! Wha'd I do?" Gangleshanks transferred some of the lawn from the New Gradatim to his trousers. "Gee whiz, you've got to be an awful sis, Beany!"

"I ain't at all," replied Beany indignantly. "It's only a kid's trick, though, to shy somethin' at everythin' y'see."

"Well, what harm'd I do? Didn't hit it, did I?"

"No, but you might've."

"But I didn't, did I?"

"That don't make any dif'rence."

This point of ethics might have continued interminably had their attention not been diverted by a ragman's horse and wagon drawn up beside the curb. On other days this was not a sight to cause any comment. Beany's mind, however, was on the lookout this afternoon for animals which might be in need of his assistance. The horse, moreover, was not an ordinary one. His long, uneven hair gave him an appearance of prophetic age. He leaned wearily against one of the maples which lined the curb on either side, his front feet crossed like those of a corner lounger. The most extraordinary thing about the horse, however, was his face. It was a tired, careworn face, yet there was a humorous twinkle about the eyes. As the boys approached, the horse bared his teeth and laughed, silently and heartily.

Beany and Gangleshanks stopped to admire this demonstration of equine facetiousness with open-mouthed amazement. Having indulged in a good laugh, the gray horse closed his eyes wearily and emitted a deep sigh.

"He's 'most human," whispered Gangleshanks, awestruck. He was afraid the horse might hear him and be offended at the qualification.

"Golly day, look 't his ribs!" said Beany. "They're bustin' out of his skin like an embrella. Betcha dollar he hasn't had anythin' to eat for a year."

As if to testify to this, the gray horse turned his head slightly and, without shifting his position, began to nibble bark from the tree. A gate creaked. Beany and Gangleshanks turned to observe the horse's owner coming toward them.

"T'inkin' o' buyin' 'im?"

He was a little man, bent from constantly carrying heavy bags on his shoulder. A stubby beard concealed the lower part of his face. This occasioned no regret once the upper part had been seen. He wore a cap devoid of shape and so old that it looked like one of his own rags which had fluttered down and rested on the top of his head. A greenish-yellow cutaway adorned his shoulders. His trousers ascended from his shoe tops in great rolls and billows. They might have served as the models for those garments which sculptors are so fond of draping on the legs of mid-Victorian statesmen.

"That's a fine horse," said Beany, encouraged by this display of friendliness. "How old's he?" That had always seemed a good noncommittal leader when discussing horses.

"Vorty-two." The ragman threw his bag on the wagon and prepared to mount onto the rickety seat. "Vorty-two come Passover."

"Golly day, that's old! Looks kind o' thin, don't he?" Beany wondered if this was the sort of thing which the Rev. Mr. Hopkins had meant.

"He's a wery del'cate eater," explained the ragman.

"Wha'd'y' feed him?" asked Gangleshanks, interested in spite of himself.

"Vun box o' sereal a day," said the ragman, gathering up the reins and making a rattling noise with his tongue.

The gray horse shivered from head to foot, uncrossed his legs and stood erect with difficulty.

"Isn't he a little wabbly?" ventured Beany.

"He don't stand vell ven he ain't leanin'," said the ragman. "There used to be two on 'em. They leaned against vun another. Then they vent vell."

He shook the reins. The gray horse staggered unsteadily away. Beany fished a pencil stub from his pocket, wet the end carefully and wrote on the back of the U. S. History, "Isaac Aaron, 10 Gallup Street," just as it appeared in crude letters on the side of the cart.

A Fresh Realization of His Worldly Cares Descended Upon Him Like a Blanket. The Police Were Watching the House

"What's that?" asked Gangleshanks curiously.

"Mr. Hopkins says how when we saw horses that didn't look right to find who owned 'em an' turn in their names to the teacher."

"Well, come along. Gee whiz, we'll never get started."

They continued without further interruption until they came to a large brick house. The shades were all drawn and there was a sign on the veranda announcing that it was for sale.

"We got to look out now," warned Gangleshanks, "or we'll get spotted."

They looked up and down the street, but there was nothing more alarming than a butcher wagon drawn up against the curb half a block away. Turning in the driveway they walked quickly past the house to the yard. The lot was a deep one, sloping back several hundred feet and terminating in a tumble-down brick barn.

When they reached the barn Beany picked up a piece of wood and pounded five times with it on the door, three times slowly, twice very quickly. A smaller door, cut into one of the panels of the large one, was opened cautiously. A fat dirty face peered out.

"Pu-pu-password," it whispered.

Beany and Gangleshanks exchanged glances. They both shook their heads. "We forgot," explained Beany. "Come on, Tub. Let's in before somebody sees us."

"No pu-pu-password, stu-stu-stay out." Before Beany had time to shove his stick in the door it was shut. There was the sound of an iron hook being dropped into place.

"You let us in, Tub Hemingway, or you'll wish you was dead!" cried the outraged Beany, speaking with his mouth very close to the door.

"Why du-du-don't y' gimme th' pu-pu-password then? How du-du-do I know who y'are?" asked a muffled voice from the other side of the door.

The two ousted members held a short discussion. Then they crept quietly round the corner of the barn where there was a space of about two feet between the fence and the side wall, the burial place of all tin cans and broken flowerpots. In the center of the wall was a window. Beany raised it and they crawled in through a barrage of rubbish. The window, long separated from its weights, fell with a crash behind them.

"Shut up!" hissed Beany. "We want t' catch that Tub alive an' murder him."

If the Tub was not aware of their presence he must have been deaf. There was not a sound, however, but the creaking of the rotten floor under their feet. The interior of the barn was dark except for a few rays of gray light which crowded through the dirty window. There was an oppressive odor of old harness, dust, rotting oats, mice and mildewed seat cushions. The floor was littered with empty cans and broken boxes. An archaic sleigh covered with an old sheet stood in the rear of the barn, its shafts suspended from the ceiling by slings.

From underneath the sheet came the unmistakable sound of a desperately muffled sneeze. They dragged the unfortunate Tub from his hiding place. Then, laying him on the floor, they proceeded to sit on his stomach and tickle him. This was a method, known as "the cure," by which Beany and Gangleshanks had kept the Tub in a state of groveling subjection since the day they had discovered that his ribs were his vulnerable point. The operation was accompanied by howls of unfeigned agony.

"Put his cap over his mouth," directed Beany. "He'll have everybody in town round."

Gangleshanks complied. The howling became indistinct and spluttering. "I'll 'e'ood. I'll 'e'ood," filtered through the cap between screams. Gangleshanks slowly removed the covering. Beany left off massaging the Tub's ribs and rose from his stomach.

"Wha-wha-what's th' idear?" cried the Tub indignantly, beating clouds of dust from his trousers.

"Why didn't y' leave us in?" asked Gangleshanks sullenly.

"Y' didn' have no pu-pu-pu-password."

"Well, how can we give you the password when we forgot it?"

"Y' oughtn't to fu-fu-forget."

"What's the sense in that? You can't help forgetting a thing. If you forget it you forget it."

"Shucks. Let's get goin' an' fix this place up," said Gangleshanks, bored by this legal controversy.

"Gee whiz, we'll never get started if we don't get goin'." He unhooked the small front door and opened it, relieving the gloom.

"Golly day, this is a slick place!" said Beany, looking admiringly about at the cobwebbed walls. "We can fix it up great. Look. It's got stalls an' everything."

"This is the cu-cu-clubroom," explained the Tub, pushing back the door of a large box stall. "Ain't it su-su-slick?"

The clubroom had been used for years as a repository for old boxes and a home for young mice. After about an hour of hard labor, however, the boxes were removed and the full possibilities of the box stall revealed.

"The nex' thing we need's a couch," said Beany thoughtfully, sitting down on the last box and wiping the perspiration from his face with a smudgy sleeve. "A place where we can lie an' read."

"We can't all lie an' read on one couch," said the practical Gangleshanks.

"Golly day, we can take turns till we get more, can't we?"

"You got to gu-gu-get the cu-cu-couch. I got the bu-bu-barn," said the Tub.

"Before we go lookin' for the couch we ought to 'lect ossifers," suggested Gangleshanks.

"I ought to be pu-pu-president," said the Tub sullenly.

"You! Why so, I'd like to know?"

"Caw-caw-cause I got the barn."

"'Tain't your barn."

"'Sfu-fu-father's though."

"Yes, but you know what you'd get if he caught on you was usin' it."

"Wouldn't gu-gu-get nothin'. Just as soon t-t-tell him."

"You can be treasury," suggested Beany.

"I'm goin' t' be pu-pu-president."

Beany looked at Gangleshanks significantly. They approached the ill-fated candidate from opposite sides and seized him by the arms. At the thought of a repetition of the cure he crumpled into an incoherent mass at their feet.

"Aw quit y'r foolin', will yo'? Cut it out, you fellas. You'll bu-bu-be sorry soon's I ge-ge-get up." This brought forth a burst of derision. "Cu-cu-come on. Be d-d-decent, can't you?" His complaints merged into hysterical laughter and groans.

"Who's pres'dent?" asked Beany, giving his ribs a special admonitory dig.

"Yo-yo-you," gasped the Tub.

"What's that?" cried Gangleshanks.

"No, no; yo-yo-you," groaned the tortured victim of machine politics.

Whereupon Beany, perceiving the nucleus of an interesting game, applied both hands to his work.

"Bu-bu-bu-bu-both."

"Only you're not."

"N-n-no. Oh, Lord!"

"Let him up," ordered Beany.

The defeated candidate rose to his feet and once more pounded the dust from his trousers. "Yo-yo-you fellas think you're fu-fu-funny, don't you?" he said in an aggrieved tone. "I wouldn't be pu-pu-president of your ol' club."

"I tell you what we'll do," said Beany, perceiving a deadlock and anxious to avoid it before it became a matter of pride. "I'll be pres'dent one week an' you can be the nex', Gangleshanks."

"Wha-wha-what am I?" asked the Tub. The greed for power was stronger than the cure.

"You're members," said Gangleshanks. "You ought to be awful glad to be in the club at all."

Parliamentary business out of the way, the matter of interior decoration came once more to the front. Beany suddenly remembered an old horsehair sofa which had long reposed in his attic. He felt sure that his mother would be glad to give it to them. He had such strong convictions on this that though he knew she was out he felt perfectly safe in taking it anyway; in fact, as he told Gangleshanks, it was just as well that she was out. He hated to bother her about such things, she had so much "in her mind." He suggested that they hurry. She might return at any moment. Beany had suddenly become very considerate.

"Let's leave Tub here to clean up," suggested Gangleshanks. "He'll just be in the way."

The Tub was not averse to this arrangement. Walking and carrying things for long distances bored him. Beany and Gangleshanks went round by Walnut Street in order to purchase a confection known as penny whoppers. These were dispensed by one Mrs. McGruder for one and a half cents each. She explained the disparity between the price and the name by referring vaguely to a war tax. They passed the time of day with Mrs. McGruder and put the penny whoppers in their cheeks, to be drawn upon from time to time in succulent drafts.

Suddenly Beany stopped and examined something which lay in the grass beside the walk. He straightened up, holding in his hand an object which looked like a dead silver snake.

"Wha'd'y' s'pose that is?" he asked.

Gangleshanks examinedit curiously. "I know!" he exclaimed. "A necklace. A pearl necklace. Sister's got one like it. Gee whiz, they're worth a wagon of money."

Beany looked up and down the deserted street. "Who d'y s'pose lost it?"

"Don't know. Think we'd better leave it there?"

"No sense in that. Golly day, if we can't find who owns it, findin's keepin's."

There was no one in sight but the postman. Obviously he hadn't dropped it. "Think we ought t' keep it?" asked Gangleshanks doubtfully.

"Sure. Why not? No sense throwin' it away."

"Wonder what it's worth?"

"Don't know. 'Nawful lot."

"S'pose it's worth five dollars?"

"More'n that, I guess."

"Gee whiz, that would buy about a million penny whoppers." At this thought Gangleshanks threw back his head and with half-closed eyes began considering a new life based on such an ownership.

"I know what we'll do with it." Beany stopped, overcome by the audacity of his inspiration. "We'll buy that horse."

"What horse?" asked Gangleshanks, amazed.

"The ragman's."

"Wha' for?"

"Oh, I do' know. It's awful old an' oughtn't to work any more. We could keep it in Tub's barn an' give it a good home. It would be awful good fun ownin' a horse all by ourselves."

"Might be at that," agreed Gangleshanks, rather impressed by the idea. "How yo' goin' t' find it, though?"

"Remember his address. Ten Gallup Street."

"Let's go down now." Gangleshanks was distinctly a man of action. "If we hang round here we might find who owns the thing."

Gallup Street might have been in Asia Minor for all that Beany or Gangleshanks knew of it. Geography seemed about to thwart their plans when a large policeman strolled into view enjoying the hot afternoon sunshine.

"Let's ask him," said Beany.

"Not the cop!" exclaimed Gangleshanks, aghast.

"Sure. He won't do anything to you."

"Gee whiz, you got nerve!" said Gangleshanks admiringly.

II

NEITHER Beany nor Gangleshanks had ever been so far from home before, nor had either of them ever seen a street just like Gallup. It was narrow and the houses on either side were joined together by ropes from which hung all manner of clothes, mostly of a confidential nature. These flapped slowly back and forth, giving the street a dismal holiday appearance. After struggling along for several hundred yards Gallup Street gave up the attempt and ended weak-heartedly in a brick wall.

Number Ten was precisely the same as Numbers Six and Eight except that beside the door was nailed a board announcing to the world that "Isaac Aaron" was a "Vendir." Beside the door was an archway. This gave entrance to a gloomy passage terminating in a pile of broken boxes. Here, it might be supposed, Mr. Aaron maintained his stables.

The younger generation of Gallup Street was abroad enjoying such air as filtered through the flapping clothes. It stopped to gaze curiously at Beany and Gangleshanks. Number Ten had no doorbell, so they knocked, politely at first, then more boldly as their efforts met with no response. They had become absorbed in this game when they were startled by a woman's head which popped out of a window beside the door.

"Vell, vell, vell, vell, vell?" she repeated impatiently.

"We want to see Mr. Aaron, ma'am," said Beany.

"Vell, he ain't here." The head started to disappear.

"When'll he get back?" asked Gangleshanks.

"Ven he gets here."

"Can we wait?"

"Vy should I care?"

The woman gave them a curious stare and withdrew her head. The window shut with a bang. They sat down on the steps to wait. Gallup Street sensed the unusual. Its inhabitants were constantly on the lookout for just such a condition. The street ceased its sports and formed a cordon about the steps. Nothing happened, so they found comfortable positions and patiently awaited developments. The two principal actors became decidedly ill at ease. This candid inspection finally became unendurable to Beany.

"See any green?" he demanded of a rangy youth whose trousers were suspended rakishly by a piece of string slung after the manner of a Sam Browne belt.

"Some green an' some yaller," replied the young man, hitching the string to a more secure position on his shoulder.

The crowd considered this a rare bit of repartee. It jeered its approval and crowded closer. The action had begun.

"'Sy'r mommer know y'r out?" asked a voice from the back of the circle.

"I'll mommer you!" said Beany defiantly, though he did not feel too confident of it in his heart.

"Y'r nurse'll be lookin' for y'," remarked the rangy boy.

Beany's hands opened and shut convulsively. The odds were hopelessly against him, but his temper was oozing fast. It was growing dusk. Workmen were returning to Gallup Street, their dinner pails in hand. They stopped and pushed their way through the crowd in the forlorn hope that there might have been an accident. The rangy boy grew bolder. Egged on by applause, he stepped forward and pulled off Beany's cap, which he held up to his delighted audience.

"Ain't it purty?" he remarked.

This was too much for Beany. Seizing the cap, he proceeded to execute the gesture known in sporting circles as "planting a well-aimed blow" just west of the point where the rangy boy's trousers received the support of the string. Gallup Street gave tongue and pressed closer. They wished to be in at the death.

Just what the result might have been is uncertain had not the crowd been split at this moment by the head and shoulders of an old gray horse. At the sight of Beany and Gangleshanks a glimmer of recognition seemed to cross his tired brain. He bared his teeth and indulged in one of those silent laughs which had so fascinated his self-appointed protectors in the first place. The ragman was standing up in his seat making violent swings with a stick which did no great damage to anyone. Life had made nimbleness a prerequisite in the street.

"Out o' my vay," roared Mr. Aaron. "Out o' my vay, y' gutter-bred, louse-ridden sons o' t'ieves!"

"From Vere You Haf Ged Dese?" Asked Mr. Aaron Again.
"We Found 'em," Said Beany, Wishing Very Hard That He Had Not

With which neighborly greeting he rode through the mob and passed under the archway beside his front door. Beany and Gangleshanks, accepting the discretion-versus-valor theory, took refuge behind his tailboard and followed closely.

"Ged oud o' here!" bellowed the ragman, perceiving them. "Ged oud, y' low-lived hunkies!"

"We wanted to see you," explained Beany, making himself as small as possible behind the wagon.

"On business," added Gangleshanks. They both wished from the bottoms of their hearts that they were back on Walnut Street. The word "business," however, immediately roused a racial instinct in the ragman.

"Vat for, bus'ness?" he asked contemptuously.

"We want to buy your horse."

"Ged oud!" cried Mr. Aaron, sensing a joke. "Ged oud before I wring the heads from your body off!"

At this terrible threat Gangleshanks backed away several paces. Beany stood his ground behind the tailboard. Seeing this, Gangleshanks stopped also and assumed a bolder front.

"We do, though." Beany put his hand in his pocket and drew out the necklace. "We want to trade this for your horse."

There was still light enough in the passage for the ragman to perceive the string of pearls in Beany's hand. He became interested and, descending from his wagon, took them and examined them in the gloom. Then he looked sharply at the boys from under his bushy eyebrows.

"From vere you gome by dese?" he asked.

"Found 'em," explained Beany.

"An' vat you vant to do by 'em?"

"Swap 'em for your horse."

Once more Mr. Aaron examined them with his beady eyes. "Gome id," he said.

His tone had completely changed. He opened a door in the alley and they stepped into a room lit by an uneven gas light. It was a large room and apparently served as a living room, dining room, kitchen, bedroom, office and warehouse. In one corner was a stove, round which the woman with the tousled hair hovered like a vulture. A double iron bed stood in another corner. An uncertain table and three discouraged chairs adorned the center. Every other available space was taken up with burlap bags stuffed with the results of Mr. Aaron's collecting habits. They were piled high along the walls and even pushed under the bed. They filled the room with a stale musty odor which struggled for supremacy with the smell of hot garlic from the stove.

Mrs. Aaron greeted her better half with a loving grunt. Then, noticing the two visitors, she turned curiously.

(Continued on Page 166)

The Conscience of the Republic

An Authorized Interview With Warren G. Harding, Republican Nominee for President—By A. R. Pinci

WE WHO are Republicans do not mean to hold aloof, we choose no isolation, we shun no duty. I like to rejoice in an American conscience and in a big conception of our obligations to liberty, justice and civilization."

The foregoing thirty-nine words are the key to the combined domestic and international doctrine of the Republican Party, uttered by Warren G. Harding, of Ohio, nominated for President of the United States by its delegates assembled in national convention at Chicago, a few hours after he had filed his petition in the Ohio primaries to succeed himself in the United States Senate. He is the first United States Senator ever nominated for the Presidency.

In a paragraph he not only sets forth a platform but likewise summarizes the tasks before him. In the first sentence he accepts, holds and assigns the international problems that, if elected next November, he will inherit from a contending and unfriendly Democratic Party. But the second sentence, making due allowance for the bromidic generalities apparent in any statement by any prominent statesman, refers to an intangible something of which every American is proud, upon which every citizen worthy the name will stake his all, risk his life, and battle for—an intangible something that is shared alike by every man and woman and that offers a common and understandable meeting ground—an intangible something that, I suspect, will become the campaign cry of the Republicans during the campaign: The American conscience.

Translated, I consider Senator Harding's phrase susceptible of a change and so I term it the "conscience of the republic," because it is difficult to doubt that he appeals to the reason of that vast majority, politically speaking, that is once more a duly chastised but regenerated Grand Old Party.

It is the pardonable but none the less exaggerated habit of presidential or other notable candidates verbally to prescribe cures for equally exaggerated and sometimes imagined national ills. At least that has been my experience after interviewing nominees in four campaigns, notwithstanding the fact that in each case I had met and known them during days of less conspicuous service.

Looking Facts in the Face

AS A RESULT, when Senator Harding described what he thinks is the country's principal ailment at present, I was almost ready to hear the usual outline of the cure, but in this I was mistaken.

"I do not know that I can prescribe the cure," he said, "but I know a way to remove the cause."

Thus Warren G. Harding abandoned a time-honored bit of loquacity, and not without risk, because, after all, the people seem less concerned with cause than with cure. I say "seem" advisedly, for though the average individual does not care what causes his headache so long as there is something to cure it he would not—presupposing intelligence—object to a bit of lore that would make him his own best doctor.

Therein lies the scope of Senator Harding's interest in the people. Therein lies the secret, if such it may be termed, of his practical political relationship to the people in the forthcoming campaign. And, I may add, it is not campaign expediency that dictates it, because the same motive was apparent when I first met him five years ago. He emphasized it during the last campaign, in which he was little more than a spectator.

He is by nature and by environment a friend of the people in more than a national sense. He is not thunderous in his manner, despite the fact that in physique he is a man of imposing appearance. His kindly eye and easy manner neutralize the intimation of force in restraint behind his well-proportioned body that a football eleven might well covet for their team.

"The people?"

Warren G. Harding

A practiced interviewer can breathe those two words in the presence of an active candidate for elective office and loosen a cataract of words that available ink could not print, but it is quite evident that Mr. Harding cannot be innocently prompted by the magic whisper "peepul," as if he realizes that like the shell game it has outlived its usefulness in the higher sphere of regenerated political strategy.

Perhaps his reluctance to wax eloquent on so promising a text is due to the fact that he has never been separated from contact with his fellow men, even during his senatorial term at Washington, where his office has been a sort of open house, and that for that very reason its hospitality has never been abused. Sometimes office makes a man less intimate, and even seems to make him quite distant, in contradistinction to the misused statement that it "elevates" him above his old acquaintances. Senator Harding could easily have availed himself of the official prerogatives and privileges and have isolated himself, but Senator Harding could no more live in isolation, whether created or enforced, than a fish out of water.

He says that "lowered cost of living and increased cost of production are an economic impossibility." Obviously, he also means that if the existing cost of production becomes the standard cost it is useless to look for a lowered cost of living. He states, of course, an economic fact, but economic facts as a rule are always taboo in the accepted form of a statement for the public. Economic facts until this year have been the exclusive tools of economists, and that seems to have been the only field where political angels feared to tread.

Mr. Harding, on the contrary, sees no reason to ignore so patent a condition. The cost of living is, in his opinion, the problem closest to every American's heart or mind, for upon the cost of living, or the ratio of his expenditures to income, depends that state of mind and treasury that will or will not interest him in affairs that are more or less foreign. That point he touches upon masterfully.

"It is fine to idealize," he declared, "but it is very practical to make sure our own house is in perfect order before we attempt the miracle of Old-World stabilization."

A Veiled Ultimatum

JUDGING by his rather brief and concise remarks it is evident that Senator Harding is assuming an attitude that will be very difficult for the opposition to weaken. He chooses no isolation and he shuns no duty, but he makes it clear that the people must decide the extent of American responsibility, and is willing, if I paraphrase it correctly, to have the campaign determined on a new ratio; not the sixteen-to-one of ancient and unhallowed memory, but one hundred and ten millions to one. In fact, Senator Harding has no choice in the matter, since this decision is something over which he has had no control.

"No one man can make a party platform," he said, "and the covenant of the Republican Party must be and will be the deliberate and harmonized convictions of representative Republican thought, digested in national councils. The Republican platform represents the convictions, conscience and aspirations of the thinking Republicans of America."

He rallies the Republicans once more, but he does not offer any sugar-coated inducements, because he bluntly says that the old order will not be restored, that it will not come again, and labor may accept his veiled ultimatum that life without toil never was and never can be.

"Cut out the extravagance of government and individuals—give us the normal ways of government and men—and a cure for many of our troubles will be effected," Senator Harding said.

"The doctors of medicine frequently diagnose a very common human ill as autointoxication. The symptoms are restlessness, irritability, often a disturbed circulation, sometimes a temperature, and always an incapacity to do things.

"Autointoxication is poison absorbed from within. Incorrect or excessive diet probably contributes to, impaired elimination magnifies the ailment. The trouble is seldom fatal, but it is distressing.

"Sometimes I think our country has a bad case of autointoxication. Many persons urge that our ills are largely traceable to the influence of the foreigner. The major troubles do not come from that source, and never will unless we attempt to digest supergovernment of the

world, and there is no danger of that since the Senate of the United States has resumed its constitutional functions.

"The poison that disturbs the nerves and makes restless and irritable the American body politic does not originate in the foreigner who has come among us, but it may be traced to the American-born revolutionist or the agitator cloaked in adopted citizenship who plays upon the credulity or the ignorance of his foreign victim.

"The worst disloyalists and most effective conspirators wear the garb of full-fledged American citizenship, and many of them inherited American opportunity at their birth and turned liberty into license.

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The Republican Nominee Believes in Keeping His Eye on the Ball

"Our autointoxication is due in the main to the high living and excesses and abnormal indulgences incident to war, when there was little repose and impaired elimination.

"I do not know that I can prescribe the cure, but I know a way to remove the cause. Stop the excesses, omit the indigestible things, get the healthful exercise of honest toil, give Nature a chance with pure air and physical activity and take a stimulant to aid elimination, along with a bit of practical mental science, which all doctors agree is helpful in curing all bodily ills."

The Old Order Gone

"I DO not mean that the old order will be restored," Mr. Harding continued. "It will never come again. A world war's upheaval, which ends autocracies and wipes out dynasties and multiplies cost of government; an upheaval which shifts the sacred ratio of sixteen-to-one until silver is, or has been, the sacreder, keeps humanity beyond any return to precise prewar conditions.

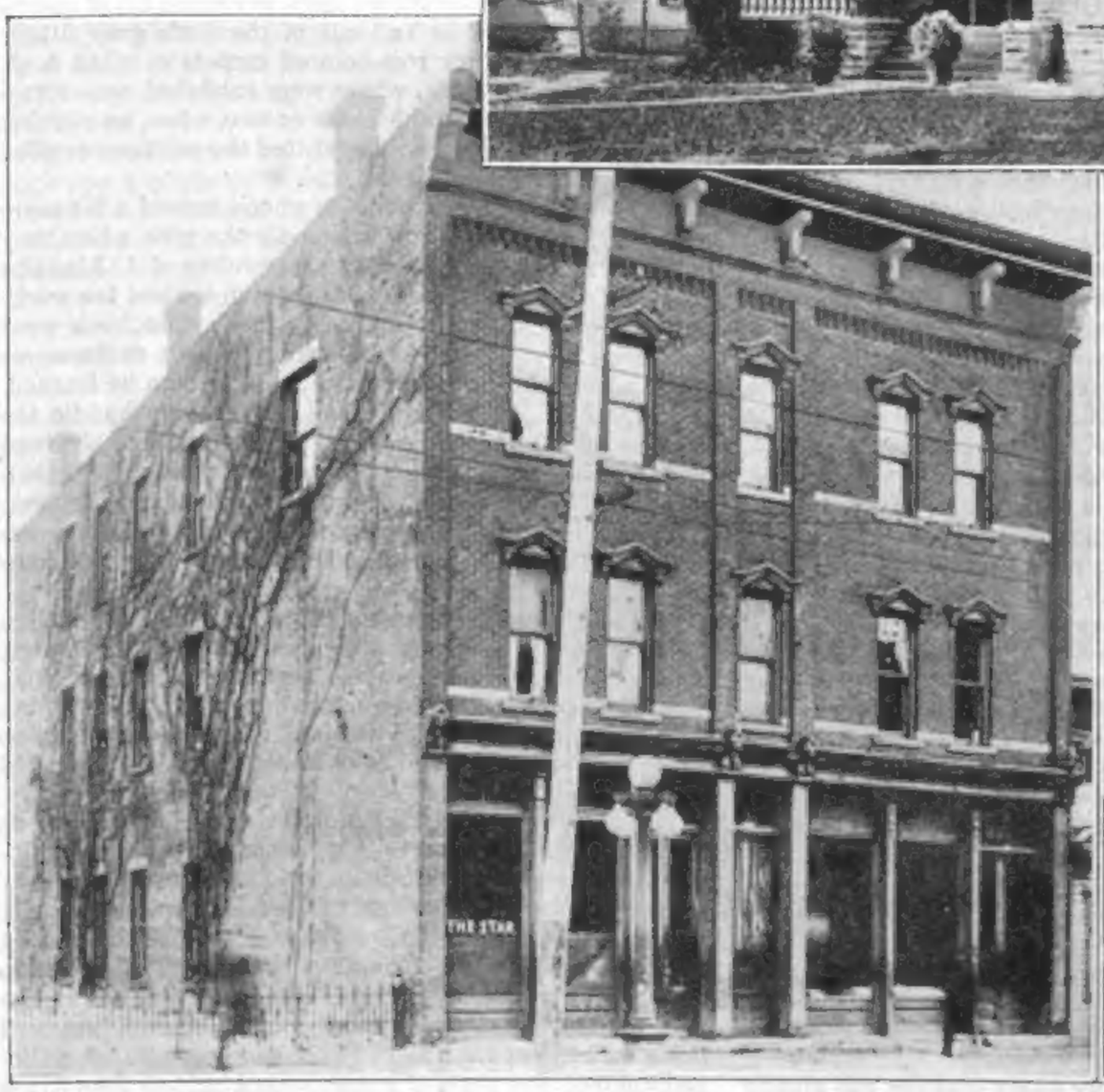
"But there is a sane normality due, to be reached in deliberation and understanding. And all men must understand and join in reaching it. Certain fundamentals are unchangeable and everlasting. Life without toil never was and never can be. Ease and competence are not to be seized in frenzied envy; they are the reward of thrift and industry and denial.

"It would halt the great procession to time our steps with the indolent, the lazy, the incapable or the sullenly envious. Nor can we risk the course sometimes suggested by excessive wealth and its ofttimes insolent assumption of power, but we can practice thrift and industry, we can live simply and commend righteous acquirements. There can be no excellence without great labor. There is no reward except as it is merited."

Triple Partnership

"LOWERED cost of living and increased cost of production are an economic impossibility. Capital makes possible while labor produces, and neither ever achieved without the other and both of them together never wrought a success without genius and management. No one of them, through the power of great wealth, the force of knowledge or the might of great numbers, is above the law, and no one of them shall dominate a free people.

(Continued on Page 40)



Offices of the Senator's Newspaper, The Marion Daily Star

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The Harding Residence in Washington

Above—The Harding Home in Marion, Ohio

C H A R M

By Grace Sartwell Mason

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

A. J. Had Told Her—After Eleven Years—That He Was Sick of the Sight of Her!

JENNY MILLER came out of the employees' door of A. J. Altheim's great Fifth Avenue store two hours before her usual time that afternoon. She nodded mechanically at the door man, looked at the familiar face of the time clock, which she had punched for so many years when she was merely a clerk in Altheim's, and went on out. There was ringing in her mind that most poignant of all phrases: "The last time!"

From habit deep rooted she slowed up as she passed the show windows, and her eyes went over them carefully.

"I must tell Louis not to use that green rug again," she thought. "There's a faded spot ——"

And then her thought broke off with a spasm of anguish. Under her eyelids unaccustomed tears burned. For she had recalled the amazing fact that she had no longer authority over even the assistant window dressers. She had lost her job. Her heart contracted as if a hand had squeezed it. She could no longer see the contents of the window, the one distinguished gown, the great fan, and the green vase against a velvet curtain of midnight blue. She turned away as if from a window into paradise.

She turned south along the Avenue toward her lodging house in the twenties, the same house in which she had taken a hall bedroom when A. J. Altheim's was a small cloak-and-suit shop on Twenty-third Street. But the last thing she wanted was to go back to the solitude of her room, and so when the traffic at Thirty-fourth Street halted her she turned about and walked north again.

She walked uptown mile after mile. She did not know where she walked. The wonder was that she was not run down on one of the crossings, for she could not see. And queerer than this blindness was her conviction that no one could see her, that she was a ghost, that she had been suddenly turned from a human being into an invisible wanderer, disconnected violently from this world and its affairs.

She felt finished, absolutely finished and done for.

For eleven years, ever since she was sixteen, A. J. Altheim and the store had been the very breath of her being. There had not been a day in all that time when her first thought had not gone to A. J. and the store. Of course she had been a fool, but that was the way she was made. When she was left alone in the world at sixteen with her living to make, A. J. had given her her first job. She was a sober little girl, scared at finding herself alone on the inhospitable doorstep of the world. She had an overdeveloped sense of responsibility and an underdeveloped self-esteem. The store became her meat, drink and amusement.

She was everything to it, from little drudging stock girl, presser, errand runner and general slavey, up, finally, to saleswoman, window dresser, buyer and handy buffer between the temperamental A. J. and unpleasant contacts.

Even in those early days when the store was called the Bon Ton, and A. J. was not above standing at the door to cajole some likely window gazer within to buy a suit, Jenny Miller had hitched her wagon unhesitatingly to A. J.'s star. She was shrewdly aware of his faults, but she also saw his flashes of something like genius. His irascibility taught her repression and self-control, his mistakes taught her tact, his ambitious energy accustomed her to long hours of overtime, his wages taught her thrift.

And so when A. J., guided by one of his flashes of genius, married the daughter of a neighboring furrier who was a wizard at money-making, Jenny Miller was scarcely conscious that she had had a dream that had quietly faded away when her employer announced his engagement. She rejoiced sincerely over his rosy prospects and accepted an increasing amount of responsibility.

For now A. J. threw himself into bringing to pass the great dream of his life—a shop on Fifth Avenue. Within three years this hungry ambition was realized through the death of A. J.'s father-in-law. Within another year A. J. had hung his sign over a narrow haughty shop that was a whole epoch and a mile and a half removed from the old Bon Ton. The day before the removal he shut the door of the littered cage that was his private office and addressed a few words to Jenny Miller.

"Now, Jenny," he said, lowering his head and looking at her from under his ragged energetic eyebrows, "I'm taking you with me to the new store, as I passed you my promise last week. The rest of 'em get the bounce, y'understand. But it ain't that you should get ideas in your head, y'understand. There ain't nobody in this world"—he tapped the blotter with a thick forefinger—"there ain't nobody I can't get along without. Y'understand that, Jenny?"

"Yes, Mr. Altheim."

"All right. Now, in the new store we're going to forget the Bon Ton and Twenty-third Street—not that I'm ashamed of 'em, y'understand, but as a matter of policy. We start in new, from the sign to the ash cans. Just remember that, will you, Jenny?"

"Yes, Mr. Altheim."

And she went out, gratefully aware that she was greatly favored, for she knew intuitively that it had hung by a trigger hair whether she should still be allowed to keep her wagon hitched to the star or be swept into the discard along with everything and everybody that could witness to A. J.'s beginnings.

The new shop became the chaste and elegant grave in which she buried herself alive. On its altar she laid what was left of her girlhood. She tended it always with a little awe in her heart which seven years were not able to dull. She never held any definite post in the organization. Just as in the Twenty-third Street days, she was a bit of everything. She walked in and out of the little gray fitting rooms, over the thick rose-colored carpets in what A. J. loved to call the salons, where were exhibited one or two French frocks, a delectable cloak or two, a fan, an evening gown with its accessories; she visited the workrooms piled with fabrics and filmy laces.

And everywhere she went the wheels moved a bit more smoothly. She knew how to handle the girls when they struck or rebelled against a too hasty ruling of A. J.'s. She stood between the temperamental designers and the workrooms, she shouldered the blame when a thin frock went to a thick lady. She saved A. J. from his own exuberances again and again, for the Avenue game had to be learned, even by A. J., with fasting and prayer. To handle the caprices of the limousine trade was a trick A. J. learned rather quickly, but he would have received more jolts than he did if it had not been for Jenny's quiet sane judgment. If anyone fell ill in any department Jenny took his or her place. If A. J. ran over to Paris in search of a new color Jenny ran the shop.

For she knew the details of the business better than A. J. himself. She knew the stock and the customers, credits, personnel, strength and weakness as well as A. J., if not better. And moreover she loved the whole thing with a disinterested quiet passion. Its colors made up to her for the lack of human color in her own life. It blinded her to herself completely.

Thus when she passed a hundred times a day the dozens of tall mirrors she never saw a slender, rather stoop-shouldered young woman in an eternal blue serge, bought thriftily in the neighborhood of Herald Square—a young woman with preoccupied, rather fine eyes, a complexion pale and rather sallow from too little fresh air and too many cafeteria meals, and ash-blond hair dressed in the severest and most time-saving mode. Eleven years of being on her feet from eight to six had necessitated orthopedic shoes; five years of a wage somewhat less than living had kept her from forming the silk-stocking, white-organdie-collar-and-cuff habit.

So she never looked into a mirror, she wasted no time laundering frivolous bits of white at night, she never carried a powder chamois in her bosom.

But on this afternoon when she left the store two hours earlier than usual and walked blindly up the Avenue she had looked into a mirror. It was when she came out of the door of A. J.'s private office. She had come out, white faced, with the expression of a person who has just heard the most amazing and shocking news, and she had gone straight to one of the empty fitting rooms.

Here in front of one of the long mirrors she had stood. She had looked at herself from head to foot. At the end of a long terrible moment she had made a queer gesture and gone out. A. J. had told her—after eleven years—that he was sick of the sight of her!

She began to tremble again and to feel nauseated when she thought of it. He had meant it. His face had gone a dark red and he had glared at her as he said it. It had hit her like a bolt from the blue. Or, no—not exactly from the blue, for she had known from his secretary's face that A. J. was in a temper. But she had gone into his private office just the same, for she had to find out what he had decided about ordering those new French organdies. And the moment she closed the door he had turned round at her with a snarl. He had a letter before him, and she knew it was the letter from the angry lady who had canceled her daughter's trousseau and withdrawn her account.

"Just take a look at that!" he had snapped, tapping his finger like a series of pistol shots on the letter. "I turn my back a minute on this shop and what should happen—eh? I lose one of my best customers; I get myself called names like a horsethief. And what were you doing, Jenny Miller? For what am I paying you a salary what you would never get anywhere else but to keep things like this from happening—eh? For what ——"

If Jenny had been as wise as usual she would have kept silence and let the storm blow itself out. But there was humidity in the air and an incipient strike in the workrooms. She spoke up too hastily.

"But, Mr. Altheim," she protested, "I told you that it wouldn't be safe to sell that model to Blendell's if you were going to put the original on sale. I suppose Mrs. Carter saw a copy on Forty-second Street?"

"Yes, she saw it!" he snarled. "Pretty smart, you are, to guess it."

"But you can't blame me, Mr. Altheim," she explained patiently. "I told you not to sell that model to Blendell unless we kept the original out of the showrooms, but you ——"

This was too much. A. J. suddenly threw his arms up over his head in a gesture he had trained himself not to use, and roared.

"You told me!" he mimicked her. "You tell me too damn many things! For eleven years you been telling me things. I should listen to you and maybe I would be perfect—eh? Maybe you keep a notebook to put down my mistakes in? I'm sick of the sight of you in those bargain-counter clothes! For heaven's sake, why don't you put up a front, do up your hair in some stylish way or something? But you should worry, you're so perfect; you know so damn much you don't have to put up a front, like the rest of us, eh?"

A. J.'s face turned from red to purple and the veins in his short thick neck swelled dangerously. Afterward Jenny Miller found one scrap of consolation in the remembrance that she had not cried. Jenny Miller's great-grandfather had been a mayor in New York when the Altheim family was coming over in the steerage. The mayor's seed had withered, while the Altheims' had flourished hardily, but it must have been the blood of old Revolutionary stock that kept Jenny upright and quiet while this insane harangue went on. Utter astonishment also had something to do with her quiet, and the thoughts that flashed through her brain while she stood there. She had known A. J. to lose his temper before, but this time it seemed as if he was working off a long accumulation of grievances, personal scores against her, and she felt the most profound astonishment.

She could think of nothing to justify this attack, except that she had got on his nerves. It was true that he made mistakes, and that she rarely did, but this was almost the first case in which she had said "I told you so!" Usually she had too much tact. And as for her clothes—why, it was absurd that he should have thought about her clothes all this time! She hadn't thought about them herself! But there was one thing he kept coming back to—she had never bought a single dress in his shop since they moved to the Avenue!

"For a very good reason!" she retorted. "I think our prices are robbery. All right for millionaires, if they're silly enough to spend their money that way, but not for me. You must remember, Mr. Altheim, that my salary ——"

"Now you should complain about your salary!" he roared.

"But, Mr. Altheim, you know that all those years in the Bon Ton ——"

This unfortunate reference was like a pinch of dynamite on the fire. Suddenly, before she knew what had really happened, Jenny Miller found herself resigning her position, indeed found herself discharged and walking stiffly out the door.

Out of the smoke and stress of that interview one thing emerged clearly: She was discarded, just as A. J. had long since discarded the outmoded wax figure that had been his delight on Twenty-third Street.

But why? That was the question that prodded and tortured her mind and spirit as she walked. She was not too old—she was only twenty-seven—only a year older than the dashing Ethel Levinson, who was always being held up as a model of style and manner. It wasn't that she didn't know the business, for she did. Nor that her heart wasn't in her work, for it was. No, it was something personal, some failure in herself as a human being.

Slowly, in pain and much bewilderment, she arrived at this conclusion. It was no good telling herself that A. J. was as capricious as a prima donna, and would probably send for her to-morrow. She knew that her pride would never let her go back. A. J. had said that he was sick of her, he had discharged her after eleven years of loyal service. That was enough for Jenny Miller.

There came a point finally in her walk when she knew that she must talk to someone or the pain would become unbearable. She went into a drug store and telephoned to the only woman friend she had ever had time to make. Even with Sally she had never spent much time, for Sally was a business woman too. But this evening Sally was at home.

She must have caught a tone in Jenny Miller's voice that told her something was wrong, for she said: "Come right up and we'll scrabble a little dinner here. I've got chicken left over from Sunday. Where are you now?"

"I don't know," replied Jenny faintly.

"Good heavens! Well, take a taxicab!"

In due time Jenny appeared. Sally flitted chattily from the kitchenette to the table, asking no questions but sending shrewd glances at her guest. Sally was thirty, but she lopped off five years through sheer cleverness and the right masseuse. Her hair was burnished and well arranged, her step was the light, lithe step of the good fox trotter. She had her business suits made by a good tailor, and saved on candy and theater tickets.

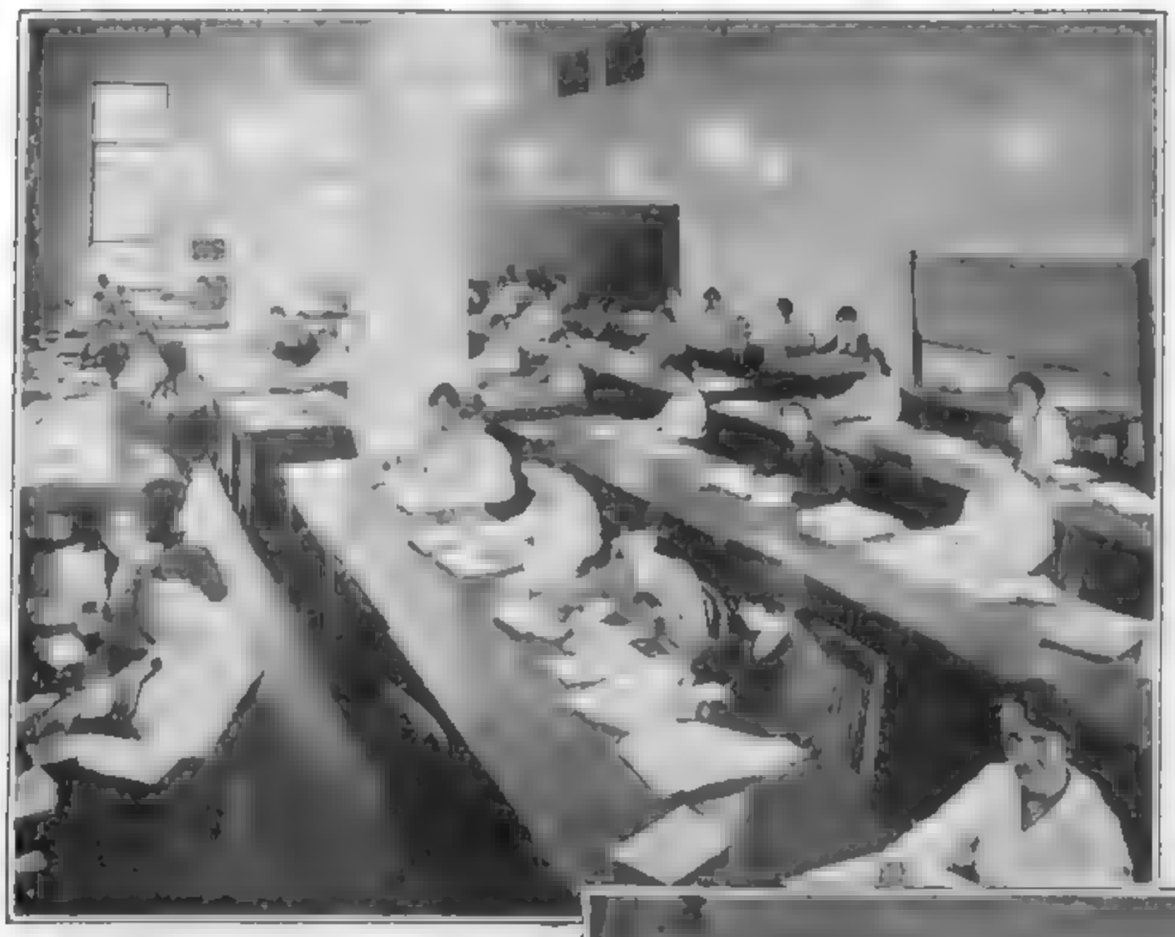
"Now, old dear," she said as she filled Jenny's plate, "eat your dinner and then spill out all your troubles to mother."

(Continued on Page 110)

"But After Eleven Years I Should Think You'd Have Some Loyalty. Some—Some Sense of ——"

I. T. U.—Our National Mystery

By FORREST CRISSEY



PROBABLY there is not in America another institution of country-wide scope about which as little is known and as much is surmised as the Federal income-tax unit. As a national mystery it has the high cost of living backed off the boards.

It has brought to citizens by the hundreds of thousands their first conscious and responsible contact with the United States Government.

"When Uncle Sam," declares one small taxpayer, "first laid his hand on my shoulder and said 'Show me how much you made last year—and be mighty sure that you don't hold anything back on me,' I had as many and as muddled emotions as an old maid who receives an unexpected and mandatory proposal from a high but unfamiliar source. Up to that time Uncle Sam had been to me a droll, genial and rather hazy figure who existed chiefly in cartoons and Fourth-of-July floats.

"But all his vagueness suddenly vanished when I was called for my first income-tax return; I realized that the unfamiliar hand upon my shoulder was heavy with the weight of authority and that the sharp voice in my ear required unquestioning and instant obedience. I felt that I had met the Government of the United States face to face and was doing business with it across the table at first hand. I was spreading my most intimate business affairs before the scrutiny of Uncle Sam and handing over to him a slice of my income altogether too big to be easily forgotten."

Direct Contact With Uncle Sam

ANOTHER taxpayer puts his experience a little more picturesquely:

"Until I was tapped on the shoulder by Uncle Sam and told to come across with a full exposure of my business secrets I scarcely knew that I had a country, but I was plumb certain that I had a capacity load of business burdens, all I could stagger under. As a small manufacturer, not in line to get any war profit, but to get every brand of delay and disorganization going—an increasing shortage of men, materials and transportation, with doubled production costs and trebled personal expenses—I was fed up to the gills on troubles.

"Having some notions about good citizenship I took my medicine with a grin. But when Uncle Sam called me for that income and profit tax, believe me, then was the time when I realized that I had a country! Wasn't I paying for that same country on the installment plan? It sure felt that way. And with each return of the witching hour for filling out the annual income-tax return, that emotion has gained in intensity until I'm getting decidedly touchy about how Uncle Sam blows his money—which is precisely what he has done with a heap of it. Backing the war was one thing—but backing a business in which a billion dollars is small change and that is run on hit-or-miss methods that would wreck a manufacturer in my line isn't my idea of either sport or patriotism. My income tax has made me more than suspicious that Uncle Sam is a better cartoon figure than he is business man, and I'm strong for giving him a dose of reform along that line."

These two candid expressions reflect the common reaction of the taxpayer to his contact with Uncle Sam as a taxgatherer; they sketch the almost universal psychology of initiation into the National Order of Income Taxpayers.

National citizenship is no dream to the man who has paid a Federal income tax—no matter how vague and hazy it may have seemed before. Which is only another way of saying that this direct contact with the Government of the United States has made him, consciously, more a citizen of this country than he had ever been before. It had cost him something; he had dealt direct with Uncle Sam and paid the coin into the open palm of that once—but no longer—droll and mythical character.

When Uncle Sam told his commissioner of internal revenue to hustle out and collect all new income taxes he issued an order that put all previous taxgatherers in the piker class. About the most wholesome and stimulating kind of mental exercise in which the average citizen can indulge is to attempt to get a real understanding of the size of that official's job—or at least of the income-tax-collecting end of it. And this form of intellectual diversion is especially commended to members of Congress who juggle with billions in appropriations as nimbly as the modern necromancer plucks rabbits from a silk hat. Any income-tax payer who puts in a little spare time trying to visualize the size of this job will never accuse me of suggesting a form of mental gymnastics belonging to the waste-motion class.

Thinking in Billions

START with income tax of 1918, for example—a year about midway in our experience with this kind of taxation. The income and profit taxes assessed in that year amounted to $4,339,185,288.37. Quite a string of figures—and that's about as near to a definite understanding of the actual meaning of those units as the citizen of average intelligence and thoughtfulness comes! Thinking in billions is an acquired taste which only an exalted few have achieved—and they are mostly astronomers to whom "a thousand years are as a day" and a million miles as a stone's throw! But to those unfamiliar with the mathematics of the star gazers a billion is about as definite a quantity as the mental image left by the recital of that classic jingle "Eeney-meeney-miney-moe"! Most of us have to pause and assure ourselves that a billion means a thousand millions. And with that definition firmly in mind we are still in a mental haze as thick and nebulous as the Milky Way.

But as we—the plain and fancy citizens of the United States—had an actual income-tax bill of more than four billion dollars for 1918, it seems rather up to us to get as graphic an idea of the size of that amount as possible. Certain experts in the United States Treasury Department who study dollars as the biologists study bugs undertook to reduce that sum to the mental capacity of the average citizen.

In the Stenographic Section, Administration Division. Center—Part of Special Assessment Section, Technical Division. Above—A Corner of the Editorial and Code Section, Statistical Division

A Section of Official Washington. The Barracks-Like Building in the Right Foreground is Treasury Annex No. 2

Here are their attempts at visualizing $4,339,185,288—the amount of our income and profits tax in 1918:

"If that sum," says one expert, "had been paid in silver dollars and loaded into freight cars each containing twenty-five tons, the number of cars required would have been 5424."

While I was still toying with this tax-gathering picture he sprang another on me.

"Suppose," he suggested, "that instead of loading those silver dollars into freight cars we set them up on edge and thus build them into a horizontal pillar or a solid silver pipe line."

It was a pleasant thought and I nodded approval. He covered a scratch pad with fine figures and then announced: "That column or pipe line would be 5479 miles in length, equal to the distance from New York to San Francisco and back to Chicago."

This computation cheered him mightily and he took a fresh grip on the subject, did a few more neat figures and then smilingly added: "It would take an express train traveling sixty miles an hour four days to cover that distance."

Another dollar shark cut into the conversation at this point and said: "But suppose the dollars of the 1918 income-tax bill had been placed flat, edge to edge?"

Auditing Fifteen Million Returns

"THAT'S reasonable," I answered. "I always lay mine that way. They seem more satisfying when arranged on this plan."

"Then," he declared, "we should have a line of silver dollars 102,727 miles in length—equal to four complete circles round the earth at the equator."

"Oh!" responded the first expert, who had been figuring industriously in the meantime. "If you want to spread that 1918 assessment so that it will really make a showing, why not take it in dollar bills? In this form they would paper a surface of twenty-seven square miles, or more than half the area of the District of Columbia."

In view of these modest facts I'll say that the commissioner of internal revenue—or more particularly the assistant commissioner in charge of the income-tax unit—has a man's size job as a taxgatherer! Incidentally, I'm more than ever of the opinion that Uncle Sam has been spending a power of money and I can't help wondering how long we can keep him going at this pace. As a taxpayer it certainly gives me pause.

The present head of our national house of mystery is Mr. George Vest Newton. I have long cherished the suspicion that the income-tax unit was from Missouri—and when its chief decoded those initials into the name of the famous old dog-loving senator I knew it! Mr. Newton's native town was Sedalia, in Pettis County, Missouri. But these data were not necessary to confirm the aforementioned suspicion. I have several official letters relative to certain deductions in my 1917 schedule which afford ample justification of the belief that the income-tax unit is the last word in the show-me language. And there are others who hold the same mean suspicion—quite a few!—and for similar or perhaps more urgent reasons.

But to get back to a survey of the size of the income-tax job: The collection of more than four billions is only an incident in the great task. The heavy end of the work is combing the returns filed for errors and fraudulent statements and hunting out those who should have filed but failed to do so. As the number of returns from which this tax of $4,339,185,288 was derived was almost four millions—3,883,189, to be exact—it is not difficult to see that even the most casual checking of this volume of returns involved a work colossal enough to stagger the imagination of the most ambitious certified public accountant ever licensed to comb another man's figures. And it should be remembered that the lowering of the exemption since 1917 has immensely increased the number of returns. Probably the increase in returns amounts to several millions.

Anyhow, there are now in the files of the income-tax unit nearly fifteen million returns and more than thirty million pieces of correspondence relating to these returns. If this accumulation could be scrapped and turned back to the mills it would go quite a way toward relieving the present paper shortage. And there are numerous citizens who would cheerfully assent to this "conservation" plan!

When it comes to conducting business by the correspondence method Mr. Newton's establishment is certainly about the busiest little tea party extant. For example, the income-tax unit in these days receives and dispatches better than one hundred and twenty thousand pieces of correspondence a week, or a total of more than six million pieces a year.

It is a safe bet that life in the sorting section of the I. T. U. is anything but a snap. Back in 1918 this section sorted, audited and conducted correspondence concerning adjustments relating to almost fifteen million ownership certificates, information statements and withholding returns. To-day forty clerks devote their entire time to opening and routing the mail for this section. The tonnage of schedules alone for 1918 was fifty-six. Think of combing the figures in fifty-six tons of income-tax returns!

From this survey of the size of the job in hand it is not surprising to learn that the I. T. U. is quite a numerous family. There are more than thirty-six hundred of them, all told. The annual pay roll, not including salaries of collectors, amounts to $9,894,150. Almost four acres of floor space is entirely inhabited by auditors—seventeen hundred of them—the largest collection of auditors in captivity. The clerks are fewer by about fifty. There are three hundred stenographers.

The Unit on Its Toes

THE stenographic service of the I. T. U. is operated on the nickel-in-the-slot plan. When an auditor feels moved to take his pen in hand and ask you a few pertinent questions about your return he doesn't wheel round in his chair and wait for Imogene to put the finishing touches on her coiffure before he begins to dictate his pleasant little epistle. He fills out a requisition blank which is shot up to the stenographic room, and the next in line of the nimble-fingered three hundred is dispatched, book and pencil in hand. What's more, if he is lucky enough to draw a peach he can't prolong their session, to the envy of other auditors. Sixty minutes is the limit of the tête-à-tête.

No stenographer is permitted to be absent from the eye of the chief dispatcher longer than that period. Hairdressing and confidential conversation in office hours are lost arts in the I. T. U. Perhaps its impersonal dispatching system for stenographers might be applied with profit in many large private business houses.

There is a common belief among men of business that the average government employee is a proof of life after death; but this theory finds no support in the income-tax unit, without regard to what section you may happen to explore. The employees here are up on their toes to an

(Continued on Page 72)

THE DILETANTE

By Lawrence Perry

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

SOLON BEGGS, standing upon the quarter-deck of his schooner yacht, the Mistral, took a cigar from his mouth and gestured with it as his captain, Blythe, bag and baggage, went down the gangway to the waiting dinghy.

"Good riddance," he growled.

There came from the three men at his side a low murmur of approval. It was late. It was after seven o'clock in the evening. The waters were beginning to flame with the reflection of many lights. Between the little station on the Oak Bluffs side of Vineyard Haven Harbor and the Haven shore the yachts of the New York Yacht Club cruising fleet—the last word in marine construction, in beauty of design, in costliness—lay thickly as logs in a Maine river.

"That's the last of him." Beggs scowled at the retreating dinghy. "I'm sick of trailing this fleet. When he ran into the calm in the Astor Cup race yesterday while all the other craft were getting wind down along the Narragansett shore I had his number. Then we leave Newport and he goes off on a long leg to eastward and gets becalmed again, and here we are, in two hours after every boat has finished. Even the thirty-footers are in."

There were sympathetic cluckings. Beggs chewed his cigar a moment, then glanced aloft at the masts and spars of his schooner, standing sturdy and stark against the glooming sky. He loved the Mistral with an abiding passion. Designed wholesomely, she was staunch and trim as a frigate. Her able black hull tapered into a handsome clipper bow; the teakwood deck revealed neither flaw nor stain.

"Too bad, Solon. You'd counted upon the race to Portland to-morrow a lot."

Jacob Thurston was the one person in the world who called the powerful ironmaster by his given name. He had been the man's right bower for many years.

"Counted upon it! Curse it! What do you suppose I built this boat for except to show up those ice-cream sailors out there? Well, it's over. The Mistral hangs up here and we'll all go home. Or wait—Mr. Hankin, come here." The mate lurched up from the shadow of the mainmast. "Do you suppose you could go ashore and dig up a skipper for to-morrow?"

"No, sir. Couldn't be done at all."

"Can you fellows do anything? All right; never mind." Beggs waved him away irritably.

"Here's luck for you! I've been waiting ten years to catch that bunch of playthings out there on a real ocean run. Look at 'em! Compare 'em to the Mistral! One is a boat; the rest are freaks. Racing machines, built for fair weather and speed! Of course there's old Stebbins' Magic, the Sea Call and a few others—able boats. But what have their owners done to 'em? Put in gasoline engines! Made auxiliaries out of 'em. Damn 'em! Hankin—oh, there you are! Can you race the Mistral to Portland?"

"I can sail her there. I'm not a racing skipper. Captain Blythe said, sir, that the compass needed adjusting. He did not give me the deviation and we have no azimuth circle to take bearings."

"My Lord!" Beggs flailed his arms. "Well, let's go in to dinner and think of something pleasant—the Lamthorne Ironworks, for instance. Eh, Jevons?" With a sort of chuckle he placed his hand upon Jevons' arm. "I suppose, Thurston, Hickson, that you two are sorry about the bust up of this cruise."

The two men with unanimity declared their unalloyed joy at the prospect of dry land.

Thereat Beggs, to whom the landlubber propensities of his two associates were a never-failing source of amusement, rumbled with laughter and thus found his humor partially restored.

"Come on, Jevons, we'll eat."

"All Your Life You've Been Proud of Your Reputation as a Pirate. You've Been Called Yourself One. Well, You'll Know After To-Night What a Real Pirate Looks Like!"

He kept his hand on the man's arm. Jevons smiled, thrilling under the pressure of the great man's fingers. He didn't know Beggs very well. He was secretary and treasurer of the Lamthorne Company, for the control of which Beggs had conducted a long and vicious campaign. Jevons had every reason to believe that the success of the piratical quest would be made evident at the annual meeting of the little corporation the ensuing Monday.

He had deemed it expedient to accept Beggs' sudden and totally unexpected invitation to join the Mistral's party at Newport, unusual though it was. For there was the bare possibility he might be retained under the new régime. Or, again, Beggs might merely have the design of pumping him dry, then dropping him. This, as Jevons realized, was the likelihood. However, there was no alternative to accepting the chance.

"Jevons"—Beggs settled himself deeply in his chair at the table of the richly upholstered saloon—"tell me something about this snipe Lamthorne. He's on the cruise, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir; he's been sailing his forty-foot sloop, the Harpie."

"One of your slim-waisted mug hunters. I know her—read about her in the papers. Been winning everything in her class and all that kind of stuff. Rats! I suppose Lamthorne is supposed to be a crack skipper, isn't he?"

"I think he has a high reputation as a racing navigator."

"Ha! One of your fine-weather sharks! Take 'em outside of headlands and where are they? Where are their boats? New York Yacht Club! Huh!"

Jevons had his own ideas as to the seamanlike ability of the young president of the Lamthorne Ironworks as well as the sporting merits of his club. But he ventured no disagreement. Beggs noted his reticence. He liked men who could keep well within themselves.

"Like to stay with the Lamthorne Company, Jevons?"

"Why, yes, rather. I've been with it forty years. Began with Gregg Lamthorne's father."

"I knew him. Never liked him. An old silk stocking, but an able man. The son is no chip of the old block."

"Don't you think he has the family's old fighting strain?"

"Don't I think so? I don't! Why, the fighting strain has washed as thin as blue milk in young Lamthorne."

"I thought he was giving you a pretty stiff fight. Would have beaten most men."

"He couldn't beat anybody. He's a silk-stocking sport."

"I think you're modest, Mr. Beggs. Is there anyone you've gone after that you haven't beaten?"

"He has you there, Solon."

Thurston laughed in a noiseless manner.

"Has he? Well, I put this through with my left hand."

Jevons shrugged.

"I'd hate to have any friends of mine against you when you were using both your hands."

This pleased Solon Beggs greatly. He rumbled with satisfaction.

"I've got some plans for the Lamthorne works. You'll see! Jevons, I think we can find a place for you."

"Thank you, sir."

"I want your stock, though. I want more than a margin of controlling interest."

"I'm not a heavy holder."

"I know that."

"Well ——"

Jevons nodded acquiescently. He would never be the first rat to leave a sinking ship. But he did not see why he should be the last. As Beggs had just settled himself to question Jevons, with a view to acquainting himself with certain intimate details of the Lamthorne Ironworks, the steward appeared in the doorway.

"Mr. Lamthorne calling aboard to see you, sir."

The announcement had something of the effect of a falling bombshell.

"Eh?" Beggs sat bolt upright. "Lamthorne! What the devil does he want? Lamthorne, eh? That's cool. Send him in, Billings."

Beggs' face was grim.

Jevons rose hastily and excused himself.

Gregg Lamthorne was a tall, well-built young man of thirty-odd, with a fine, alert head and what might be regarded as a dilettante manner. Beggs recognized this with almost open disfavor.

"The Mistral chanced to anchor astern of me, Mr. Beggs," he said. "Thought I'd come aboard and sort of pay my respects."

"All right. Sort of glad you did. Sit down." Beggs mumbled introductions to Thurston and Hickson. "What'll you have to eat?"

"Nothing, thanks. Had supper some time ago. Wouldn't mind a dash of coffee, perhaps."

"Steward, bring Mr. Lamthorne a dash of coffee—and a cigar."

After a desultory conversation it became apparent to Thurston and Hickson that their chief desired to be alone with the newcomer. They withdrew deftly.

"Well, Lamthorne?" There was a quizzical expression in Solon Beggs' ferocious eyes. "Kind of an unusual visit, isn't it?"

"I don't know. I thought perhaps I might get round to telling you what I thought of you."

"Presidents of my companies usually restrain themselves in that respect."

"I don't happen to be president of any of your companies, Mr. Beggs."

"You will be shortly, young man."

"Really?"

"No doubt about it. I'll bet you twenty thousand dollars you won't show forty per cent of Lamthorne stock on your side next Monday."

"Keep your money, sir. But assuming you were right, may I ask you a question?"

"Fire ahead."

"I'm a bit curious. You have all the money and power that one man could possibly want. Why have you gone out of your way to gun for a little property that my grandfather started seventy years ago? My family never injured you in any way. Why did you do it?"

"It's a very nice little property—or was once. I can use it. As for you, Lamthorne, no man deserves to have what he can't hold."

"You mean that I'm responsible for my brother putting up his share of the company's stock as collateral for a note? I didn't even know he had done it until it was forfeited."

Beggs laughed.

"I wonder if you know where it is now?"

"I could hazard a guess."

"I don't have to hazard a guess, Lamthorne. As to responsibility, certainly you were responsible. The family obligation was on you. You were president—the principal stockholder. To succeed in big business, young man, you want an eye that sees everything, an iron hand. Your brother showed he was a fool in what he did. He must have shown he was a fool long before that. All right. You should have watched him. If necessary you should have been the one to get his stock, as a matter of protection."

"It is rather easy to preach hindsight, isn't it?"

"Is it? Look here, Lamthorne, if you want to know why I'm going to take over the Lamthorne works I'll tell you. I hate to see a historic plant die on its feet."

"Oh, I fancy I begin to see! Mercy, not piratical lust, has been moving you."

"Mercy? Well, yes, that's a good word for it. I'm going to take that works, keep the Lamthorne name—and make it amount to something big."

"I see. I suppose I should be grateful."

"You can't run an ironworks with one hand, Lamthorne, and swing a social game with the other. That's what you've tried to do ever since you took hold. Did you think the world was going to stand by and watch you and applaud just because you thought you were of the chosen people—the great American aristocracy? Let me tell you, Lamthorne, that the American aristocracy is an aristocracy of hard hands and unwashed blood and quick brains."

"I think I agree with you, quite."

Beggs, who had rather looked for an argument, or if not an argument, then tongue-tied silence, frowned.

"You inherited something that was too big for you, young man. Contracts came in to you on the strength of the name of your company."

"They're still coming in, Mr. Beggs."

"You lost the Ogden Railway contract."

"The Dover people—one of your companies, by the way—underbid us a cent a pound. I am not doing business at a loss."

"Loss! Do you believe Dover didn't make money on that contract? Economy in management, efficient organization in every department. It was a good contract."

"I am interested to know you approved of it. I was a bit curious as to your opinion."

"Only a bit curious, eh? Well, you have got it. I'll give you another opinion, Lamthorne. When I take over the Lamthorne I'm going to get a very sick man. Need a lot of medicine—and some surgery."

"Meaning that if you do get control ——"

"If? Confound you, there is no if about it! Do you suppose I'd be on this cruise if your company wasn't in my pocket?"

"Well, then, do you mean that when you take control my resignation will be acceptable?"

(Continued on Page 141)

Over the West, the Sails Above Suggesting Falling Walls as They Inclined Ever More Sharply to the Boiling Waters

WHAT IS MANAGEMENT?

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY J. EASLEY

IN THE vigorous offensive which has been carried on of late against profits, profiteering, capitalists and capitalism, what is known as management has not wholly escaped. Capital, profits and management all have been lumped together as objects of antagonism and attack. All have been pictured as the enemies of democracy, as the foes of labor and the people.

This is a period of social unrest, so we are told often enough, a time of universal questioning of things which are. People are in a mood where they want to be shown, where they must be shown. They do not care to take anything for granted—not even brains and ability. For management is nothing at all unless it consists of a superior type of brains and ability, of a sort of motor center. If it does not prove to have this character, then into the discard with it! But if brains and ability are necessary to carry on, and if management turns out to be to an appreciable extent their synonym, then as this fact is appreciated it is possible that fewer missiles will be thrown at the nerve center of industry.

The press nowadays is full of talk of industrial democracy. All manner of plans and schemes are being advanced and in many cases tried out for giving the workers a larger voice in the control and management of industries. The idea of the more extreme and radical groups that the worker should have entire control is freely debated by people who would have been shocked at the mere suggestion a few years ago. Newspapers devote columns of space to socialist conventions, and any item of news which contains the words "proletariat" or "control by the workers" is exploited to the full in news and editorial columns. According to all accounts, a sweeping attempt has been made in Russia to have the manual workers exercise exclusive control. Regarding the merits of this experiment and its outcome everyone debates bitterly, according to his sympathies and prejudices.

About this entire subject, or rather this group of subjects, there has developed an immense amount of noise, excitement, hullabaloo and hysteria. Radicals and conservatives tear each other's hair and their own hair. Most of us have become very much excited over the suggested or proposed changes in our industrial system. Conservatives tremble and radicals gloat. The air is full of dust and clamor.

Good Men Hard to Find

BUT no matter what is coming next, whether our industrial institutions go back fifty years, remain as they are, or advance steadily or suddenly, there must be leadership and management if men are to continue to live, just as the human body to function properly must have a brain. If the various socialist, communist and syndicalist parties should suddenly obtain control of every industry to-morrow it would result only in an exchange of managers at the most. Indeed perhaps the same managers would have to be employed.

No form of coöperative society to take the place of the present capitalist society can get along without management. The reason is very simple. Men attach themselves to men, not to things or systems. Most people want someone else to take the responsibility and tell them what to do. Just so long as there is organized effort at all there must be a form of executive ability. Even the pack of wolves and the herd of sheep follow a head or bellwether.

No amount of clever schemes, patent shop-committee plans, formulas, charts and systems will make up for a lack of human leadership. Any attempt to cast off and get along without the brains and directive ability of management simply means the stripping of industrial gears. If the proletariat should obtain entire control of industry, and should attempt to do without management, the result would be no different from a similar attempt under the present conditions. It would be like trying to change a motor from high gear to low gear without any intermediate.

Of all the strange fallacies from which men are suffering, the most curious, the most lamentable and unpardonable, the weirdest of illusions, is that industry consists solely of capital and labor. We hear of nothing but the war between these two, and of frantic efforts to reconcile them. There seems to be a childish idea that great business organizations somehow create themselves; that smug capitalists on the one hand and sons of toil bearing pickaxes and shovels on the other side automatically combine to produce the goods upon which our lives depend.

We seem to take it for granted that dollars and laborers merely flow together to produce the material world in which we live. Also, to judge from the shouting which is going on, the only important problem is to determine which of the two, the owner of capital or the laborer, is going to grab off the larger share of the produce. We seem to be launched in a gigantic war between profits and wages to the neglect of any other factor.

But neither profits nor wages would be worth quarreling about if it were not for the brains and skill which bring them together. It is merely stupid to quarrel over the product of capital and labor unless management has organized them both to the best effect. The table with three legs is a poor sort of thing without its third leg.

In the whole discussion regarding the rewards of capital and labor the tendency is to overlook entirely the function of management. The workers regard it with as hostile an eye as they do capital itself, and the employers often fail to distinguish between capital and management. Yet both capitalist and laborer must surely know better if they will but stop to think. Dollars are stupid, inert things which cannot invest themselves. Most men degenerate into a mob unless they have a leader.

The more extensive and complicated business becomes the greater is the need of management. The growth of industry is not limited greatly by lack of capital, or even by lack of labor. The capital can be had in almost any volume, and labor can be had if high enough wages are paid; or even if the number of workers becomes smaller and smaller there is always the steady process of substituting machinery for muscle. But nothing can be substituted for the organizing, directing and managing mind. There is no substitute for the man who brings together and keeps going the two elements of capital and labor, and the third essential, a market, or purchasing public.

Charles M. Schwab has said that whenever the question of buying new plants comes up he never considers the merely financial question, but only "Can we get the right man to manage them?" Evidently the money can be had and the workman can be found, but where is the man who is to correlate the two successfully? One of the greatest legal minds of the era of trust formation was James B. Dill, who organized the United States Steel Corporation. He once said that he could find one million dollars ten times over while finding one man capable of administering the affairs represented by a million dollars.

A well-known business correspondence course in one of its most striking advertisements puts forth the claim that a hundred thousand executives have taken the course, and would in turn like to have their own subordinates subscribe to it in order to make them more efficient and ready for promotion. Allowing for all the natural extravagance and exaggeration of such a statement, it contains nevertheless very real testimony to the scarcity of managing ability.

But why should managing ability be anything but rare? The elements which the manager puts together—energy, materials, skill and others—are in their very essence unstable. A combination which may be economical one moment may not be so the next. The slightest change in conditions causes the manager's operations to pass from an efficiency which society approves and rewards to an inefficiency for which he is punished. It is not the purpose of this article to go into technical details concerning the functions of management. Many books have been written on the subject, but none of them begins to exhaust the possibilities. In one of the publications of the National Industrial Conference Board, an organization of employers' associations, occurs this clear statement of some of the functions of management:

BUYING of materials at the right time, foreseeing market conditions often throughout the world, and deciding how far to go in storing supplies ahead. Questions of foreign imports and the price of exchange are to be mastered.

TECHNICAL PROCESSES—the state of the arts in all countries, the power to decide whether a new invention will be a commercial success, good judgment in adjusting machinery to floor space and sequence of processes, are matters requiring a special training for years in any one industry.

SELLING—to know accurately home and foreign markets, to devise the best selling agencies for a particular kind of product, to know when to sell and at what price, is vital to the continuance of the industry.

FINANCING all operations involved in buying and selling, determining the form of credit, discriminating among buyers as to integrity and promptness of payment, introducing cost accounting, borrowing capital, discounting paper while dependent on an expert knowledge of banking at home and abroad, require a very exceptional ability among managers.

ORGANIZATION—The capacity to organize an industry into a well-knit whole, to know human nature and to have an instinct for selecting the right man for a given duty, to keep all parts of the institution in proper coördination, to reserve leisure to think and to keep a grasp on the industrial tendencies of the whole world, is essential to the highest type of an executive.

When Managers Make Mistakes

BUT such a statement is plainly only general in its nature. There are infinite subdivisions. Even in the mere question of plant location the number of unstable elements is tremendous. Attempts are made in books to distinguish between promotion and organization on the one hand and management on the other. But obviously there is no real difference between the original bringing together, or correlation, of the parts of a business, and the subsequent recorrelation in adding new departments, new men, new machines and new markets. Capital, labor and markets do not come together of their own accord, and alas, they do not stay together of their own accord.

It is said that the sins of mismanagement are too often visited upon labor. That may be true, but it is just as true that the public, that society as a whole, is wonderfully quick to detect mismanagement and express its disapproval. The commonest question asked about any business concern is whether it is well or badly managed. From a series of newspaper quotations so often adapted and readapted that I do not know where the item originated or how it read in the beginning comes a little piece entitled The Difference as to Who Makes the Mistake. The writer of this article does not necessarily subscribe to any line but the last, but the contrast is certainly not without an element of truth:

When a plumber makes a mistake he charges twice for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake it's just what he wanted, because he has the chance to try the case all over again.

When the carpenter makes a mistake it's just what he expected, because the chances are ten to one that he never learned his trade.

When a doctor makes a mistake he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake it becomes a law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake nobody knows the difference.

When an electrician makes a mistake he blames it on the construction—nobody knows what that is.

But when the manager makes a mistake—good night!

"As the driver of a motor bus evolves a sense for velocities and distances which are to the passenger apparently impossible, so the manager develops special senses which enable him instinctively to estimate the adaptability to industrial processes and the influence on them of new mechanisms, processes and policies," says Harlow S. Person, one of the leading authorities on scientific management.

"In the solution of many of his problems he does not have to rely on the conscious exercise of reasoning powers or the conscious application of rules and directions; he holds subconscious intercourse with the laws and principles behind his problems, and solves them on the wing. Otherwise the solution of many of them would be impossible; the opportunity to solve them would vanish before deliberate reasoning could become operative.

"To those not performing the managerial function these special senses are denied. It is possession of these special senses that makes the manager the practical man. The intuitive judgment of the practical man is as reliable and necessary as the consciously reasoned judgment of other men."

It has been fashionable a long time now to imply that management really no longer functions because of the power of Wall Street. Because of its alleged strangle hold over industry the so-called money trust has been muckraked again and again. The control of credit in the hands of a limited few has been the subject of endless investigation and the newest half-thought-out idea is that credit power should be socialized or nationalized, whatever that may mean. At any rate credit should be taken out of private hands, runs the argument, for mere ability and power of achievement do not command enough credit in money centers. Wall Street is described as being so interested in merely financial promotion that the man who has the get-things-done type of brain is subordinate to him who controls the moneybags.

A Typical Big Executive

THIS all sounds beautifully, but mostly it is not true. Wall Street may juggle and play with credit and make its fortunes from mere manipulation and financial operation. But back of it all, underneath the currents and floods of speculation, there is a deep-seated realization that personal ability is essential to industrial success. Gropingly at times through the maze of its own transactions, the financial world is always searching for men who can do things, who can get results out of business enterprises. And to do Wall Street justice it is always as much interested in the selection of a great executive as it is in the cropping up of a notable financier or a market manipulator.

Wall Street, it is true, only hears as a rule of the heads of corporations, but titles mean little. In every enterprise there is always a man who is the brains of the concern. Sometimes these men are largely interested in the financial end; sometimes not. They may be large owners or merely salaried managers. They may have inherited wealth or come up from the bottom. Their training may have been technical, financial or purely operative. Wall Street does not care. What it is interested in is the discovery of a man capable of developing the enterprise. Often it takes a far keener interest in a salaried employee who has come up through the ranks than in the most conspicuous multimillionaire, either self-made or inherited.

The larger and more complex the corporation the greater is the difference of loss or of gain made by the manager's judgment. The man who can manage these giant corporations well, no matter what his title or personal wealth, is a great personality whom investors follow, eager to assume the financial risk under such leadership. Such a man is no mere employee of investors, whatever his salary, rank or title. He is the pivot, the keystone, of the industry, the most important figure in its life, the force that keeps it going—and Wall Street knows it only too well.

Indeed the fate—the very financial life—of whole dynasties of wealth has hung for months and years upon the success of some one individual who perhaps twenty years before had been a section hand, brought in by the owners to save their failing fortunes.

A few years ago a family which had inherited an entire empire of railroads and a fortune of some eighty million dollars from its founder, was about to lose control of the properties through inefficiency. A subordinate official of one of the railroads was promoted to be president and practical managing head of the entire group. He was a man who had started life without education or other advantages. Upon the success of his activities thousands upon thousands of investors, speculators and financiers waited breathlessly. It was a desperate effort to introduce life into an almost moribund enterprise by the widely employed expedient of bringing in new blood. Meanwhile no one gave a thought to any other personality.

Take as illustrations the street railways and other traction systems of a city like New York. The fate of these companies has depended for years upon a few individuals who have actually managed them—men like Whitridge and Hedley in New York, or Mitten in Philadelphia. The bankers, financiers, owners of great fortunes, idle or industrious scions of inherited wealth—these gentlemen have been only too glad to take what the men of brains could get for them. To say that Wall Street is not interested in real executive ability is really too ridiculous.

I want to make it clear that this distinction between the great executives and accumulated wealth must not be taken to mean that managing ability never goes with great wealth, either inherited or self-made. It may or it may not. Some rich men are the ablest managers in the world; many are not. Allan A. Ryan, the son of one of the country's richest men, said in a recent interview that his work was the buying and improving of production. He spoke of taking over a motor company and increasing its floor space and net earnings many, many times in a few years. Mr. Ryan's Wall Street operations in the stock of this particular motor company have recently been the subject of much difference of opinion, regarding which I do not wish to take sides. Personally I have absolutely no means of knowing whether Mr. Ryan is successful or not, but if his business really is that of buying and improving production, and if he is successful at that business, then he has the rare gift of which I am writing, no matter how many millions he may have inherited.

Or take the head of a great system of sugar companies, Mr. Blank. He is a man of sixty, who began, I imagine, as a clerk. Now, however, he has a great fortune. But he is the real manager of all the companies whose stock he largely controls. He is known as president, but he handles all the mercantile business, buying raws and selling refined. The board of directors gives advice; Mr. Blank proposes and carries out. But in the XYZ Sugar Company, he says, the president, Mr. A, is not the manager. In other words the label and the job have various relations from firm to firm.

As examples of Mr. Blank's activities as manager: He is president of three sugar companies, a vice president of four other sugar companies and a director in four other sugar companies; president of a college; director in one realty company, two insurance companies, two banks, one steamship company, one warehouse company, one development corporation, one casualty company and an academy of music; trustee of one sugar company, two insurance companies, one safe-deposit company, one trust company and one savings bank—and not a duplication of companies in this entire list. In the course of fifteen minutes with him he was phoning hospitals according to a list of twenty or so he had made up to tell them he had some late arrivals of sugar from last year's crop which could be sold at nine cents instead of fifteen or twenty cents as on open-market sugars, and he wanted hospitals and charity institutions to get the benefit of it. He received during the fifteen minutes a weekly statement of activities of one of the workmen's committees.

I repeat that positions and titles are not the thing. It may be the founder and sole owner like Mr. Blank. It may be a son of the founder. It may be a minority partner. It may be a mere salaried employee of many stockholders. But dig into any successful enterprise and see if you do not bump up against a real man. Emerson said that an institution is but the lengthened shadow of a man. How about the banks and department stores in your own city? How about the newspapers and schools? Have they grown to their present size and importance without someone who has been able to organize, energize, deputize and supervise? It may not have been one man, but several. But always in any enterprise there is one individual or a few individuals who have shouldered the responsibility and by ability of one kind or another driven the concern on to success.

The Managing Classes

WHETHER you analyze your local institutions or the advertisers in this magazine or the companies whose shares are listed on the Stock Exchange, you are bound to find a man or men round whose personality the success of the concern is to a large extent centered. Suppose you and your friends decide to start a small neighborhood bank. Will it run itself? Do you think it will succeed if you merely lend the luster of your names and your money? You know better than that. One or more of you will have to pitch in and work like the dickens, or else you will have to find a man who will do it for you.

To make that bank succeed there must be someone on the spot who will take responsibility and make decisions. Many men are capable of performing the various detailed duties into which a bank or any other enterprise is split up. There are many who can add up figures and measure calico. But rare is the man who is both willing and able to see to it that all the various duties are performed in a way that will lead to the best result. It is the commonest experience of everyday life that people willing to take responsibility, make decisions and initiate movements are the rarest of the rare.

In any community there is always a very small and usually well-known group which is both willing and able to take responsibility, whether it be for the organization of a steel trust or the management of a tea room for the Red Cross. Perhaps there would be more persons capable of this type of leadership if the masses of the people did not have to work so hard, were not so poor and had more education. I am not arguing that our system of developing leaders is ideal, but merely pointing out how scarce they are and how necessary they are.

If you were to have breakfast to-morrow morning in one of a famous chain of restaurants, no matter if it be in Chicago, New Orleans or New York City, you would get the same cup of coffee as far as it is possible for chemical experts to prepare it. It would contain the same amount of caffeine, and even the butter fat in the milk that went into the cup of coffee would be identical. But the most interesting part of the operation is that it would be served at the same temperature.

This is all a part of the management system of the Blank's restaurants. Experts have been called in to decide just how much caffeine should be in a cup of coffee to give it the proper kick, and yet not set the nerves ajar. They have decided how much butter fat should be in the milk that is put in the coffee and what temperature it should be served at to please the customers. All of this information is sent out in the set of rules which goes to every one of the ninety-two restaurants of the Blank chain.

(Continued on Page 157)

THE DUB OF PEACE

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD LUND

THIS is a historical romance—what the photo-play phrasewrights term "period stuff." Its action dates back to those hazy old years before 1912, when the world was young. That was the Payasyougoic Age; not to be confused in any way with the Neoflushic Period, which set in with the war. It was the dim era when office boys were still willing to begin the climb on five dollars a week. Shipping clerks wed and inaugurated families on eighty dollars a month or less—often less.

Good sirloin steak in that aeon cost twenty-two cents a pound, and ice-cream sodas an extreme and war-taxless price of ten cents each. Sugar cost five cents a pound in quantities as limitless as trouble.

Bread and butter were still as much a chargeless feature of a restaurant meal as were water and pepper. Ali Baba's forty playmates had not yet imported from France that vile word, *couvert*. Check rooms were in their infancy. A seaworthy business suit could be acquired for twenty-five paltry dollars. Frugal youths could court on twenty dollars a week and marry on eighteen.

Aged men still creep among us who can recall those wonder days. Yet this windy foreword may be needful to explain one or two price quotations, and so on, in the tale that is to follow, lest ultramodernists should imagine its scene laid in Utopia.

When the Gentlemen's Sons Association of West New York canvassed for patrons to its annual outing and games at Meissner's De Luxe Park, above Tarrytown, Old Man Ryle was coerced into buying two tickets. Not that Old Man Ryle yearned for such a strenuous day as was promised for the association's outing. He was past the age for that sort of thing—long past it. Indeed, he was past the age for any but a serene vocation. That was why he had accepted the job of night watchman at the Cavverly works.

Nor was it his way to lavish his wealth on tickets which he could not use. But this particular brace of tickets had been urged on Old Man Ryle by Buck Kevitt, and people had a way of doing what Buck asked them to. Not that Buck was winsome or magnetic or in any sense alluring. But he was not a nice chap to run counter to.

He would not have resented Old Man Ryle's refusal by a belt on the jaw or by any similar method such as had made his ticket canvass so supreme a success. But he was wholly equal to slipping into personalities that would have made Ryle yearn in helpless, senile fury for a flash of his own vanished fighting power.

It is easier to pay out good money than to be insulted loudly and luridly in the presence of the rest of the night shift, and Old Man Ryle paid. Then he conferred the tickets on Hy Becker, the tally boy, who had been tactful enough to remain silent as to the discovery of a cached mattress whereon Ryle was wont to repose when his night-watchman duties grew wearisome. And Becker, who had another date for the Sunday of the outing, passed along the two tickets to the first man he chanced to meet. This first man was Gil Manton, a shipping clerk in the Cavverly works.

Gil Manton, by the way, is the hero of this yarn, and a less heroic hero could not have been found in all the Cavverly employ. Gil was a big, slow-moving chap; long rather than tall, and weighing close to a hundred and eighty. He had piano-mover shoulders and lean thighs and deep chest and smoothly lank muscles, all of which sagged; nor was he ill to look on.

"Kitty Come Home Last Night Crying. I Couldn't Get a Word Out of Her. Nor Yet Her Mommer Couldn't Either"

His build had won the mild interest of Pop Glyn, the one-time pork-and-beaner who had charge of the rudimentary gymnasium rigged up for the athletic members of the Gentlemen's Sons Association in the disused Number-Eight smelting shed of the Cavverly works. The association numbered its full roster from among the two thousand Cavverly employees, Buck Kevitt, head porter of the works, being its perpetual president.

Pop Glyn eyed Gil's goodly but neglected proportions with approval the first day Manton came to work, and he extended to him the full privileges of the gym. Being lonely and sociable, Gil dropped round to Number-Eight shed that evening. He had done a bit of calisthenic work in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium of his home town up state, and he looked forward now to invigorating half hours on the parallel bars and with the chest weights to draw out the kinks of the day's hustling.

But the Cavverly gym held no such effete and molly-coddlish fixtures as these. In tiers on the slab wall hung bunchy and sweat-blackened twin boxing gloves in varying stages of decay. These and two fighting-weight punching bags and a medicine ball were the gym's only equipment. The concrete floor contained a twenty-four-foot ring with frayed canvas ground padding, and a wrestling mat whose coco fiber was stamped and rubbed to iron. Between these main appurtenances was space for two or three pairs of men to box or to wrestle while more important bouts might be in progress in ring and on mat.

The gym did not impress Gil. Still less was he interested in it when he found that four-fifths of its habitués went there to box or to settle grudges with five-ounce gloves, and the remaining fifth to wrestle. In vain did Pop Glyn point out to him the joys of these evening pastimes. In vain did the old third-rate pugilist relate the time-crusted custom of the works which decreed that any two Cavverly men who had a violent difference of opinion must settle such dispute in the gym ring and in the presence of so many of the rest of the workers as might care to attend the bout.

Glyn descanted loudly on the joys of such finish fights, and on the splendid effect they had on the morale of the force in keeping down permanent ill feeling and hold-over grouches. A square scrap, and the quarrel was at an end. Gil Manton was not interested in this fight custom any more than in spending his spare evenings being slugged in friendly boxing bouts or slung round a germ-ridden wrestling mat, and to Pop Glyn's open contempt he did not drop in at the gym again. He even refused during his one visit to put on the gloves. He explained very politely that he had taken boxing lessons at his home Y. M. C. A. for one term, and then had given up the sport because he hated it. Boxing did not appeal in the least to Gil. It was too much like real fighting. He could see no joy or sense in letting some roughneck punch him all over the northern half of his lazy body with a stinging or numbing glove, and he took even less pleasure in punching the other fellow.

He was a peace-loving chap, was Gil—a big, gentle, friendly, nonassertive boy who preferred any day to knuckle under sooner than to start trouble. He was not a coward in the common sense of the abused word. He simply was averse to any form of brutality. He went on much the same principle as the child that sneaks out of taking a dose of castor oil—not that the oil is dangerous or terror-inspiring, but because the very notion of it is sickening.

So Gil passed up the gym evenings, and for a space mooned gloomily round his boarding house at night. Then in time Kitty Ryle, a stenographer in the export department, quarreled fiercely with Buck Kevitt, who had been wooing her in desultory fashion, and she deigned that day for the first time to notice the shy friendliness of Gil Manton.

After his initial stammering delight in the aloof maiden's new cordiality, Gil took to calling at Old Man Ryle's flat twice a week, and once he escorted Kitty as far as Coney Island. He was very, very happy. It seemed wonderful to be so happy. Out of his eighteen dollars a week he began awedly to lay aside from two to five dollars as a secret house-furnishing fund, and at least once a week he bought fifty-cent seats for Kitty and himself in the orchestra section of that refined local palace of vaudeville, the Olympium. After the show always there was supper at Walker's Elite Restaurant—Tables Reserved for Ladies—and seldom did the feast include anything less lavish than fried oysters and ice cream. The check often did hideous things to a whole dollar bill, but Gil Manton was no piker.

It was to this unheroic hero that the tally boy gave the pair of dollar tickets to the Gentlemen's Sons Association's annual outing and games. From his casual experience with the Gentlemen's Sons, and especially with their doughty president, Buck Kevitt, Gil felt no impulse to attend their picnic. He was minded to pass along the undesired tickets to someone more keen about such

It Was a Right Half Hook to the Jaw

The Outing Was One of the Most Successful in the Long Bright Annals of the Gentlemen's Sons Association

affairs. But it chanced that he called on Kitty Ryle, and this shifted everything.

"Dad must be losing his mind," the girl happened to say in the course of their desultory chat. "He told mommer and me at supper that he bought a couple of tickets for that outing next Sunday, and then that he gave 'em away. Here I'd been crazy to go to it, and the only reason I hadn't asked him to get a ticket for me was because I didn't like to make him hand out so much money, now that he's only got his night-watchman pay. But he ups and buys two tickets, and then never even gives his own family a look-in on 'em."

Gil was groping ruminatively in his inner coat pocket, eying her with an expression he deemed merrily anticipatory, but which seemed to Kitty merely an uncomprehending simper. Buck Kevitt had never been so dense. The girl smoothed back a frown of impatience and moved forward her batteries to a less masked position.

"Of course," she explained, "I could go and buy a ticket for myself, I s'pose. But I couldn't go there alone very well. And if I was to buy two tickets and take mommer with me—well, two big soft dollars out of a fourteen-dollar pay envelope is a lot for just a Sunday's fun, isn't it? Still, I'm kind of disappointed, and—what you got there?" she broke off with coy inquisitiveness.

Farmer's satin is an admirable material—for the price—but it has a nonskid surface. Hence it had been the task of more than several seconds for Gil to find and draw forth the two tickets that reposed far down in his inside pocket. He had meant to produce them with a flourish, but they stuck, and he had to yank them out. In the effort the corner of one of the tickets was torn. The other ticket fluttered floorward. Gil retrieved it and handed the pair to Kitty.

"Well, of all the wizards!" she cried in gleeful amaze. "Why, you must be a mind reader, Gil Manton! You've got that blindfold lady at the Olympium last week beat a mile. Thanks ever so much! But how sly it was for you to let me go on grouching away like that and never ——"

"I thought maybe you'd kind of like to go," lied Gil happily. "That's why I bought 'em."

"Annual Outing and Games of the Gentlemen's Sons Association of West New York," she read raptly from the uppermost ticket's scarlet lettering. "E. J. Kevitt, President. At Meissner's De Luxe Park, Sunday, May Thirty-first. Admit One. Gents Assessed."

She laid down the passports to paradise and glanced archly at her smugly grinning adorer.

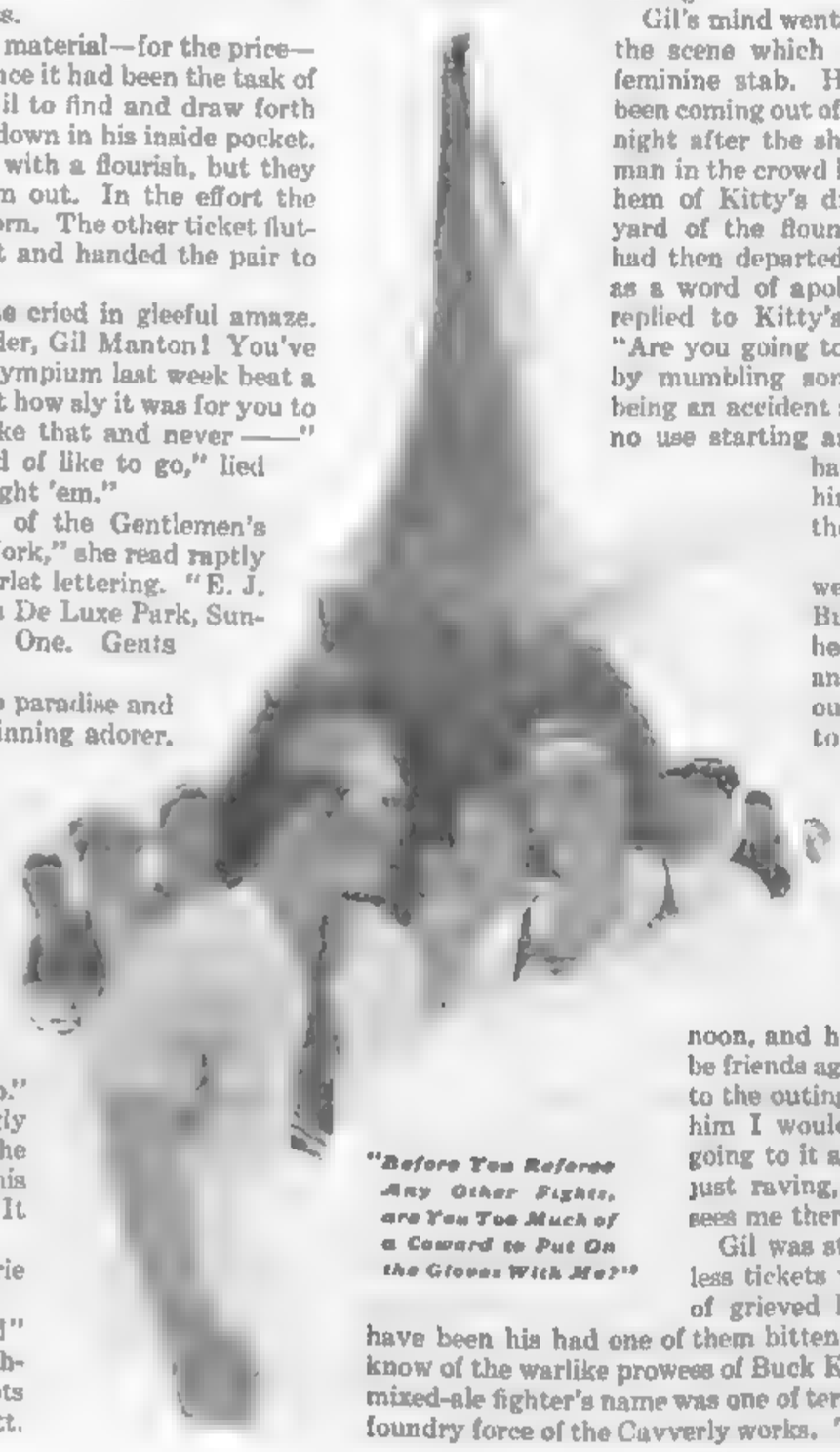
"Now that you've asked me to go there with you," she said with the air of imparting a deep confidence, "I'll tell you a secret. I had another chance to go. Another gentleman asked me only this noon—honest."

"Yep," said Gil fatuously; "I'll bet there isn't a feller at the Cavverly that wouldn't be tickled to pieces to have a swell girl like you go there with him. Yep."

And he relapsed into mooningly admiring silence. Irritated that he was not more keenly piqued at this hint of rivalry, Kitty went on: "It was Buck Kevitt."

"Huh?" queried Gill, his reverie of worship departing.

"You needn't turn up your nose!" rebuked Kitty, miscreading the bothered aspect of his wide face. "Lots of girls are crazy about Buck Kevitt. He's just a head porter, of course. But he makes good money, and he sure knows how to spend it. Besides nobody'd dare look cross-eyed at any lady Buck was escorting anywhere. He's a terrible fighter. He used to be in the ring for a while, you know, till the Horton Law took away all the big money from the fighting game. It's sort of thrilling to go to places with a feller who could lick anybody else there and who's aching for a chance to do it. A girl'd be as safe with Buck escorting her," she went on for the pure bliss of watching her pacific swain writhe, "as if she had a comp'ny of the Nashn'l Guard along."



"Before You Referee Any Other Fights, are You Too Much of a Coward to Put On the Gloves With Me?"

Gil's mind went back miserably to the scene which had inspired this feminine stab. He and Kitty had been coming out of the Olympium one night after the show, and a clumsy man in the crowd had trodden on the hem of Kitty's dress, tearing off a yard of the flounce. The stranger had then departed without so much as a word of apology, and Gil had replied to Kitty's hot question of "Are you going to stand for that?" by mumbling something about its being an accident and that there was no use starting anything. The girl had not spoken to him all the way to the restaurant.

"You see," she went on now, "I and Buck had a tiff. And he said things that any real gentleman oughtn't to said. I told him never to speak to me again, and he didn't till to-day. He can stay mad longer'n anyone else I ever saw. But he was waiting for me when I went out to lunch this noon, and he said he'd like to be friends again and would I go to the outing with him? I told him I wouldn't and I wasn't going to it at all. Won't he be just raving, though; when he sees me there with you?"

Gil was staring at the luckless tickets with much the air of grieved horror that might have been his had one of them bitten him. Well did he know of the warlike prowess of Buck Kevitt. The former mixed-ale fighter's name was one of terror throughout the foundry force of the Cavverly works. Though Gil himself was seldom brought into more than momentary personal contact with the roughneck head porter, he had winced in sharp aversion at the man's snarling attitude toward himself—an attitude born partly of instinctive dislike and partly of Pop Glyn's contemptuous report of Gil's aversion for the gym exercises.

Gil's imagination began to race. He could believe, in every detail, Kitty's forecast as to the way Buck would take her presence at the outing with another man, especially with one of the white-collar force, a clerk whose pay was far smaller than Buck's own.

"Maybe we'd have a nicer time down to Coney Island next Sunday," hazarded Gil. "I just as lief sell back these tickets and take you down there. I read in the paper where it told about a swell new stunt they've got at Luna. I guess we ——"

"We're going to the outing," was Kitty's chilled-steel retort, "unless you'd rather I'd go there with Buck." Which somehow seemed to cut off all chance for repartee or argument.

His feet very cold and his palms very wet, Gil said good night and plodded homeward. Glumly he wondered as he lay awake why he had not taken up Kitty's taunting suggestion that she go to the outing with Buck instead of with himself. That would have solved the whole rotten problem. Yet far down within him some strange voice fairly shouted that he would rather have been torn asunder by Kevitt's grappling-hook hands than to submit to such a thing, and the peace-loving youth wondered unhappily at his own perilous decision. It was not like him. He could not at all understand himself.

The outing that year was one of the most successful in the long bright annals of the Gentlemen's Sons Association. The day was clear and hot. The crowd was a record-breaker. The baseball game stretched into the twelfth inning. The sack race was the funniest ever run off. The beer was of heavenly iciness. The caterer had outdone himself—and there was a moon on the way home.

Also there was dancing, not only at the De Luxe Park pavilion during the day, but on the broad moonlit deck of the excursion boat on the return sail; and the band for the most part had remained sober enough to discourse reasonably rhythmic music for this wind-up dance.

Buck Kevitt had had a wakeful day. As president of the association and chairman of the entertainment committee and in divers other badge-adorned capacities he had been in fifty places at once. There had been endless minor details to arrange, problems to solve, people to bully, no less than three fights to stop and to refer to the proper future gym night; two recalcitrants to punch into Chesterfieldian courtesy and the association's erratic cashier to check up at short intervals. Thus by almost no maneuvering at all Gil Manton had been able to keep himself and Kitty out of the head porter's busy ken, and to put a living screen of several hundred revelers between him and themselves.

But on the homeward boat ride Buck relaxed. His work was done. His outing's triumph was assured. He could afford to enjoy the return trip after his own fashion. His temper and nerves grumbling a bit in the moment of reaction from a twelve-hour strain, he sought the soothing influences of the dance deck.

There at first glance toward the maze of swaying couples under the multiple strings of electric light his unbelieving eyes focused on Kitty Ryle. The girl of his alternating choice was fox-trotting with another man. She had refused Buck's olive branch invitation to the outing, and here she had attended it after all with someone else; not merely with someone else, but with that gangling snide of a shipping clerk who had shied at the brutality of the Cavverly gym.

(Continued on Page 102)

IN POLITICS

By JAY E. HOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN

THIS is the story of a mild adventure in American municipal politics. It is the residue of a personally conducted experiment in the matter of maintaining self-respect while in pursuit and possession of a public office. To phrase it a little differently, these are the memoirs of an ex-mayor. It is a relation of the commonplaces of politics, an intimate inspection of the usual and the ordinary. The woods are full of ex-mayors and former officeholders. Their experiences are much the same as those which fell to my lot in the four years I gave to the public service. I use the word "gave" advisedly. There is no recompense in the ordinary course of politics save that which one derives from having done his duty to the extent of his ability.

Before sundering the tie that binds this sheaf of reminiscences I wish to lay suspicion and lull to rest the thought that I may be engaged in the exploitation of another man of destiny. I celebrate no hero here. I am neither a public figure nor a public benefactor; I am a newspaper reporter. I am willing to give anybody an argument on the contention that I am a good reporter, but beyond that I do not care to go. When I became candidate for mayor I did not yield, coyly and reluctantly, to popular clamor. For years my ears had been fairly well attuned to detect disturbances originating at the roots of public consciousness, but if my fellow townsmen sounded any clarion call for my services in the capacity of mayor I didn't hear it. I wasn't dragged in; I got in. Such popular approval as greeted my candidacy at the moment of its inception was the result of propaganda carefully laid according to plans of my own devising for the purpose of discovering whether I had a chance to be elected.

So far as I know I did nothing notable during my four years as mayor. I inaugurated no reform movements and swept the town with no crusades designed to ameliorate the, so to speak, cruel and degrading conditions which surround humanity. In point of fact I was cold and clammy in my attitude toward the uplift. I had lived in the town some fifteen years and was pretty well fed up on it. I go so far as to say that such was the character, the mental breadth, the intellectual candle power of those who had made a specialty of the uplift to the extent of giving public exhibitions in its name that I was sated with it. For the simple reason that there were no rascals, I turned no rascals out. I defied no chain of political leeches forged together for the purpose of fattening on the public funds. There was no such chain. I was denied the privilege of hurling defiance in the teeth of corrupt and dishonest interests which sought to deflect me from the path of civic righteousness with the lure of position or gold. I never was approached. Nobody gave me orders or applied the pressure of the screw. I take some pride in the fact that I gave the town a rest—the first it had enjoyed in many years. My administration was as clean as a hound's tooth and it functioned crisply and efficiently. But I extend to myself no felicitations on that score. To concede that it fell short of either of the cardinal requirements of good government would be to admit I am either dishonest or inefficient, or both. I make no such admission.

A Joke Taken Seriously

THE high light of this revelation, assuming that it has one, is superimposed upon the fact that I told the public where to head in and discovered that the public liked it. I surrendered to my successor a constituency unkissed. I served two terms, successfully negotiating a campaign for reëlection without fawning or side-stepping or pussyfooting to cover in times of stress and storm. I discovered that no official needs to be a hypocrite in order to win an election or retain the esteem and confidence of the majority of his fellow citizens. It is not even required of him that he soften his views or camouflage his habits and customs to meet the approval of those who are not in accord with them. Since that is what I sought and hoped to demonstrate in my venture in public life, I mark it as the most valuable of my small contributions to a better public service. The American public is disposed to claw at its officials. Few men emerge from public office unscarred. But a man may do what he will if he will.

Since in another environment I survive the ordeal which is the basis of this narration, I write and dedicate a homily

In Elections Women, Like Men, Vote Their Prejudices

to such surpassing feat. Of all the inanimate bodies that strew the sanguinary field of politics, that of the ex-mayor is furthest gone in ruin and decay. Occasionally a constitutional officeholder who has been swept overboard by the shifting currents of factional and partisan politics manages to rehabilitate himself. But an ex-mayor is dead to stay. No faint respiration collects upon his cold and pallid lips. His sentence is to the forgettery and for the duration of time. Of all officials, he is nearest the public and the one most easily clawed. He touches life, the limb, the license and the purse of his constituency at every turn in his official career. Broadly speaking, an election as mayor is equivalent to going down for the third time.

I suppose, when it is all summed up, curiosity was the basis of my fling in politics. I have the reporter's instinct. I wanted to know. As a newspaperman I lingered always on the fringe of events. As a political writer I had chronicled the rise and fall of state, county and city dynasties. I knew the game. I knew all the leaders who had come and gone with the passing of the years and numbered many of them among my close and intimate friends. The state of which I write sat astride what I am pleased to designate as the emotional belt of American politics. It was a community responsive to the lightest word, the cheapest rhetorical trick of the rabble-rouser.

As a spectator almost unconcerned I had watched the waves of politics break and recede. I had studied with some care the long procession of men cast up at high tide. Many of them were capable, sincere and honest. But I had noticed the popular hero of any given hour was nearly always a phony type. The trouble with the people is they don't know and can't find out. The manner in which men who ran for office and those who held office abased themselves in catering to the whims, the prejudices and the judgments of the crowd, without regard to sense or merit, irked and disgusted me. I watched the crafty play, the cheap intellectual trickery by which those who sought political preferment stirred and swayed the emotions of the voters. There were good fellows among them. I wondered if they had to do it. Through a stretch of years I mulled over the problem as to whether one could win and stick in politics and keep faith with himself. But I never fitted my cogitations to my own individual case. I had no ambition that led me in the direction of public office. I had never thought of it. It never occurred to me that I might try the experiment myself. In all the years the thought had been in mind—the tempestuous years that lay between 1906 and 1912—I had proceeded no further than conjecture.

Harve Parsons drove the first thin wedge. Parsons was the columnist on the afternoon paper. I performed a similar service for its morning contemporary. We were close friends. On dull days we joshed each other. A municipal campaign was coming on. One afternoon in July preceding the election in the following April Parsons nominated me for mayor. It was a dull day in my column, so I wrote a paragraph in which I accepted the nomination tendered me by Mr. Parsons, contingent upon his willingness to serve as chief of police. I looked upon it as a bit of fraternal repartee and closed my mind to it when I sent my copy upstairs. It is a part of this chronicle that the first appointment I made after my election as mayor was that of Harvey Parsons as chief of police. He bore that invidious distinction throughout my first administration. But his heart was bound to his newspaper work and at the end of two years the cubby-hole which he had vacated reclaimed him.

I was amazed to learn that the joint effort of Parsons and myself to enliven a dull day had reacted seriously upon the public mind. Coming downtown the following morning half a dozen or more of my acquaintances, representing as many walks in life, spoke of my possible candidacy, tendered their support and expressed the opinion that I could be elected. The thing caught me off my balance and I made a josh of it. But the talk persisted all day and for several days that followed. Wherever I went I heard it. Two or three letters came from state and ward leaders pledging their support. I still stalled with those who chose to mention the matter, but the seed had been planted. It had finally occurred to me that things might so shape themselves as to permit me to engage in an experiment in municipal politics. I think that's all that did occur to me. I don't remember that the thought of holding office appealed to me at all. At any rate it held no glamour for me.

Keeping the Ball Rolling

AT THE end of a week or ten days the seed had germinated and I had definitely decided to see how far the idea of my candidacy would carry. Parsons and I talked it over and devised a plan. No attention had been paid to the matter in the news columns of the two papers. Neither had mentioned it. Parsons and I kept the talk alive by an occasional interchange of japery. We did not push the idea hard, but we never permitted it to die in the public mind. To a casual observer our occasional exchange of amenities and asperities would have borne the appearance of a kidding match between two well-known and more or less esteemed columnists. But it was all a part of the plan of which Parsons and I were joint authors and spokesmen.

As a fair and impartial historian I am bound to say that as a mayoralty possibility I was most unpromising material. No organization gunning for a candidate would have selected me as a target. Nominally I had been for thirteen or fourteen years associate editor of the morning newspaper. But about the only thing I edited was the tender, not to say the sacred, feelings of the community. In point of fact I was a sort of free-lance writing man unofficially charged with the duty of livening up the paper. I specialized as a columnist, but I overlapped into many other fields of newspaper endeavor. In the course of the years I had probed every open wound and rattled every skeleton in town.

Thus and so I had established an identity quite apart from that of the newspaper, and nobody held its proprietor responsible for my ravings or my indiscretions. My blood was on my own head. It was often regretted that so admirable a gentleman could have such a scapegrace in his employ, but the feeling continually crystallized against myself seldom extended to the newspaper. I knew I had a lot of friends; I never knew how many until I actually became a candidate. I knew also that lying in wait just outside were hundreds of persons whose implacable enmity I had roused, all equipped with weapons of offense, waiting for me to come out and take it.

The town was the capital of one of the earlier of the aqua-pura commonwealths. It was good to me and I love it. But as a civic entity it had made a sort of fetish of the uplift and what the forward-lookers were pleased to designate as the great moral issues. A great moral issue was anything over which the forward-lookers chanced at the moment to be in a state of emotional flux. E. W. Howe once wrote of the town as "the hypocritical capital of a hypocritical state." But Mr. Howe's judgment was too severe. Beneath the froth and the fluff which rose to the

surface in every election and in every public movement lay a great body of fine, clean, sane, conservative and decent citizens. The fluff and froth coagulated in every election as the law-and-order element. The title was self-bestowed; it had no particular warrant in fact. But it was a lamp to the feet of many excellent and worthy, if politically astigmatic, citizens. The so-called law-and-order element was a factor in every campaign. Its candidate had pretty nearly an even chance and not infrequently was elected. The opposing candidate, no matter what his character, was always stigmatized as the candidate of the liquor interests and the other vicious elements of society. In politics there is only one so unscrupulous as the truly good man whose zeal has been warmed by the fires of fanaticism and prejudice. That is his wife, good woman though she is. No seasoned politician will stoop to the devices of a pack of earnest, zealous, slightly purblind citizens engaged in chasing a hypothetical wolf.

The emotional excesses of that fringe of the citizenry to which I have just alluded had always irritated me and I had made much good-humored sport of its collection of the holies. I purposely planted and nurtured in its collective mind the thought that I was immoral and vicious. Very many excellent people believed me to be a rake; some of them still believe it. I was considered both vicious and bold. When a case of beer was delivered at my home the expressman appeared in broad daylight and carried the suds back in full view of the neighborhood. The expressman stopped at many homes—roughly speaking, at sixty or seventy per cent of the total. He found his way to the domiciles of a considerable number of forward-lookers. But a good deal of his work was done at night.

Steeped in Iniquity

I WAS so steeped in iniquity and sin that I had the hardihood to defend the cigarette and my sense of humor was so perverted I poked fun at the statute which made the sale of that so-called narcotic a criminal offense. I had repeatedly insulted womanhood by noting the idiosyncrasies of the female character. Women voted in elections, state and municipal. The boon of the municipal suffrage had long been theirs. The state had extended the privilege some years previous to the date of this chronicle. Though I had not been particularly opposed to the extension of suffrage, I had declined to stand uncovered in its presence and had occasionally giggled at the excesses of those who championed it most vociferously.

And I had no real hold on the politicians. I was on friendly and intimate terms with most of the leaders, but I was a detached figure. Nobody was under particular obligation to me. I had never really carried a spear in the organization and I knew the precinct workers not at all. My interests and associations had been largely in state politics. I could have set up a delegation in Kapioma County without making a mistake in the selection of its personnel. Given the name of the chairman of the delegation from Ladore, I could have told how it would vote in the state convention. But I didn't know who delivered the vote in the Seventh Precinct of the Second Ward, nor the name of my party's committeeman in my own precinct. I mention these dry and tiresome details for the reason that they serve exactly to indicate the apparently hopeless nature of the job I had cut out for myself.

With no lubrication other than the unction Parsons and I occasionally supplied to it, talk of my candidacy persisted as summer receded into autumn. I could sense the fact that it was growing and spreading day by day, that it carried some indefinable appeal that was biting hard into the consciousness of the town. I did nothing to spur it on. I simply let it ride. I never introduced the subject of my candidacy into any conversation. If one of my fellow citizens wished to talk about it, I discussed the matter with him freely and frankly, but I made it a point to drop the subject before it wearied him. The sneers and snickers of those opposed to me did a lot toward keeping the breath of life in my incipient boom.

From the first, close observers who knew the political predilections of the town regarded my potential candidacy as formidable. But in politics, as elsewhere, close observers are greatly in the minority. The great body of American citizenship never knows what is going on until after it has happened. A considerable segment of this body laughed at my candidacy—and afterward voted for me. The so-called law-and-order element sneered at it. They regarded me as a peril and a menace and had only contempt for my aspirations. But they were not alarmed. It was inconceivable to them that an admitted scoundrel of my character could be elected mayor.

Two factors in the situation disturbed my friends. One was that I was not a mixer. Their blue prints and specifications called for a glad-hander. I hugged the public, if at all, awkwardly and with great reluctance. Up to the time I was elected mayor I had never slapped a man on the back. I haven't yet, for that matter. They figured, too, that the woman vote would be against me. To them my record as to women was damning. The situation as regards the woman vote alarmed me not in the least. I had watched woman in the act of discharging her obligations at the polls for a good many years. I had never known her vote to turn an election. And so I said to those who raised the issue: "If I can get a majority of the male vote I can win. The women will break fifty-fifty."

In elections women, like men, vote their prejudices. The difference—and this particularly is true in contests in which party politics does not enter—is that a woman's prejudices are much more likely to center on another woman, or faction of women, than upon the candidate whose fate is involved. Broadly speaking, the woman vote, in elections in which partisanship does not enter, divides itself into two camps, which, without any intent to offend either, I shall designate as the organized vote and the housewife vote.

The organized vote expresses its sentiments through its various societies, social, civic and religious, and ordinarily rallies round an idea. It is, so to speak, the *intelligentia* of suffragism. The housewife vote is more likely to rally to a personality. No organization based on an idea is ever able to deliver its entire strength in an election. Between these two camps there is always antagonism and animosity. I knew the organized vote would be against me and I figured its emotional excesses during the campaign would drive the housewife vote to the polls in my behalf. The women—bless their hearts—had a beautiful scrap over me, and the housewives went to the polls and voted for me en bloc and en masse.

In the beginning I mapped out a certain code of ethics which I intended my candidacy to express. Briefly it was that I would not obviously project myself. I went through the semifinals and finals of two bruising campaigns without asking a single individual to vote for me or introducing the subject into a private conversation. I did no hand-shaking, no mixing. My principal opponent in my first campaign was a noted glad-hander. I used to idle along the streets for the express purpose of observing him at the business of presenting his specialty. I never tried to crab his act. In fact I stuck so closely to my code that I sometimes presented the appearance of one leaning backward. I knew the face of practically every person I passed upon the streets. If it had not been my custom to pass the time of day with a fellow citizen before I became a candidate for office I did not do so afterward.

In the heat of the campaign Howard Goodenour and Frank Glossop were one day discussing the merits of the various candidates. Glossop told me about it afterward.

"Who are you going to vote for?" Goodenour asked

"I'm going to vote for House," Glossop replied. "He didn't speak to me before he became a candidate; he doesn't speak to me now. He must be on the level."

I did make a few speeches to my colored brethren. The colored vote was important and desirable. It was largely an organized vote which expressed itself through its clubs and religious societies. Local political tradition was that the most effective way to reach it was through the public meeting and by way of a contribution to the charity, eleemosynary institution or religious organization to which the meeting was dedicated. I conceded that much to the traditions and trooped with the other candidates to the various gatherings. A man's heart never beats so strongly for his fellow man as it does during the period in which he is a candidate for office. One evening at the conclusion of a speech I made a modest contribution toward a new roof for the edifice in which I had just spoken. I mentioned the matter to my political manager the next morning.

"It's astonishing," he said, "the way the roof of that church wears out. I've helped reroof it three times in the last six years."

No Apologies or Explanations

I FACED a withering fire of abuse through all my campaigns, but I paid not the slightest attention to any charge or insinuation laid at my door. I declined to discuss, apologize, explain or refute. The moment a candidate permits himself to be placed on the defensive he is half beaten. He not only fails to convince his opponents but he rears a doubt in the minds of his supporters. Through it all I treated my opponents with the gravest courtesy and kept my speeches entirely free from personalities.

By December it was apparent to me that, barring a contingency, I could win. The contingency shaped itself in mind as the possible entry of a candidate strong enough to split my potential strength and eliminate me in the primary. It was definite and certain that the law-and-order element would either start or indorse a candidate. Knowing the type of man they would pick, I figured I could beat him. Municipal elections were nonpartisan, but the town was overwhelmingly Republican, and Republicans played most of the politics, municipal and otherwise. The chasm of 1912 still yawned. I had been a stand-patter and had carried the bitterness of campaign to excess.

(Continued on Page 177)

My Principal Opponent Was a Noted Glad-Hander

The Housewife Vote Is More Likely to Rally to a Personality

IT PAYS TO SMILE

IV

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE young man whom Alicia Pegg hailed turned toward her with quite the nicest smile it had ever been my fortune to behold, a smile in which his white teeth, which were of a character to do any dentist credit, seemed the least important factor, beautiful as they were. It was the way his face lighted up which caught one. In any situation that smile would prove his shield and buckler. It would have been invaluable to a book agent, and a missionary would have needed no other credentials—at least certainly not on our street at home. We all smiled back at him instinctively, though it was to Alicia that he spoke.

"It was simply ripping of you people!" he said in excellent English and a delightfully modulated voice, yet with a curious intonation, as if it were not his native tongue.

"Not at all!" replied Peaches, her eyes holding his. "Glad to oblige you!"

He seemed a trifle blank at this.

"I didn't expect you to be here," he went on. "But I think it's awfully jolly. I suppose you motor a great deal, Lady Gordon?"

"Lady who?" gasped Peaches. "Gee-whiz! Who do you think we are?"

"Great Scott!" said the inadvertent guest. "Aren't you Lord and Lady Gordon?"

"Lord and Lady me eye!" remarked Peaches. "We are not!"

"Then why on earth did you call to me?" exclaimed the young man. "And who are you?"

Just then the Citrus King leaned forward and shouted a query against the wind.

"Who is your young man, Peaches?" he said. "Make me acquainted."

"I don't know who he is!" snapped his daughter. "Who are you, yourself?" she demanded of him. "I am a low-life American bourgeoise in trade and every bally thing—name of Alicia Pegg; and this is my father, Pinto Pegg, the Citrus King; and this is my chaperon, Miss Talbot, that I'm taking abroad to educate. Now, who are you?"

"Come Outside, Quick! There's an Aëroplane Flying Right Into the Moon"

"My name is Sandro di Monteventi," he said, getting out a little gold cardcase, from which he extracted a visiting card bearing an engraved coronet and the inscription Monteventi. A duke! As I glimpsed the card, which with proper breeding he handed first to me, I nearly fainted. We must have made a mistake somehow. Yet he was undoubtedly the young man of the theater. I could not have made so monstrous an error. As for Peaches, when I handed it on to her she simply gave a frank stare and a long whistle.

"Pleased to meet you, duke!" she said. "I guess we may have made a mistake. We thought—well, we thought you were a friend of ours—but I don't quite see how you fell for it. Dicky, turn round and take the gentleman back!"

"No, no!" said the duke hastily. "That is, you are going my way, so if you don't mind—my friends will be gone by now!"

"Certainly. Keep ahead, Dick!" said Pinto heartily. "Pleased to have a duke along. That's what we came to Europe for, you know—like all vulgar Americans. So we'll drop you any place you say."

"That's really frightfully kind, Mr. Pegg," said the duke. "You see, I am expected to visit the Gordons, who have rented a château at Deux Arbres, and when you called, Miss Pegg, I thought they had come to meet me. We shall pass there shortly, and if you will just set me down in the village I shall be all right and fearfully grateful."

"Why, that's the place where the famous panels by Scarpia are!" I exclaimed. "They were painted at the order of Cardinal Perigino in 1754."

The duke looked at me in some surprise.

"Right!" said he. "Do you know the Gordons, by any chance?"

"No," I replied. "But I know my Burke's History of the Sixteenth Century Italian Painters."

"Oh!" said he. "How odd and delightful." And he smiled again that delectable smile of his, which somehow drew us into a delicious intimacy. His smile seemed at once to compliment my erudition and a thousand other lovely things. Then he turned again to Peaches and looking at her spoke to her father.

"Where are you bound for, sir?" he asked.

"Monte Carlo will be our final camp," said Silas. "It's a town I've always wanted to hit. I understand it's got it all over Hell River or even Dogtown, and I used to get a lot of comfort out of them two places when I was herding hop pickers round the head of the Sacramento Valley. But I understand Monte has them beaten three ways. It ought to, considering the game they named after it!"

I am convinced that this statement was as unintelligible to the duke as it was to me, but he laughed politely.

"I may be dropping down there a little later," he said. "In point of fact my home is not far from it—lovely old place back in the hills. I was born there!"

"That so?" said Mr. Pegg. "Well, you do talk English remarkably well!"

"I was educated at Harvard," said the duke. "My mother was an American, the daughter of the consul at San Remo."

"I knew you were a regular guy!" said Peaches, and then blushed furiously. The duke laughed.

"Thanks!" said he. "But I am an Italian, you know, really, and I love my country—as perhaps few men do!"

His eyes grew grave as he spoke. And after a few moments of curious silence that fell upon us unwittingly, he held up his hand as a signal to stop.

"We are coming into Deux Arbres now," he said. "There is the inn, and that trap looks as if it would take one to the château! I am a thousand times grateful for the lift!"

The car slowed down at Alicia's command, and the duke, despite our protests, insisted upon getting out.

"We could easily take you right to the ranch house—castle, that is!" Peaches offered.

"Not a bit more trouble, young man!" said Mr. Pegg.

But the duke would have no more of us. Charmingly, politely and firmly he shook us, as Alicia put it afterward. He disappeared within a little hostelry and we resumed our journey. When we had done so Alicia's father subjected her to a cross-examination which I, rather than she, deserved, inasmuch as I had really been responsible for the more or less shocking performance. But Peaches nobly refrained from in any way implicating me.

"Look here, Peaches, what made you collect that young swell?" said her parent in an attempt to be properly irate.

"Why, pa, I thought it was Jake Keeting—you know, Giant Jake from the B-2 outfit, and I was so surprised I yelled before I thought," she lied with alarmingly casual promptness.

"Well, it's a good thing I and Miss Talbot was along to make it look respectable!" he boomed. "This isn't the Coast, you know, and people round here have old-fashioned notions. But he seemed a mighty nice young feller."

Alicia glanced sideways at Richard, the chauffeur.

"I thought he was a wonder!" she said deliberately. And then no more.

That night, in the luxurious bedroom at the Ritz in Paris, which was precisely like all the other hotels at which we had stopped so far, Peaches and I discussed the mystery of the Duca di Monteventi to our heart's content. And in the end we tacitly cleared him of connection with the incident of the London theater, Alicia insisting that I must have been mistaken in my identification of him, and I determinedly convinced that he was none other than the hero of my escapade, an opinion to which I privately held, though I refrained from expressing it when I discovered that she disliked the thought.

"Say!" she remarked. "I think he's a prince, that's what. You know what I mean—he's a duke, of course, but I should worry about that! I mean a prince in the American sense."

And curiously enough I understood her.

But fate removed the object of our interest from our lives for many weeks to come. We moved rather more slowly than I had anticipated, owing partially to Alicia's sudden interest in Parisian art galleries. We would plan

our trip for the day within earshot of her parent, and in truth we did occasionally visit them as we had announced. But more frequently when we said we would go to the Louvre we meant the emporium of that title, and very shortly Peaches' wardrobe began to show the results of my restraining influence.

She was so beautiful that everything she put on became her, and so tall that everything had to be altered. And so it came about that we were some weeks in Paris; very pleasurable they were, too, and my knowledge of French came in most serviceably. Not for nothing had I taken a prize at Miss Hitchbourne's Seminary and Finishing School for Young Gentlewomen with an essay called Une Matin de Mai, for it developed that I was the only person in our party possessed of even the rudiments of any foreign language, and I was constantly in demand as interpreter, requesting everything from *une verre de l'eau glacée* for Mr. Pegg to *tabac et d'allumettes* for Richard, the chauffeur, and, of course, in the purchasing of Peaches' clothes I was indispensable.

Moreover, out of my princely emolument I felt it but right to purchase for myself sundry garments of a more fashionable appearance than I had hitherto possessed, and to dispatch home by boat mail an embroidered shawl for my sister and some fine cambric handkerchiefs together with a pair of blue worsted knitted slippers for Galadia, which I purchased at the American Women's Exchange.

I may here remark in passing that Alicia's speech and manner were becoming gradually modified under my earnest example and tuition, though her fiery spirit and impulsive nature remained the same. Also her conduct was impeccable, for with the exception of bringing home a perfectly strange young American sailor—a common seaman, he was—to dinner for no better reason than that she had found him sitting in the Jardin de Tuileries and he had professed to be homesick, she did nothing remarkable. It is a fact that upon one occasion she was barely prevented from using physical violence upon the driver of a fiacre, who she maintained was a dog-faced son of a muleteer and was ripe for admission to the nether world, his inevitable landing place. And all this because he was using a whip with more violence than discrimination upon his apathetic animal. Her extraordinary language was completely, and very fortunately, lost upon him, inasmuch as he understood no English, much less Californian, and thought she was merely trying to protest at the overcharge, and being used to that he remained undisturbed.

During our stay in Paris I wrote to and received an answer from my Cousin Abby, who in a dashing hand announced that she would be "charmed to see you, dear old thing, as it's a beastly season, dull as ditch water, and anything will be a diversion."

I announced the fact of the receipt of this letter but kept its exact contents to myself, as I rather feared for our reception. Mr. Pegg, however, seemed to consider the mere fact of her reply an encouraging sign, and with his customary abruptness of decision gave orders that we pack up at once and proceed to Italy by train instead of by motor as we had planned, thus expediting the matter of starting upon what he persisted in terming the "commencement of Peaches' social career."

"Since your cousin, the countess, is at her castle," he informed me, "we will break camp right now, Miss Talbot, and hit the trail for the wop citrus country. I am anxious to start looking the lemon situation over, and it's only fair to give the Paris shops a chance to restock. So to-morrow we will pull out."

"Very well, Mr. Pegg," I assented. "Though it is a pity to miss the château country."

"Not much sense in looking at the outside of châteaux if you don't know the folks living in them," the Citrus King commented. "And perhaps on the way back we will have a few invites from your cousin's friends."

I could only bite my lip and refrain from going into the question further at the moment. Mr. Pegg's social and geographical ideas were at that time in sad need of correction. But then correction made so little impression on him. If his mind was made up to get a thing he would brush aside all else until the attainment of his object. Already I was learning not to dispute his decisions. Besides, it was conceivable that Cousin Abby did know some French nobility, or the lessees of some of the châteaux, and that if she accepted us at all we might possibly make their acquaintance in due course. Indeed the circumstance was far less improbable than so much which had actually occurred during the past month that I dismissed the question momentarily, wrote Euphemia a brief note informing her of our prospective change of address, and then sought out my charge to impart her father's instructions.

At first I experienced some difficulty in locating her, but after a diligent search of our sumptuous suite I at length discovered her in the public corridor near the elevator, where she was engaged in explaining some game of cards—a form of solitaire—to the youth who operated the elevator. They were seated upon a bench near the shaft, and the youth was temporarily completely negligent of his duty. At my approach Miss Alicia looked up and nodded, but continued her explanation.

"The jack on the queen," she was saying; "the ten on the jack; move 'em over—that makes a dollar you owe me!"

"Alicia!" I exclaimed. "Stop it at once! What are you doing?"

"Canfield," she replied mysteriously. "Want to take me on?" She gathered up the cards, which I then discovered to be part of what I may term her personal equipment, being small and easily contained in that part of her vanity case usually occupied by rouge and lip stick, for which, thank heaven, Alicia had neither need nor desire, though perhaps when one stops to consider the matter it is somewhat doubtful if her substitution of a pack of playing cards had a greater moral value.

"I don't want to take you on; I want to take you away!" I said. "Come back to the apartment and pack. We are to proceed to Monte Carlo in the morning."

"Suffering cats!" exclaimed Peaches. "No wonder you don't want to stop for any of this piker stuff." Then she turned to the elevator boy, who still lingered, seemingly in a state of semihypnosis. "Thanks for the paper, captain," she said. "Keep that dollar you owe me for a tip!" And then she slid her arm round my neck and strolled down the corridor with me, while the youth with a parting grin at length perceived the buzzing of the indicator, and vanished into his elevator contraption, not having uttered a single word since my advent.

"I had him try to find me a San Francisco paper," Peaches explained as we returned to our royal apartments. "I get so sick of these Frenchy ones that I can't read, and of the London ones that have only news which could never have been fresh to me. I wanted to see a good comic sheet. Gee! How we used to rush for 'em out on the ranch! When Bill Hovey's mule team came into sight over Bear Ridge Dick and I used to commence matching for who'd open the bag. And generally we'd look at the comics together. Don't you love Krazy-Kat?"

I shook my head slowly, more in despair at her simplicity than as the negative she took the gesture for.

"Well, you wouldn't; no, nor Buster Brown, either, I suppose. But we didn't have any volumes of Webster or any such light stuff on the ranch, and had to take what we could get."

"You have a newspaper of some sort, I see," I replied, feeling it useless to explain that I preferred Byron to Webster, and not feeling in the least convinced that Peaches knew of the existence of Daniel

(Continued on Page 60)

I Felt as Though Someone Had Struck Me With a Whip. Instinctively I Got to My Feet

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

Celebration of the Feast of Zam, by Siberian Monks. Above—The Nicholas Suspension Bridge Over the Dnieper River at Kieff

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

XXXIII

IN WRITING my reminiscences I have now reached a point where I must begin to relate the tragic history of the last days of an empire which once loomed large on the field of world politics, which was hated and feared by all, pretended friends and open foes alike, as a supposed menace to all Europe, and whose suicide, committed in entering the World War, was followed by that of the nation and left the world in the presence of a no longer imaginary but only a too real and formidable menace, not to Europe alone but to the very foundations on which rests the civilization of contemporary mankind. It is a task which I approach with profound emotion, conscious of my utter inability to convey in feeble words an adequate impression of the somber grandeur of the tragedy whose dénouement was to mark the destruction of a once powerful empire and the ruin of a great and generous nation in a cataclysm that human effort was powerless to avert.

But before proceeding with my narrative I must attempt to clear up, as far as that may be possible, some of the causes of the misapprehension of Russian conditions so widely prevailing in countries standing on a higher plane of political and cultural development, which, in its turn, has influenced the attitude of public opinion in those countries in regard to the revolutionary activities of Russia's own deluded sons, and has therefore been a by no means negligible factor in preparing the ground for the catastrophe in which Russia was to perish.

Perhaps in endeavoring to explain what I am aiming at in this respect I could do no better than begin by quoting a great English writer, who, in a recent article published in the Contemporary Review dealing primarily with Great Britain's position in regard to her subject communities, gives eloquent expression to views which, I think, are fully applicable to the relations of the Russian Empire, not only to its dependent alien communities but also to its own revolutionary subjects:

The relation of empires to subject communities is, in fact, the great seed ground for those states of mind which I have grouped under the name of Satanism. An appalling literature of hatred is in existence, in which unwilling subjects have sung and exulted over the downfall of great empires. The cry of oppressed peoples against the Turk and the Russian is written in many languages and renewed in many centuries. What makes this literature so appalling is, first, that it is inspired by hatred; and, next, that the hatred is at least in part just; and, thirdly, that we ourselves are now sitting on the throne once occupied by the objects of these execrations. Perhaps most of us are so accustomed to think of Babylon and Nineveh and Tyre, and even Rome, as seats of mere tyranny and corruption that we miss the real meaning and warning of their history. These imperial cities mostly rose to empire, not because of their faults but because of their virtues. And we think of them as mere types of corruption! The hate they inspired among their subjects has so utterly swamped in the memory of mankind the benefits of their good government, or the contented and peaceful lives which they made possible to their own peoples. The spirit of unmixed hatred toward the existing world order, the spirit which rejoices in any widespread disaster to the world's rulers, is perhaps more rife to-day than it has been for over a thousand years. It is felt against all ordered governments, but chiefly against all imperial governments; and I think it is directed more widely and intensely against Great Britain than against any other Power; I think we may add that, while everywhere dangerous, it is capable of more profound world wreckage by its action against us than by any other form that it is now taking.

Mr. Gilbert Murray evidently realizes the dangerous character of this spirit, even if directed against a country whose history and institutions assure to it a leading position among the foremost nations of the world. How much more dangerous, then, must a similar spirit have been when directed against Russia, a late comer in the family of European nations, whose institutions appeared repellent to all those who would not stop to consider whether these institutions were not the only ones really suitable to the state of the nation's political and cultural development. This spirit which animated our revolutionaries and political malcontents was finding a friendly echo and encouragement in all countries where czardom and autocracy were considered to be a régime against which revolt was not only excusable but laudable and legitimate. Such sympathy and encouragement could only have been given under a total misapprehension of the real nature of czardom on the one hand, and, on the other, of the eventual consequences of its destruction aimed at by our revolutionaries.

In order to reach a full understanding of what the catastrophe of the czardom meant for the Russian people, and of its further meaning as a sinister menace to all our race and civilization, it will not come amiss to revert to the teachings of history, which has seen the decay and disappearance of more than one sometime proud and seemingly indestructible civilization. The ruin of that of the ancient Roman world was brought about—as its celebrated historiographer, Guglielmo Ferrero, avers—not only by the slow decay due to internal causes but also by what he calls a terrible accident, which, by destroying

the keystone of all legal order, threw this civilization into the convulsions of revolutionary despotism. That political accident was the destruction by the Emperor Septimius Severus of the authority of the senate—that is to say, of the only principle of legitimacy, hallowed by the traditions of centuries, on whose theretofore solid foundation rested the colossal edifice of the Roman Empire.

"The World War," continues Guglielmo Ferrero, "also reminds one, as to its consequences, only on a larger scale, of the revolution of Septimius Severus, because it has destroyed or weakened all the principles of authority and of legitimacy which in modern civilization supported the legal order. These principles were of two kinds: The divine right of dynasties in the powerful monarchies of Central and Northern Europe; the will of the people in the democracies of Western Europe. By the downfall of the Russian Empire, of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and the German Empire divine right received a blow from which it will be difficult, if not impossible, for it to recover. But it is very doubtful if the opposite principle will profit by its ruin. That principle, not very clear in itself and very difficult of application, seems to have emerged from this great crisis weakened and discredited to such an extent that its unexpected triumph in the Central Empires and in the Russian Empire failed to excite any hope or any enthusiasm in the rest of Europe. Shall we, as an outcome of these uncertainties, witness, as happened seventeen hundred years ago, a prolonged crisis of revolutions and wars which may disperse the treasures accumulated by the labor of centuries?"

Without attempting to answer this question put by the historian of The Greatness and Decline of Rome, I might say that his views, as outlined in a not long ago published article of his, from which I have quoted above the main points, go far toward confirming my contention that our political parties which were aiming at the destruction of czardom and autocracy by violent means instead of honestly helping to reform them by peaceful processes of evolution, were unwittingly committing an unpardonable crime against not only our country and nation but against the welfare of mankind.

Moreover, by seeking and relying on foreign support in their reckless warfare against the mainstay of their country's unity and greatness they were disgracing themselves and the cause they were pretending to serve. It is to be supposed that their foreign sympathizers could not possibly have given them their moral support if they had been able to realize the veritable nature of the menace which the triumph of the cause on which they were wasting their sympathies would mean to their own countries and to civilization itself.

Neither could public opinion in the western democracies understand what these always violently denounced institutions, czardom, autocracy and bureaucracy, really meant to and actually achieved for the Russian people. It could not or would not see that it was autocratic czardom that had, from the modest nucleus of the principality of Moscow, built up in the course of centuries one of the greatest and mightiest empires the world has ever seen.

Also, swamped as it was by the flood of virulent denunciation emanating from Russian revolutionaries and political malcontents, never chary of befouling their own nest, it could not realize that it was this same hated czardom, this same vilified and despised, but, in spite of all its sins and failings, fairly efficient bureaucracy, that had built up the political and social fabric under whose shelter some hundred and seventy million human beings were finding security of life and property and were able to lead a peaceful existence such as now may only be dreamed of as life in a lost paradise. Nor could public opinion abroad realize what even some Russians failed to understand, that czardom was the keystone of the edifice of the empire, and that the removal of this keystone would unfailingly cause the whole edifice to collapse with a crash that would shake a continent.

Since czardom and autocracy have disappeared and been replaced by the dictatorship of the proletariat—with results which I shall not here discuss, but which can hardly be gratifying either to those who expect to secure the lion's share in the exploitation of Russia's undeveloped resources or to those who count on the restoration of the credit and solvency of Russia for a chance to recover part at least of the billions of money loaned to her—a juster view of Russian conditions seems to be gradually gaining ground in foreign public opinion, to judge from some articles in the English press which have lately come to my notice. Thus I find in a London weekly paper, The Russian Outlook, of December 27, 1919, an article under the heading Development Under the Imperial Government, the author of which writes:

"The more one looks into the state of Russia under the old imperial government the more one is impressed by its care—real or apparent—for the life of the Russian people and for their well-being in every way. It seems that this care was real enough as far as the framing and putting into working the various ordinances, and only became apparent rather than real through the corruptness of local administrators, who, owing to the general rottenness of the bureaucracy, were able to convert to their own advantage that which was intended for the well-being of industries and of the population generally. Such an evil as this, had the government endured, must have remedied itself; for the spread of democratic power was rapidly forcing Russia into line with Western European countries when the revolution disorganized the country. Had democracy modified the autocracy of czarism by a process of evolution, instead of destroying it by revolution, there was such machinery available for the development of the country as can hardly be rebuilt in the present century, unless some genius of government should come along and enforce the old system."

These views I hold to be entirely sound. In fact they are and have always been my own; but I am glad to quote their expression by an English writer, who obviously cannot be open to the suspicion of undue bias, as a former servant of the Russian Crown might be in the opinion of prejudiced persons.

The author of the article continues:

"This"—meaning the appearance of some genius of government who should come along and enforce the old system, as the only way, in the author's opinion, of rebuilding the machinery for the development of the country—"with the present attitude of the democracy, is hardly likely, for no matter how good the old institutions may be, they bear the imperial stamp on them, and so would be unacceptable in spite of their value."

I can only say that such an attitude of the Russian democracy, or what passes for such—that is to say, the Intelligentzia, which, in the words of Dr. E. J. Dillon, the greatest English authority on things Russian, is composed chiefly of theory mongers who had no roots in the country and who carried on a continuous antimonarchist, or communistic, or nihilist propaganda, and which therefore was perhaps the most corrosive solvent of all—is deeply to be deplored, for it means the readiness of those elements which should be the natural leaders of the nation, to

Volga and Oka Rivers, Nijni-Novgorod, Russia

(Continued on Page 129)

STEEL

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

She Exactly Resembled the Early Italian Paintings With Such Curiously Graceful Figures in Flower-Starred Woods

HOWARD GAGE contributed nothing to the opening conversation of dinner; Charlotte, too, was quiet; but Sophie, very much to his surprise, kept up a bright flow of chatter with Major Moreland. Howard could see, just below the shoulder band of her dress, the blackening marks of his fingers, and this added to his supreme discomfort. It held up for public view, at the precise moment when it was needed, his most abject failure to preserve the impersonality which constituted his only possibility of balance. But he had never seen Charlotte more seductive; yes, she had points of superiority over Sophie's beauty. He kept the sherry at his hand, and as dinner progressed he sank into a stupid contemplation of the silver label hanging about the neck of the old glass decanter.

When he glanced up he saw Moreland's conspicuously exact uniform, Charlotte's bare arms, and the comb skillfully set in Sophie's pallid gold hair. Whatever else they were doing, saying, thinking, they were totally ignoring him; and soon this began to rankle. Not only was he Sophie's husband—while Moreland was nothing, or next to nothing—he, Howard, knew countless interesting things to which they might well be glad to listen. If they cared to hear the truth about the war—but of course they didn't. Who wanted to hear the truth about anything? They didn't in Washington; there was certainly no interest in it at Bagatelle, and probably it would be the same in heaven. Sophie, he discovered, was talking gravely about spiritualism and the experience of a friend who declared that she had talked to her brother after he had been killed with the British forces in the Dardanelles. With a sudden impatience he broke into her narrative.

"What filthy rot!"

Sophie paused and turned a long, frigid scrutiny on him, and Moreland colored with resentment.

Then she said quietly: "I'm sorry, Dudley, to have you see this. It's the sherry naturally; but that doesn't make it any pleasanter. No, please don't have a fuss."

"Fuss?" Howard repeated, in genuine astonishment. "Why should he do that? How is the sherry at Bagatelle—or anything else here—an affair of Moreland's?"

His queries were addressed to Sophie, but his gaze was on Major Moreland. "Just this much," she replied: "it's very difficult to accept your rudeness calmly."

Howard said contemptuously: "Let Moreland speak for himself."

The latter studied Sophie, and then leaned forward across the table.

"Very well. It's evident to me that lately you haven't been normal, and now it seems you're hardly decent. It may be, as you suggest, none of my business; and then you might be entirely wrong. At the least, my friendship with the family gives me a right of protest against your, well—habits. To put it bluntly, you are drinking a great deal too much; and when you drink the result is unfortunate. I don't need to confine myself to Sophie; Charlotte, I'm sure, will uphold me; you have made any peace of mind impossible for two women you should have supported at every turn."

"You're quite right," Howard assented equably; "and I can see that you are looking at the marks on Sophie's arm. I'm to blame for those too. And Charlotte has the best reason in the world for detesting me." He stopped and stared blandly at Moreland.

"Well?" the other said. "Well?" Howard continued:

"When Daniel Gage was alive, however, he tried, as you say, at every turn, to show you what he felt about your rushing Charlotte. He made it, I thought, even plain enough to be seen by a major on the adjutant-general's staff. But either you wouldn't or couldn't understand him. It was this—as directly as you like—he didn't care to have you about. He didn't like you. I wanted him to tell you, instead of merely speaking to me; but he had some old idea of courtesy in his own house, and he liked Charlotte to have the best time possible. You may begin to see that I am different from Dan. I don't want you round; I don't like you either."

Sophie started, in a tremor of passion, to speak, but Charlotte, rising, silenced her.

"I don't mind admitting, Dudley, about father. He didn't know you; I think Howard prejudiced him; and then he died before he could understand. But that's all over; we have our own lives to think of. In the first place, it doesn't matter what Howard says here, because it happens that this is my house and not his. It doesn't matter whether he wants us here or not. What does matter is that we shan't want him much longer. He'll have to take Sophie some place else. It might have been very different. He chose this, he chose it when he refused to help father at the steel works; and—and later with his drinking. Tell him, for us, Dudley, that if he doesn't like us there's no reason for his staying on."

This, Howard Gage realized, presented the clearest-cut situation imaginable; there was in actuality very little that he could say. He held Moreland in a glimmering vision, waiting for his inevitable superiority of statement, of bombastic pride, his assumption of importance. But Major Moreland, even Howard saw, was strangely disconcerted; inexplicably, blunderingly still. He looked first at Charlotte, standing and contemptuous, and then at Sophie. Their eyes, it became apparent, held each other in a mutual entreaty. Then Sophie, in short rushes of speech and gasping pauses, addressed Charlotte:

"It sounds dreadful, I know—and you will never forgive me—but that isn't important, is it? When Howard was away—that's when it happened; and you must remember that we were really nothing to each other then. Well, I saw Dudley—we saw each other, and —— But I spoke first, not exactly, though it was all my fault, and soon we realized that we were in love. We didn't think, because it was so hard to decide anything with Howard so far away. Somehow, after he left Howard never seemed real, and he wasn't when he came back—not to me. I tried, and Dudley tried, but it wasn't much good; it was no good at all. I had to see him and he had to see me—and with Howard —— Oh, you must understand how it was! He had to have some reason, since we had agreed not to meet in town, not to —— We tried it round at houses, but it was as bad there, people were beginning to whisper. And then—I was desperate, Charlotte—I thought of—of ——"

She stopped painfully, clasping her ringed fingers as Charlotte gazed at her with wide eyes. This interrogation, however, was shifted to Moreland.

"Is this the truth, Dudley?" she demanded.

The man made no reply. As Howard Gage slowly grasped the meaning of what he had heard, what incontrovertibly he saw—he was filled by a sensation of instinctive abhorrence. Charlotte was speechless, and Sophie was beginning to weep; the large round tears, like the crystals of Charlotte's new necklace, rolled soundlessly over her cheeks; Moreland was rigid, his face blank.

It was finally Howard who spoke first; he pronounced a single word: "Treachery."

This for the moment held all his capability of expression, but it was enough. Treachery. It was the supreme depth of lying, utter falseness put into action for the betrayal of men, the death of good men. Here, then, was what lay back of Sophie's loveliness, her infinite delicacy of person; what animated Moreland's correct presence, moved him about in uniform.

Suddenly its vileness was diluted, but made no less bitter, by the knowledge of how unnecessarily hideous their situation was. Charlotte had sunk in a dull, incredulous misery on her chair. If Sophie had only told him at once, no trouble would have followed; it could have been easily arranged; he was the last being alive to stand on an arbitrary show, a pretense of virtue.

At a time when perhaps only the most decided activity was appropriate he was restrained by the profound conviction of the futility of movement and words. He was still without any feeling of indignity to his pride, his rectitude, or of assault on that doubtful quantity known as his good name. Howard examined this fact curiously, wondering again at his deficiency in common humanity; in its place was the realization that the situation was already hopelessly finished. It had been no one's fault in the sense of a free choice between right and wrong, but the combined result of everything that was in and about them all—Dan, and his wife, Fanny, who had never been even aware of Sophie or Moreland; for if Fanny hadn't died and completely shifted the relationship of Daniel Gage and his daughter ——

Howard was sharply conscious of Charlotte, admirably, it was plain, regaining her poise. She hadn't cried for a moment, and now her outraged sensibilities were being hidden, protected by an air of positive bravado. Her chair had been pushed back from the table, but she moved in and drank the remaining black coffee in her cup. Charlotte lightly touched her dress, her hair, as though they had been disarranged by the violence of an emotion; then in a voice strained but even she spoke:

"How ridiculous I must have seemed to you in your room, Sophie, before dinner, when I was sorry for you because I thought you were jealous about Dudley. I was certain that nothing could reach my superiority and happiness. I thought you were a great deal simpler than you are, and that it was too bad for Howard, because you only had enough brain to understand your own prettiness. But all the while, it seems, you were rather clever; you did very well except for to-night—but that was inexcusable, vulgar. I always suspected that, though; and once I was right. You're an extremely common person; there was your advantage over us. It never occurred to me or anyone else at Bagatelle that you'd love Dudley or stop loving Howard without telling us. I didn't think, either, that you could care for anything but yourself; and that was a mistake too. You are so selfish, so lazy, that you'd never have let yourself in for this if you hadn't been swept off your feet. It's a shame, for it doesn't suit you—the only important thing was looks. Just in this little while, since we sat down, you've gone off—you look ages older."

There was little, Howard realized, to be added with advantage to what Charlotte had said; and neither she nor Sophie, he noticed, mentioned Moreland, glanced at him, in their direct attention to each other. It was to Charlotte, and not at all to him, that Sophie had addressed everything she had to say. Howard supposed it was his duty to engage Moreland, a sort of minor affair between the seconds of the encounter. The latter had a hand extended on the table and was tilting a glass of water to the last degree possible without spilling the contents; he appeared to be entirely absorbed in this, as though he were conducting an experiment of overwhelming significance. The candlelight shone on the gold embroidered oak leaves of his shoulders.

But desperately as Howard might press his mind, he could think of nothing adequate to say, beyond the expression of a contempt which was a mere waste of effort. He might find the vocal equivalent of a disdainful kick, and deliver, perhaps, an exchange of kicks, actual and metaphorical; nothing could be served by that. Moreland, Howard was willing to admit, wasn't afraid of him. However ——

"There's a great deal, I believe, proper for me to do in a position like this. That, you'd be the first to acknowledge. You would do it all at once, with practically everybody's support. But it doesn't interest me, Major Moreland." He slightly prolonged the word of rank. "And there's no need to call you a liar." Moreland at once replaced the glass and his hand clenched. "You did lie, didn't you?" Howard proceeded calmly. "To me; but principally to Charlotte. It wouldn't do her any good, either, if I shot you with a pistol put away in a locker. To be frank, I have no intention of letting your damned falseness involve either Charlotte or myself in anything so disagreeable. The best thing you can do is get your hat and coat."

The other rose. "Of course, Gage, I wronged you ——"

"Not me," Howard interrupted; "I'm better out of it than your appreciation of Sophie would let you suspect. I care nothing about that!" he cried roughly in a violent rush of scorn. *(Continued on Page 118)*

"We Have Our Own Lives to Think Of. It Doesn't Matter What Howard Says Here, Because It Happens That This Is My House and Not His"

ALL-WOOL MORRISON

XIV

By HOLMAN DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

MORRISON, returning from the shadows, standing in the light flood from the great chandelier, confronted three men who were making no effort to disguise their angry hostility. The adjutant general, nervously neutral, dreading incautious words that would reveal his unfortunate policy of politeness, tiptoed to the table and laid there the bunch of keys.

"I'm needed officially downstairs, Your Excellency."

"By Judas, I should think you were!"

Stewart placed a restraining hand on Totten's arm.

"I beg your pardon, governor, but we need the adjutant general of the state in our conference."

"Conference about what?"

"About the situation that's developing outside, sir."

"I'm principally interested in the situation that has developed inside. In just what capacity do you appear here?"

There was offensive challenge in every intonation of North's voice. His eyes protruded, purple circlets made his cheek bones look like little knobs, he shoved forward his eyeglasses as far as the cord permitted, and waggled them with a hand that trembled.

"It's Father! He Asked for Help! It's Something—Some Danger—Some Dreadful Thing!"

Morrison's good humor continued; his calmness was giving him a distinct advantage, and North, still shaken by the panic of a few moments before, was forced further off his poise by realization of that advantage.

"Allow me to be present simply as an unprejudiced constituent of yours, Governor North."

"Judging from all reports I'm not sure whether you are a constituent or not. I'm considerably doubtful about your politics, Morrison."

"I hope you don't intend to read me out of the party, sir! But if that question is in doubt please permit me to be here as the mayor of the city of Marion. There's no doubt about my being that."

"Let me remind you that this is the State House; not City Hall."

"But tolerate me for a few minutes, I beg of you, sir! Both of us are sworn executives."

"Your duties lie where you belong—down in your own city. This is the State House, I repeat!"

"Do you absolutely refuse to give me a courteous hearing?"

"Under the circumstances, after your actions this evening, after your public alliance with the mob and your boasts of what you were coming up here to do—I'm taking no chances on you. You're only an intruder. Again, this is the State House!"

Morrison dropped his deference. He shot out a forefinger as emphatic as the governor's eyeglasses.

"I accept your declaration as to what this place is! It is the State House. It is the big house of the people. I'm a joint owner in it. I'm here on my own ground as a citizen, as a taxpayer in this state. I have personal business here. Let me inform you, Governor North, that I'm going to stay until I finish that business."

"That poppycock kind of reasoning would allow every mob mucker in this state to rampage through here at his own sweet will. General Totten, call a corporal and his squad. Put this man out."

Senator Corson grunted his indorsement and went to a chair and sat down. His Excellency was pursuing his familiar tactics in an emergency—the rough tactics that were characteristic of him. In this case Senator Corson approved and allowed the governor to boss the operation.

"I—I think, Mayor Morrison," ventured the adjutant general, "considering that recent perfect understanding we had on the matter, that we'd better keep this on the plane of politeness."

"So do I," Stewart agreed.

"Then I hazard the guess that you'll accompany me downstairs to the door. Calling a guard would be mutually embarrassing."

"It sure would," asserted Stewart, agreeing still.

"Then ——"

The general crooked a polite arm and offered it.

"But your guess was too much of a hazard! You don't win!"

However, Morrison turned on his heel and ran toward the private door. He appeared to be solving all difficulties by flight. It was plain that those in the room supposed so. Their tension relaxed; the mayor of Marion was avoiding the ignominy of ejection from the capitol by the militia—a fine piece of news to be bruited on the streets next day if he had remained to force that issue!

Stewart flung open the door. But instead of stepping through he stepped back.

"Come in," he called.

Paymaster Andrew Mac Tavish led the way, plodding stolidly, his neck particularly rigid. Delora Bunker, stenographer at St. Ronan's Mill, followed. Last came Patrolman Rellihan, his bulk nigh filling the door, his helmeted head almost scraping the lintel. He carried a night stick that resembled a flail handle rather than the usual locust club. Morrison slammed the door and Rellihan put his back against it.

There was a profound hush in the executive chamber. The feet of those who entered made no sound on the thick carpet. Those who were in the chamber offered evidence of the truism that there are situations where words fail to do justice to the emotions.

Morrison was first to speak. He walked to the table before uttering a word; on his way across the room his eyes were on the keys. When he leaned on the table he put one hand over them.

"This invasion seems outrageous, gentlemen. Undoubtedly it is. But I have tried another plan with you and it did not succeed. I had hoped that I would not need these assistants whom I have just called in."

"Totten, go bring the guard at once!"

North's voice was balefully subdued.

Rellihan looked straight ahead and twirled his stick.

"I apologize for stretching my special exception a bit, and introducing these guests past the boys at the door," Stewart went on. "I'm breaking the rules of politeness—and the rules of everything else, I'm afraid. But all rules seem to be suspended to-night!"

"Totten!" the governor roared, pounding his fist on the arm of his chair.

Morrison gave the policeman a side glance as if to inform himself that all was right with Rellihan.

Then he pulled a handy chair to the table and motioned to Miss Bunker.

She sat down and opened her notebook.

"I have come here on business, gentlemen, and you must allow me to follow some of my business methods. The heat of argument often causes men to forget what has been said. I'm willing to leave what I may say to the record, and in view of the fact that all this is public business I trust I'll have your coöperation along the same line. And there's a young lady present," he added. "That fact will help us to get along wonderfully well together."

"What's that devilish policeman doing at my door?" demanded the governor, finding that his frantic gestures were not starting the adjutant general on his way.

"Insuring complete privacy." The mayor beamed on the governor. "Nothing gets in—nothing gets out!"

North grabbed the telephone instrument on his desk.

One of Stewart's hands was covering the keys; with the fingers of the other hand he had been fumbling under the edge of the desk. He suddenly pulled wires from the confining staples; he yanked a big mill knife from his trousers pocket and cut the wires. North flung a dead instrument clattering on the broad table and found only oaths fit to apply to this perfectly amazing effrontery.

"You need not take, Miss Bunker." The quiet dignity of Morrison and the rebuke the governor found in the girl's contemplative eyes choked off the profanity as effectively as would gripping fingers at his throat.

"I realize that all this is absolutely unprecedented—has never been done before—is unadulterated gall on my part, Governor North. Perhaps I haven't a leg to stand on."

"Morrison, this nonsense must cease!" Senator Corson shouted, leaping from his chair and shaking both fists.

"You need not take, Miss Bunker."

Corson gulped and surveyed the young lady and found her eyes as disconcertingly rebuking as they had proved in the case of North.

"Not especially on account of the style of your language, senator. But you are merely a visitor here, the same as I. At the present time your comments on the business between the governor and myself can scarcely have any weight in the record."

"What in blazes is that business? Get it out of you!" commanded the other principal in the controversy.

"With pleasure! Thank you for coming down to the matter in hand. You may take, Miss Bunker."

"Governor North, I have been about among people this evening and ——"

"You have been making incendiary speeches and I demand to know what you have said and why you have said it!"

"I have no time now to go into those details. My business is more pressing, sir."

"You're in cahoots with a mob! I saw you operating, with my own eyes, under my own roof," asserted Senator Corson violently.

"I have no time for discussing that matter." Morrison looked up at the clock on the wall. "This other business, I assert, is urgent."

Banker Daunt had been holding his peace, growling anathema to himself in the depths of a big chair. He struggled to the edge of that chair.

"I am in this building right now to warn the governor of this state that you are playing your own selfish game to stifle enterprise and development and to discourage outside capital—hundreds of thousands of it—waiting to come in here."

"Pardon me, sir. I have no time to discuss water power either. Right now I'm submitting news instead of theories." He faced the governor again. "That's why I'm here—I'm bringing news. That news must put everything else to one side. We have minutes only to deal with the matter. And if we don't use those minutes with all the wisdom that's in us the shame of our state will be on the wires of the world inside of an hour!"

His vehemence intimidated them. His manner as the bearer of ill tidings won what his appeals had not secured—an instant hearing.

"What I say will be a matter of record, and the blame will be placed where it belongs. You can't claim that you didn't have facts. I have been among the people. I have sent others among 'em and I have received reports and I know what I am talking about. There's a mob massing downtown—a mob made up of many different elements! That kind of mob can't be handled by mere arguments or by machine guns. That mob must be shown! Talking won't do any good. Just a moment! You won't do what you ought to do, governor, unless you have this thing driven straight at you! In that mob are the men who have voted for various members of the legislature who claim seats and whose seats are threatened. It's a personal matter with those men. You can't soft-soap 'em to-night with promises of what the courts will do. Several hundred huskies are on the way over here from the Agawam quarries. Those men don't care a rap about this or that candidate.

"They have been paid to grab in on general principles—and they're bringing sledge hammers. In that mob also are the red aliens who keep under cover till a row breaks out; any kind of trouble suits their purpose—and you know what their purpose is in regard to this Government of ours. They're coming, I tell you. They're coming on to Capitol Hill!"

"And what have you been doing to stop 'em, after all your promises of what you'd do?" raged North.

"I've been doing the best I could, with what loyal boys I could depend on. But I want to know now what you're going to do?"

"Shoot every damnation thug of 'em who gets in range of our machine guns! Totten, hustle yourself downstairs and see that it's done!"

"General Totten will not leave this room—not now! You're all wrong, governor."

"That's the way a mob was handled in one state in this Union not so very long ago, and the governor was right! He was hailed from one end of the country to the other as right!"

"The principle behind him was right—that's what you mean, Governor North. That was just the point he made!"

"Do you dare to stand there and intimate that I haven't got principle behind me? Statute law, election law?"

Morrison glanced again at the clock; then he tossed a bomb into the argument.

"The principle in this instance is a pretty wabbly backing, sir. I'm afraid that even my loyal boys will join the mob if the news gets out about those election returns in certain districts—the returns that were sent back secretly to be corrected."

The bomb had all the effect that Morrison hoped for. His Excellency slumped back in his chair and pittered his lips wordlessly.

"I don't think the news has actually got out among the general public, but it's apt to any minute, sir. You can't afford to take chances."

"Such slander is preposterous!" Corson asserted. "What used to be done—reviving old stories—I say that our party will not lend its countenance to any such tricks."

In his excitement he had dropped an admission as to the past in politics while offering a disclaimer as to the present.

"There's no time now for any political discussions," retorted Morrison curtly. "It's a matter right now of sidetracking a fight. If that fight comes off, Governor North, the truth will come out. And you can't point to a principle in your case as an excuse for bloodshed!"

"If a mob attacks this State House there's got to be a fight!"

"It takes two to make a fight, sir. There was no valid reason for calling in the militia. Order General Totten to march his troops out of the State House. Machine guns and all! Tell 'em to go home and go to bed." That audacious advice was a second bomb.

After a few moments Senator Corson leaped out of his chair, strode across the room and plucked his coat and hat from the divan. "Come along, Daunt!" he counseled, his voice cracking hoarsely.

"Hold on, senator!" expostulated the governor. "I need your help!"

"I won't allow myself to be mixed into this mess, North. I can't afford to help shoulder the blame where I have not been fully informed. And I won't allow a lunatic to endanger my life. Come on, Daunt."

"If you're bound to go I'll go along, too," proffered the governor, rising hastily. "This thing can be handled. It's got to be handled. We'll go where this infernal animated loom from St. Ronan's Mill can't break up a gentlemen's conference."

Stewart did not suggest that the gentlemen remain; nor did he offer to go; nor did he plead for a decision. He stood quietly and watched them pull on their overcoats.

The senator led the retreat toward the private door. Morrison dropped the captured bunch of keys into his pocket. Rellihan held his club horizontally in front of him with both hands.

"According to What We Can Get in Reports, the Last Time Morrison Was Seen He Was Talking With You"

(Continued on Page 84)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 24, 1920

Hoover, Wood, Lowden Also Ran

AT FIRST glance it looks like the old show, with two rings and a platform for the ballyhoo and the grand concert. Everything has been done in full harmony with the fine old traditions, if we except the introduction of a cheer leader at the convention; but something had to be conceded to the progressive wing of the party.

Already the first of the good old acts to which we have thrilled since boyhood is in the arena. It is what is known to the profession as a brother act. No matter how intense their off-stage antipathies, no matter what their inner convictions, the political tumblers and contortionists are shaking hands in full view of the audience and preparing to work as parts of a perfect pyramid.

Make no mistake, the bloodcurdling, death-defying, wire-balancing, six-horse-straddling acts that were so dear to the heart of our boyhood are positively scheduled and will be performed as promised, rain or shine. Nothing will be omitted. They are feeding the tigers raw meat, and their bloodcurdling roars will absolutely terrify the timid. The clowns are putting on their paint preparatory to handing us a hearty laugh. They will lead out the venerable donkey and defy anyone to ride him in safety. In addition to all the old features there will be a grand, glittering, gorgeous pageant of suffragettes, mounted on mastodonic elephants, dazzling the eye of the beholder with their Oriental magnificence. Nor will the little pea and the three shells be altogether missing from the grounds.

It is interesting to go behind the scenes at the circus; to discover how one directing brain brings order out of the chaos; to see how each man in the milling crowd has his part, his cue, and how at the exact moment when he is needed he is in the exact spot where he is needed; how even the delightful surprises that swell the big top with cheers—such as the finish of the chariot race—are carefully planned and staged with the most minute attention to detail. Neck and neck they run till the last lap, the daring charioteer in his shining armor, and the cameo-faced kid of the Coliseum riding them three abreast.

The race is all but run and won. The audience rises to its feet to hail the victor. Cheers split the air.

But who is this? as old Cap. Collier would say. Who, indeed? Ah! What a surprise! At the last moment the modest favorite of the gods, who has been lying back with Hoover and Sproul and Allen, lashes his foam-flecked steeds, draws out of the ruck, is neck and neck, and finally noses out the heroes of the earlier ballots. The circus understands the art of giving people what they want, or of making them think they wanted what they got.

Nothing essential is changed this year—except the audience. It is harder to please, inclined to be critical of the old stuff, disposed to demand more for its money. For along with everything else the price of partisan politics has increased, gone up about five hundred per cent or more; and that is really too much of a boost for old stuff.

The advance paper of the Mammoth Mastodonic United Harding-Coolidge Shows is being put out to draw the crowd toward the big top. The band is beginning to blare beside the entrance to the animal tent. The opposition show is putting out knocking paper, claiming that the sacred white elephant is only whitewashed. All the ads are fine and breathless, but the public is doubtful. A part of it is wondering whether the one-ring wagon show that is pitching its tent down the street is on the level.

For a month now a double question has been in the mouth of everyone: "What do you think about Harding?" and "Are you going to support him?" And the answers are almost invariably the same: "I don't know" and "I suppose so." The real questions are, of course, "What does Harding know about us?" and "Will he support us?"

Harding was not the popular choice; he was not even seriously considered by the American public. It knew little or nothing about him, and despite the reams of stuff that will be printed by the party press to create a Harding myth between now and November it can know very little about him until he actually begins to perform as President if he is elected. If the people had been free to express their wishes either Hoover, Wood, Lowden or Johnson would have been selected. On performance we favored Hoover. Potentially, Harding may be better than any one of them, but he was the politicians' and not the people's choice. Only by performance can he finally prove that he is the people's and not the politicians' man.

This country cannot stand another four years of partisan politics in Washington. It cannot continue on its wasteful, prodigal, unbusinesslike course without a smash. It cannot tolerate another Administration and Congress that will not subordinate animosities, jealousies and partisan advantage to the good of the country. It must have a thorough reorganization of the nation's business, a budget system that will reform both the executive and Congress, a scheme of taxation that will not be at once confiscatory and an incentive to the grossest profiteering. There must be a sharp curtailment of all government expenditures, including the enormous ones for wars past and future; an end to socialistic schemes, and a minimum, instead of this demoralizing maximum, of governmental messing in all our private affairs. It will take Some Man to do that, but some man must do it for the salvation of the country. We hope that Senator Harding is that kind of man. Like the rest of the country we do not know much about him, but like the rest of the country we are in a mighty receptive mood. We do not care a rap about his party affiliations, if they do not command his first allegiance; we are not impressed by the petty flaws that for political reasons partisan opponents are picking in his record, if, now that he has the nomination, he can prove up as having the stuff and the determination to make a practical, nonpolitical he-President.

In any event, we must take the man this year that the politicians, Republicans and Democrats, hand us, and by the relentless pressure of a hundred million people mold him to presidential shape and hold him to the job. There can be small doubt that a majority of the voters of the country favor a return of the Republican Party to power, believing that potentially, at least, it is better fitted for the task before the next Administration than the Democrats; that there is a saving remnant of practical common sense in the brains of even the Republican politicians, and a sufficiently liberal supply of it among its more forward-looking leaders to prove a wholesome antidote to the combination of sentimentalism, provincialism and socialism that has recently dominated our national affairs. But if the Republican Party is to do a good job its potentialities must be made actualities by the united and continuous efforts and participation in government of the elements that understand that our problems and needs are bigger than party politics. During the next four years the voters of the country cannot relax and lean back for a moment. They must ride herd day and night on the President and Congress. They must impose their will on them, for in the end, no matter who is the President or who his sponsors, he must be the people's, not the politicians' man. Strong as America is, it is not strong enough to stand partisan government during these critical years.

The really hopeful underlying sign of the day, no matter what the surface signs may seem to indicate, is the practical, independent thinking that is being done by the average voter. The organized machinery of politics was too much for his inexperience this time, so he will vote for the regular party candidates, but he is going to follow up his vote. He is going to check up promise with performance, and his political education will progress faster during the next few years than it has during the past generation. He is beginning to understand that politics has its hand deep in his pockets and that it will take his last dollar if he does not defend himself at the polls—and away from them, both before and after elections.

A good many people are asking: Why not a third party then—right now, this minute? The time for a third party was two or three years ago. If it had been started then along the right lines, had cut its teeth on the by-elections, it would now be thoroughly organized, shaken down and prepared to put up a pretty fight.

Third parties are always being started by the wrong men, at the wrong time and for the wrong reasons. If the motives of their sponsors are not personal they are impractical, or a combination of both. Usually they are mildly socialistic, entirely visionary in theory, and have jealousy and revenge for their propelling forces. Their roots are usually in disappointed ambition, their branches are impractical and destructive theories, and their fruits are the defeat of the more desirable of the regular candidates. They have almost invariably attracted the people who believe that government should be a universal pap rag, instead of a clean-cut, fair-play business organization.

If a third party is desirable the time to start it is not now, when it can accomplish nothing but the gratification of personal revenge or the ineffective registration of a protest against the inefficiency of the present Administration and Congress, but after the new Administration has had a year to prove itself to the people. Then, if it is political, partisan, inefficient and unbusinesslike, the time will be ripe and the situation will demand a new party—a common-sense business man's party headed by common-sense, clear-thinking, forward-looking Americans, who understand the why of the present mess and the whence out of it—not a party of dreamers, malcontents, soreheads, semisocialists and demi-and-be-damned-to-them-Bolshevists.

Meanwhile, there is nothing so stimulating to the average employee as knowing that the boss is on the job, poking round in an inquiring and investigating spirit, wanting to know the reason for this delinquency and that loss. Turn a deaf ear to the excuses—there are no good excuses for a failure to tackle this mess instantly and vigorously—and a cold and fishy face to glittering generalities.

There is no good reason why the opposing factions should not speedily arrive at a settlement of the peace controversy. The tablets of the treaty were not handed down to Woodrow Wilson from Mount Sinai, nor has Henry Cabot Lodge received definite instructions from George Washington through his ouija board. Since there are apparently irreconcilable differences and doubts over a complex and detailed agreement, common sense would seem to point to a League of limited and simple beginnings, with an expansion of its powers as experience points the safe way. And this is only one of the major problems that have been crying for a sane settlement since the armistice.

The one steady, insistent demand that the voter must make of the old parties is: Show me results or get out. If the party that is returned to power in November fails to make good it might as well drive direct from the Capitol to the cemetery, for it will be the deadest thing in American history. There is no slack left in the affairs of the nation to take up another such ghastly failure as that of the Democratic-Republican government since the armistice.

Another Throw of the Philosopher's Stone—By E. W. Howe

BEFORE being influenced by anything I say, be sure what I say is true and respectable.

Half the big ideas are larger than the proposition.

Visit a lunatic asylum, and you find some of the inmates walking on the lawn, reading or writing, or engaged in appointed tasks. These men and women, before entering the asylum, were violent and troublesome. Enforced obedience to rules tamed them. The principle is true among men only partially insane, and at liberty; the laws on the statute books are really regulations to govern that great insane asylum, the world.

The great moral force always has been, and always will be, the people who have been through the mill, and been scarred or scared by evil.

There is always more room in the middle ground than at the top.

In all this vast country I do not believe there is a man who enjoys oppressing the poor; but there are millions who desire to, and do, assist those weaker than themselves.

However foolish I may be, I like level-headed men; I think everyone does.

When a man says of a proposition, "I see in this an indefinable beauty; a truth that cannot be expressed," and so on, he is indulging in the hazy medium of words wherein we all drown.

Greater than the rich have been hanged, and their palaces burned—men who not only had great wealth but wore crowns.

A fool never picks up a newspaper or magazine without finding encouragement.

We talk of the religious fetish. There is also the political fetish: We believe Congress or the legislature may cure our ills and give us blessings we are not entitled to under the hard rules of life.

When an orator, newspaper or convention utters a compliment for the people, every individual is able to extract his share of it.

The brotherhood of man is mainly nonsense. None of us love our fellow men particularly; most of them bore us abominably.

When an American isn't so rich as Rockefeller nor so smart as Abe Lincoln, he believes he has been robbed, and is ready to riot.

Half the talk you hear comes from gentlemen and ladies making excuses that are not good.

There are more little thieves in any ordinary state penitentiary than there are big thieves in the entire country. The big thieves are convicted by gossip; the little thieves by jurors who hear all the evidence.

Few of us realize how unfair we are. I sometimes think that when I write against a policy in which I do not believe I cannot fairly state it. If you have a controversy with a man I defy you to state it truthfully. You will inevitably give yourself the best of it, and your opponent the worst of it. We all accept pig principles, but cannot afford to; we have elected to live without pens of rails, as pigs are controlled. But we have pens—laws, customs, regulations. Before a pig is old enough to be bothered with a bad stomach he is disposed of to the butcher. Men live longer, and temperance becomes important.

In baseball the record of every player is kept by means of the box score. When a player makes a hit it is recorded; likewise when he makes an error it is put down to his discredit. The box score is a complete record of his merits and demerits; it shows his strength and his weakness. The result is that every player does his best, and improves if he can; the poor player does not seek sympathy he is not entitled to, and quit trying because of his impudent assertion that he is already as good a player as there is in the league. It is a pity a box score is not kept on all of us. The world is rendered disagreeable by the conceit of men and women who make big claims that are not true, but as no box score is kept of their performances we cannot prove their claims are untrue, and we accept some of them.

Writers have great contempt for the word "obvious." But it is a good word; it means that which is known to be true.

I do not believe in the abomination called New Thought. I write no new and profound symphonies, but persistently sing the old and simple songs the world has accepted as a basis for human conduct.

Human rights have been developed so much in the twentieth century that being rich is almost as serious a problem as being poor used to be.

People seem determined to worship invented heroes, and find unjust fault with real heroes.

(Concluded on Page 70)

THE HOT WAVE

CAPTURED BY KINDNESS

By L. B. YATES

PHOTOS BY WEBSTER & STEVENS, SEATTLE

From Appearances Lucia Zora Isn't Even Saying "Watch Your Step!"

OUT at winter quarters Egypt, the patriarchal old camel, was chewing the cud of rumination. Like as not he was thinking of his many journeyings up and down the country with the circus, and letting his memory carry him mayhap to the time that he had made his first long hike across the sun-baked Sahara. Of course that was away back when he was a long-legged gangling colt and old Ali Ben Hassan was bringing the herd to the bazaar at Algiers to be sold.

All about this ancient sage men and women of the restless foot gathered in little groups and chatted in subdued tones. Something of intense import in the circus world was going to happen. Old Egypt knew that, because for thirty years he had been listening to conferences of this kind whenever some new feat of strength, agility or daring was about to be tried out.

Circumstances and untoward occurrence had forced Egypt into the fatalistic column of life's ledger. He had seen blow-downs in Oklahoma, when the show got into the pathway of a cyclone, and once in Kansas the tent had caught fire. A large bare spot on Egypt's ragged hip testified to the fact that he had missed cremation by something less than a suggestion. And then there was the railroad wreck in Arizona, when the car on which he was traveling got smashed to splinters and he had started off alone in the night for the desert and liberty. He grunted sourly when he recalled the fact that he had been rounded up and roped by a swashbuckling cowboy, who had hauled him back to the durance of the road.

A Retrospective Camel

THE fact of the matter is old Egypt could not remember one-half his adventures by flood and field. Once he had seen a woman trainer almost torn limb from limb by an angry lion, and on another occasion a Bengal tiger had broken out of his cage during the parade and had stampeded the whole town. Egypt chuckled when he thought of the time that they harnessed him to a chariot with a view to making him take part in the races. They might have known that he had no stomach for violent endeavor. He grinned until he showed his long yellow teeth clear back to the gums when he called to mind how he had lain down on the hippodrome track and despite cajoling or persuasion refused to budge. Then they had given him up as a bad job and relegated him to his old work, carrying an iconoclastic roustabout in the street spectacle.

In the course of a variegated experience Egypt had seen many weak-minded brothers and sisters of the menagerie tricked into executing difficult and undignified stunts. He thanked all the gods of his fathers that he was not numbered with these simpletons.

And while this crusty old camel was cogitating Lucia Zora, of the elephants, leaned up against the old Hipcase and watched the preliminaries with professional interest. They used to say that Zora was the bravest woman in the world. It was a joy to see her take the big herd and put them through their paces. As a finale she always rode perched on old Snyder's tusks as he made the circuit of the hippodrome track.

Now she had just finished giving the baby elephants their morning lesson. These little animals had just arrived from India, and had been turned over to Zora to be educated. They were Asiatic elephants, and let me tell you that there is a very wide difference between the elephant of Asia and that of Africa, the former being more easily trained and far and away more intelligent than his brother of the Dark Continent. The Asiatic elephant differs from that of Africa not only in the matter of size—it is much the larger—but also in the characteristics of teeth and skull. If you want to tell him at a glance just look at his ears; you will notice that they are much smaller than those of the African, which has a shorter head and a convex forehead. The female of the African species has tusks, but only the male Asiatic elephant is equipped with them. In point of value the latter ranks about two to one against the former.

It was interesting to note how Zora had cajoled and coaxed the little animals to do her will. Despite his great size and marvelous strength the elephant really ranks among the most timorous of animals. Indeed it is recorded how upon one occasion a tiny mouse playing in the straw of the menagerie so terrified the herd that they broke loose and caused any amount of damage to property before they were captured and pacified. Notwithstanding his wonderful intelligence a vague fear of the unusual is always uppermost in the huge beast's heart; so it follows that you must load him to the guards with confidence if you seek to teach him.

On this occasion Zora wanted one of her little pupils to mount a low pedestal. At the outset, as was to be expected, he absolutely refused to do so, but the animal trainer knew how to overcome his reluctance. She dug down into a little paper sack which she carried and produced a juicy carrot. If there is one thing more than another dear to an elephant's heart it is a carrot.

Where Three Would be a Crowd

The Elephant Kindergarten

THE little animal seized his prize and munched it with gusto. He reached out his trunk begging for more, and Zora produced another one, but held it so that it was just out of his reach; then so holding the tempting morsel she backed up the incline that led from the ground. Little by little the baby elephant followed her. At the apex he felt the pedestal suspiciously with his forefeet, but that carrot was still out of reach of his trunk, so he followed along, and was finally rewarded. Whenever he manifested any signs of nervousness another carrot was produced, and presently he felt perfectly at home and didn't mind being perched up on a narrow platform so far above the ground.

Now people talk about the cruelty practiced in the training of animals, but if you stop to think a minute the only way to make that elephant climb from the ground was to make him realize that he would not be hurt or maltreated. Supposing you had forced him up by ropes or pulleys; he would always have been afraid. You never would have had a successful performer. Old-timers, it is true, sometimes

(Continued on Page 32)

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(Continued from Page 30)

resorted to force and fear in the training of various animals, but modern methods are entirely different, and the results, as exemplified by the wonderfully intelligent animals that we see, are the best proof that the later-day systems are the most efficacious.

At the left of the menagerie and ranged along the wall were two stout cages. One of them contained four young lions, the other four half-grown tigers, approximately the same age. All of them had been born in winter quarters. They were now about eight months old. It was proposed to turn them loose in the training cage together. This latter was a large circular iron-barred affair and stood against the end cage. It was said by the circus men present that lions and tigers had never been turned into a cage together before, and the arguments about it were those which so exercised the irascible old Egypt.

Carrie Royal

"If they ever turn them young lions in with the tiger cubs there's goin' to be hell to pay," vouchsafed a bulky man with an air of authority. "I've heard tell of about how they tried that out with the Wallace show once, and it was some entertainment while it lasted. Some crazy guy went in to try and separate them and he's never been the same man since."

"I never seen one of them mixed-cat acts," broke in another. "I heard tell of a Spaniard that was troupin' with one down in South America, but he had left before we got there. What do you think about it, Zora?"

"I never saw an act of the kind tried out," responded the elephant trainer quietly; "I've just heard that they wouldn't be exactly a happy family, but how does anyone know, if they've never experimented?"

"How would you like to go in yourself for the first time?" persisted the man.

Zora thought a minute. "Well," she responded, "don't know that I would regard it as a picnic exactly, but it's all in the game. I'd do it if I had to."

"By gosh, I believe you would, and that's no lie!" he returned admiringly.

But just then the door opened and Ricardo came in, a swarthy black-eyed man with high cheek bones and long lean body. Ricardo's specialty as a trainer was with the big cats. It was he who had originally proposed training this troupe of young lions and tigers together. He was outwardly the least perturbed of any of the assemblage.

Training Lions and Tigers Together

"HAVE you made your will, Ricardo?" cackled the winter-quarters humorist.

The man addressed did not answer; he just shot a swift look over at the speaker. It carried all the contempt of the big heart for a little one. Without the slightest hesitation he moved over to the cages, lifting the trapdoor of the first and through it driving the young lions into the big arena; then he proceeded to the cages that held the tigers, raised the barred partition that separated the cages, and drove the snarling beasts through the cage that had already been inhabited by the lions, and so into the arena. The whole operation did not take more than sixty seconds, because Ricardo works quickly. With deft fingers he loosened a rope that held the trapdoor of the arena open. Bang! Down it went; the lions and tigers were within the iron inclosure together.

Now the remarkable part of it all was that they did not fly at each other's throats and engage in mortal combat, as so many of the circus men seemed to expect. The lions crouched at one side of the arena and the tigers hugged the bars on the other. They appeared to be completely taken by surprise and wholly distrustful. You see they had grown up from babyhood within a few feet of each other, but the protecting thick iron bars had always been between the cages. They had often growled and hurled defiance at each other when feeding time came, but a wordy war was as far as it got, because the iron bars were always there. This was a new deal all round.

But while debate was uppermost in the minds of these young animals Ricardo opened the main door of the arena quickly and stepped inside, closing it with a clang behind him. Contrary to expectations he carried with him no death-dealing weapon; his most formidable weapon for offense was a little ten-cent buggy whip; for defensive armor he carried something you could not guess in a thousand years, for it was an ordinary kitchen chair, stoutly fashioned, it is true, but still the kind we see in every self-respecting home.

As he entered, the caged animals drew away. To the spectator it seemed as if the coming of the man had taken their thoughts from themselves. They moved closer together and coweringly watched him.

And Ricardo himself was less excited than anyone in that building. He stood there just inside the door, studying his pupils closely for a moment or two. Then to the surprise of everyone he planted his chair firmly on the ground, sat down on it, took out his pipe, lit it and proceeded to enjoy a smoke.

"Was I afraid?" he queried in speaking to me afterward of the incident. "Sure, I was. I was terribly afraid that the cubs would be so much afraid of me that I could not do anything with them, but I think they're all right. That smallest young tiger might give me a little trouble, but he'll work out of it. The main thing is to get them used to me. I am all right just the moment I can make an animal feel at home. Yes, yes; if they had been left alone in the cage they would possibly have indulged in one long bloody fight. That is the reason I went in so quickly. They were too busy watching me and, of course, at the same time were getting used to each other's presence. I took the kitchen chair with me because it is the best defensive weapon in the world. See!" Ricardo swung the chair by its back, extended a muscular arm and held it straight in front of him, legs outward. "See!" said he. "They can't get past this barrier, and it's more protection than a suit of chain mail."

And so it was that every day Ricardo entered that cage with nothing but his kitchen chair and his pipe and his little ten-cent whip. He didn't carry progs or steel spears or the electric-pointed shocker that you hear so much about, and there were no slug-loaded guns in the hands of attendants. His whole aim and object was to inspire confidence in his pupils, and before the following circus season ended, his patient and intelligent work had its own reward, because he presented to an appreciative public one of the best animal acts ever seen in an American circus.

Characteristics of a Circus Horse

THE trained horse of the circus, as everybody knows, always has his appeal, because his beauty and intelligence mark him as one of the bright particular stars. Much discrimination is necessary in choosing a horse for ring or menage work, and if you were looking for an apt pupil don't flatter yourself that when you have purchased a narrow-headed, pig-eyed, Roman-nosed animal you have bought anything. You don't usually figure that a weasel-eyed man with a head like a coconut is likely to father brilliance of thought or to be distinguished for reliability. You might even go so far as to tell yourself that more likely than not he was apt to harbor a mean disposition. Well, a horse is no different. As old man Harkins used to say: "You can even tell a Chinaman by his nut."

A broad forehead and a round kindly eye are the prime attributes of an ideal prospect in the horse line for education in circus stunts. Added to this, he must be young, sound and of considerable muscular development. After that it comes down to a question of patience and understanding. Still you must remember that some horses learn more aptly than others. I am speaking, of course, in a general sense.

But don't run away with the idea that anyone who knows a little about horses and who has watched a trainer educating a pupil can go out and do likewise, because the natural aptitude or gift for controlling animals is given to the few rather than the many. Take, for instance, the number of men and women who ride passably well; but how few of them can school a horse to jump. And there are lots of drivers up and down the country; but the great race pilots, if taken collectively, would not number more than a couple of dozen.

A High-Stepper

Perhaps you have often watched the systematic old white horse with the fluffy mane and tail as he canters slowly round the forty-two-foot circus ring, while a beautiful lady in silk and tights and spangles pirouettes and somersaults on his broad back. Looks simple, doesn't it? But few people who watch him stop to think or have the slightest idea how long it took to perfect his education.

Now the ring horse must be absolutely reliable. He must necessarily be impervious to strange and untoward sights and sounds. Nothing must shake his equanimity. He must know how to break into a canter from a walk and never make the mistake of starting on the wrong foot. His stride must be even and in perfect unison. Above all, it is

(Continued on Page 34)

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(Continued from Page 32)

absolutely imperative that he be sure-footed, as one misstep might be the means of crippling his master or mistress for life. No matter what happens he must not jibe or shy; he is taught to go just so fast and no faster, because the performer has to time his leaps or somersaults according to the speed of the animal he is riding. Added to this, he must have perfect confidence in his master or mistress. If that is ever shaken his usefulness passes with his reliance.

Some horses, of course, with all the outward attributes which make for excellence, are never numbered in Class A. When you diagnose the horse's character he is a good deal like a man who is clever and brilliant but who lacks the one thing to make him eminently successful. Though you may make allowances for the man you cannot make any for the horse, because if he wants to make good with the premier bareback rider he must register a hundred per cent perfection, and the worst of it is that no one can tell just how a horse is going to turn out in the final accounting until much time and labor have been expended.

It may take a year, or two, or even three before the owner of a ring horse considers his education complete. During that time he goes to school every day, winter and summer. If you happen to visit a big circus when it is on the road in the season you may see the young ring horses being broken in between the performances. Like as not you will see the ringmaster cracking his proverbial long-lashed whip and the riders shouting and urging the pupil forward with hand and voice, but through it all you will notice that he preserves the even tenor of his way, never increasing or decreasing his stride. He has learned that the racket is only part of the camouflage that goes with all riding acts. Experience has taught him that no one is going to strike or otherwise maltreat him. In contradistinction to this, he is petted and pampered, because with the ring horse everything is done by kindness and patience, added to an intimate and intelligent study of the characteristics of the horse himself.

A Big Thriller

ONE of the most thrilling acts ever presented to the public was that featured by Doctor Carver, who in his younger days was America's champion wing shot. In later life the doctor turned his attention to the show business, and amongst other notable accomplishments he educated the celebrated diving horses which bore his name. These animals would ascend to a considerable height to a platform, and dive head foremost into a big tank of water below. Sometimes one of them would be ridden by a young girl, which added considerably to the thrill; but mostly they did their act alone and without prompting of any kind. From a spectacular standpoint it was, in my estimation, one of the very best ever staged in this country.

Well, in one little old Western town where the doctor happened to be showing, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—a most excellent and worthy organization, by the way—seemed to get the idea that these animals were abused and cruelly treated, so they went out in a body to interview the doctor.

That worthy listened to a somewhat lengthy arraignment of his methods, and then without saying anything he led the deputation back to the stable and told his groom to throw the doors open. When this was done he called to the horses, each by name, and they came rushing out of their stalls, eagerly crowding about him, searching his pockets for sugar and otherwise demonstrating their intense affection for him. He next led the way to the foot of the incline by which they ascended to the diving platform, and as he gave the word of command they followed each other like so many romping children up the little wooden causeway and dived off, galloping back as hard as they could to get their reward of sugar and carrots. Needless to say, this ocular demonstration of training by kindness silenced those who had come prepared to take drastic action.

When you come to canine actors, there are two kinds of dogs that excel all others as performers. Of these perhaps the poodle comes first, and we frequently find him executing feats which without demonstration would be regarded as incredible. Take, for instance, the celebrated Royal Troupe of Canine Performers, and you will find that they do all kinds of interesting stunts. One of them, in fact, winds up his act by somersaulting through a paper-covered hoop, a feat, be it said, which on a larger scale and under similar conditions would be attempted by very few humans.

If you have ever watched these dogs you do not need to be told that patience and kindness played the largest part in their education. When their act is on they seem to be having the time of their lives, each one so anxious for his turn that often the greatest trouble is experienced in persuading him to wait for his cue.

The collie comes next in the category of canine stars, and when I say that I do not mean the heavily ruffed aristocrat one sees bearing off the blue ribbons in the Madison Square Dog Show, the bowwow with the wedge-shaped head and the official ear. Of course I don't mean to belittle the champion of bench-show convention when I state that he is not a natural-born actor. Perhaps it is that he is too finely bred, but whatever the reason may be he is not in the same class with his more plebeian brother, who in days gone by came under the general appellation of the shepherd dog.

PHOTO. BY WEBSTER AND STEVENS, SEATTLE

The Robsons Have an Amiable Pegasus, If a Drooping Eyelid Indicates Anything

This latter gentleman may possess an ear that stands straight up, a broad short head and a round full eye—all of which would mark him as unworthy in the show ring—but when you put him on the sawdust trail of the circus he rises and shines with rare effulgence.

Yes, indeed, you have got to hand it to the collie. As a performer he can hog ninety-nine per cent of the limelight. He begins where all pirates of publicity and self-exploitation leave off.

The collie is a supreme performer, mainly because he enters into the spirit of his work with a gusto beyond contemplation. Just show him what you want him to do, set at rest any apprehension he may have, and appeal to his vanity, then you have a star of stars. Haven't you noticed him going round the hippodrome track advertising his act? He is barking all the time, isn't he? Assuring everybody that nobody is getting more fun out of it than he is.

To illustrate, let us suppose that you want to educate what is known in the parlance of the circus as a "jump-up" dog. This means a dog that will leap upon the back of a galloping horse and ride with his human principal.

Well, it's not so hard if you know the *modus operandi* and are familiar with collie dogs and their ways. Take some steady old broad-backed ring horse and lift the dog to the horse's back. It is better if his master or mistress is mounted on the horse at the same time. Then you must hold him there, talk to him and pet him until any fears he may have regarding this strange situation are allayed. That being accomplished, you may walk the horse slowly round the ring. At first move the dog, no doubt, will endeavor to dismount, but if you keep on fondling him he will rapidly overcome any fear he may have had in the first place. In a shorter time than you would suppose he is thoroughly at home and satisfied with himself, and you can help a good deal if you tender him a piece of well-cooked liver or some other dainty equally acceptable. The fact that his master or mistress is also mounted on the horse adds a great deal to his sense of security. It is most important that his first lesson should be divested of any incident that might shake his confidence.

Four or five lessons of this kind will usually suffice to establish his belief that he can ride with perfect safety on the back of a moving horse. But you must not give him too much of it or he will get stale. You must always endeavor to convince him that he is taking part in some merry game and it has nothing at all to do with hard work.

Once he gets that notion thoroughly in his mind he enters into it with more zest than his human tutors. Every little while, of course, he will want to jump off and play, and any tendency of this kind must be checked, but whenever a dog learns to ride anything moving, either animate or inanimate, he usually wants to stay there. You know how it is with your own dog. You don't have to teach him to climb into your carriage or automobile, and nobody trains him to sit up on the seat beside you and bark his disapproval of all and several the plebeian dogs who are forced to go afoot.

An Eager Performer

WHEN you want to teach him to jump up on the horse's back without assistance you first place a stool beside the horse, perhaps a couple of feet lower than the top of his back. Place a chair beside the stool and coax the dog to mount the chair. This, as you know, is very easily done. From the chair he will climb to the stool, and from the stool to the horse's back. Then you take away the stool and coax him to jump from the chair. If his master or mistress is seated on the horse and calls him, ninety-nine times out of a hundred he will do this very readily and enjoy it thoroughly.

After that you can walk the horse round the ring, letting one of the attendants hold the dog and turning him loose just as the horse gets opposite the chair. If his master or mistress calls him he is almost certain to climb aboard at the first time of asking. After he gets that far in his education the rest is easy, because his one object in life will be to climb on that horse's back whenever opportunity presents itself.

Later along in the season, if you happen to be round that circus, you may note this dog at the performers' entrance waiting for his turn to come. Perhaps his master or mistress will be riding in the ring at the farthest end of the tent. Well, you should see that dog watch. He will be tugging on his head line like all possessed, because he wants to get into that act. He strains and whines and yelps himself almost into hysterics. At last the attendant turns him loose and all you can see is just a white-and-yellow streak scooting for the ring. Half the time he does not wait to reach it before leaping on the big white horse's back. He generally takes a flying leap from the outside of the ring as soon as he is close enough, and, believe me, before he gets through everybody knows Mister Collie, the eminent equestrian, is taking part in the performance.

Jimmy Dutton, the celebrated rider, who works most of the time in vaudeville in the winter, needs no advertising

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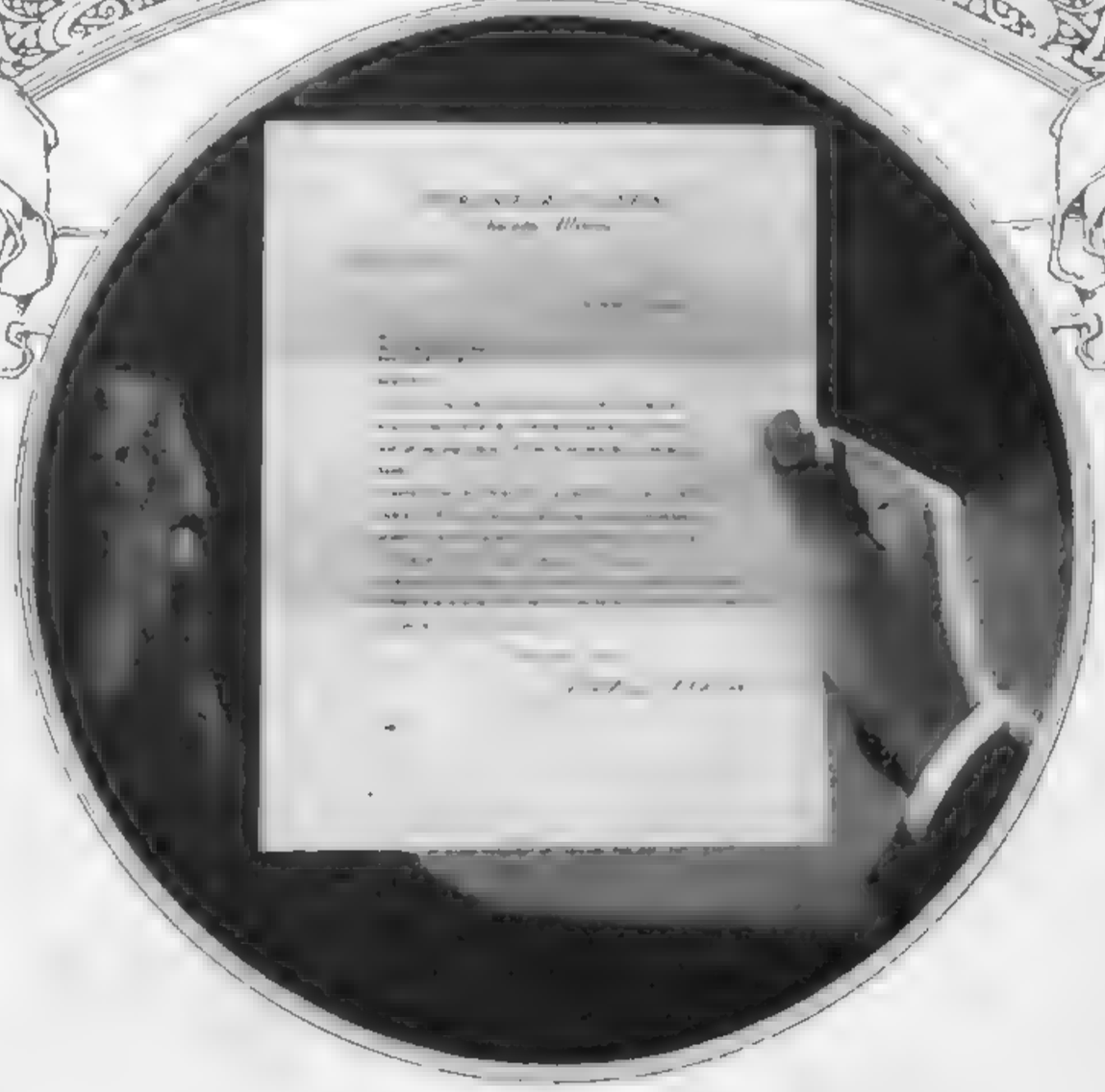


The "Stuff" of Excellence

THAT benevolent old philosopher and Roman emperor, Marcus Aurelius, defined *character* as "the part that governs." It is the sum total of the inner qualities of a man, the reason for all that he is.

It is only natural that there should be outward indications of character within. And just as you read character in men's faces, so do you see it in the texture of rich silks—old wood—fine, crisp bond paper.

The exceptional character of a sheet of Systems Bond is instantly sensed by the man who reads your letters. It bespeaks quality—distinction—it represents *you* as you would want to be represented.

It is a clean, strong, rag-content bond, virile—a *man's* paper. Careful loft-seasoning gives permanence to its splendid qualities. And it sells at a businessman's price—everywhere.

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every Bond and Ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well-known Pilgrim, Transcript, Manifest and Atlantic marks.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
501 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.
Mills at Bangor and Lincoln, Maine

SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

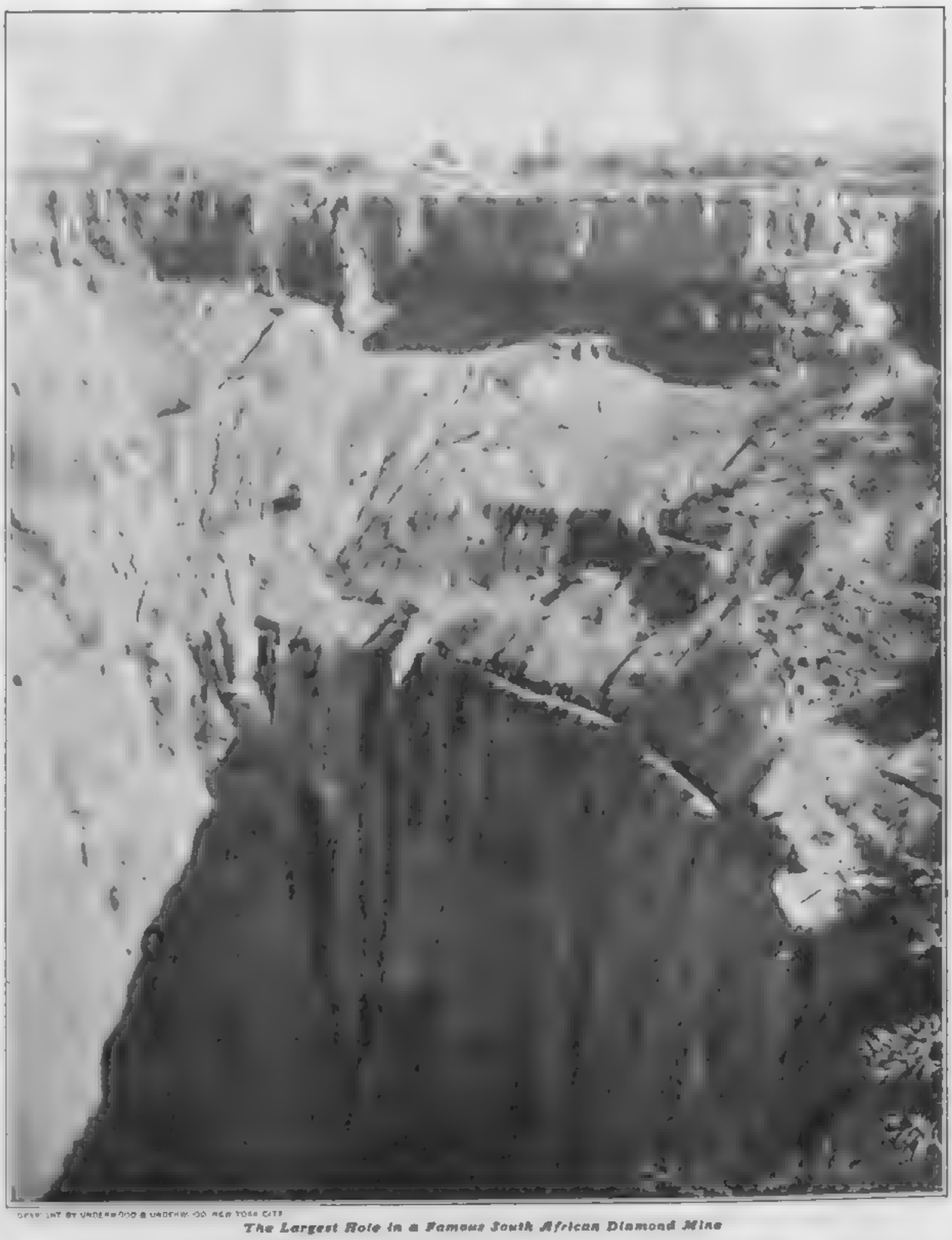
Precious Stones

By Floyd W. Parsons

ARE diamonds, pearls and other precious gems sound investments? What is the future of their production? Is money placed in jewels serving a worthy purpose? Will science discover a way to make artificial gems having qualities equal to those of the natural brilliants so long used? These are only a few of the many questions often asked concerning precious stones.

Most of the glories of Nature are the products of her seasons, and are transient. The rare gems of the earth are supreme in the permanency of their beauty. The appreciation of precious stones by humans dates back to the dawn of civilization, but the jewels of to-day, thanks to advances in the art of cutting and polishing, are quite unlike and far superior to the gems of a century ago.

Without question, the diamond is the premier jewel of the world. Its native hardness, which now makes it preëminent among gems, ages ago rendered it less desirable than other precious stones. No longer than three hundred years ago rubies and emeralds were given a much higher relative value than to-day. The reason for this was that the art of cutting had not progressed to the stage where the native beauty of the diamond could be developed. Just as Europe taught the Orient what inherent beauty was contained in this gem, so has America taught Europe how to reach the acme of beauty through the use of modern methods of cutting and polishing. But notwithstanding the fact that Yankee ingenuity has largely revolutionized the processes employed in cutting or dressing precious stones, the diamond-cutting industry still centers in Amsterdam, while Antwerp, Belgium, is also an important diamond-cutting community. There are about 600 cutters in the United States, as compared with something like 10,000 now working in Amsterdam.



The Largest Hole in a Famous South African Diamond Mine

Diamond cutting is a craft that has descended from father to son for generations. It is a trade requiring several years of training and practice before the learner becomes proficient. The cutters have their own union, and great care is exercised in determining the skill and desirability of a proposed new member. In keeping with the times, the wages paid diamond cutters to-day are more than double what they were before the war. In one large New York factory the men receive $116 a week.

The average cost of cutting and polishing a diamond or other precious stone amounts to about ten per cent of the selling price. In the case of a very large stone this cost might go as low as five per cent, while in a very small stone the cutting cost will often amount to twenty or thirty per cent. The process of producing a finished diamond from the rough stone entails an average loss of about sixty per cent of the original weight. For example, a stone weighing two and a half carats will often be required to make a one-carat finished diamond.

Strange as it may appear, the most precious diamond has the same composition as lamp black or the graphite of a lead pencil. It is pure carbon which has been crystallized by Nature under the influence of heat and pressure. An uncut diamond looks like a piece of broken glass and is oily to the touch. The diamond is brilliant because it is hard, and it remains brilliant for the same reason. Most other gems, through wear and handling, become scratched and their corners dulled, but the diamond from one generation to another remains undimmed.

In the scale of hardness by which minerals are judged, quartz is rated at seven; emerald, seven to eight; topaz, eight; sapphire, nine; and the diamond, ten. One authority states that the difference in hardness between nine and ten in this scale is greater than it is between nine and one. Diamonds from wet diggings are usually harder than those from dry diggings.

Light which falls vertically upon the surface of a diamond enters and passes on in a straight line, but that which strikes it in a slanting direction is largely reflected. Some diamonds absorb light and will phosphoresce in the dark, but this quality of shining in the dark is far from common to all diamonds. In fact, an investigation has shown that very few diamonds, either by exposure to sunlight or rubbing, will show any light in a dark room. The diamond is generally considered as a nonconductor of electricity, is unaffected by acids and alkalies, is infusible, but can be burned in oxygen under intense heat.

The metal tantalum is the only rival of the diamond in hardness. An effort to bore a hole through a plate of tantalum with a diamond drill making 5000 revolutions a minute failed completely after three days of boring.

The ancient source of the world's supply of diamonds was India. It was this field that furnished such famous jewels as the Koh-i-nur and the Hope diamond. Early in the eighteenth century diamonds were found in Borneo, and a little later gold miners came across diamonds in the river sands of Brazil. A small quantity of diamonds has been found in the United States, and a considerable effort is just now being made to develop a promising crater in the Middle West. It is a fact, however, that more than ninety-six per cent of all the diamonds now being produced in the world come from South Africa.

The industry in Africa is controlled by British capital, and the output of the mines is entirely handled by a syndicate in London. Eight or ten men who are said to be interested in the African workings compose this syndicate, which sells the African diamonds in the rough to a selected list of firms who do cutting and polishing. No company or individual that is not on the list can buy diamonds from the syndicate. In this way the world market is closely controlled.

Diligent search throughout the world in recent years has failed to uncover any new sources of diamond supply. The great mines in Africa are being exhausted one by one. Mining in the properties that remain active is being carried on at greater depths, and therefore with higher costs. The famous Kimberley and De Beers mines have been dug to a depth of more than 3000 feet, and because of the heat and danger connected with mining on these levels the output of these properties has been much curtailed. The Jagersfontein and the Bultfontein mines are nearly worked out, leaving the Dutoitspan, Premier and Wesselton mines as the chief sources of production.

In addition to the stones obtained in the mines, a quantity of diamonds is found in certain river beds in South Africa. They are mined by damming up the river at various points, pumping the section dry and then dredging it. River diamonds vary greatly as to color, but some of them are the finest blue-white and rank with the best stones from the diggings.

In going over the last report of the De Beers Consolidated Mines, I find that in 1909 the carats per hundred loads at the Wesselton Mine were thirty-four; in 1919 the carats per hundred loads of blue ground hoisted amounted to only twenty-four. At the Bultfontein Mine, during the same period, the number of carats found per hundred loads dropped from thirty-eight to thirty-one. At the Dutoitspan Mine the drop in carat production during the same ten years has been from twenty-three to seventeen. Throughout the entire report there seems to be an indication that the rich African mines are falling off, not only in the amount of blue ground handled but in the yield of

(Continued on Page 38)

THE years of service which the Hupmobile gives, under average conditions, are almost amazing.

It is not at all unusual for it to pass on to a third, and even a fourth, owner—a faithful, tireless veteran.

This remarkable durability is undoubtedly one of the reasons why the average family thinks so well of its Hupmobile.

Certainly it bears out the widespread belief that the Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world.

Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 36)

diamonds per unit of ground. It is estimated that approximately one-half of the world's diamonds are now owned in the United States. Allowing for the recent increases in prices, it is now safe to say that the value of all the diamonds in this country totals upward of $1,500,000,000. Careful estimates show that there are about 47,000,000 carats of cut and polished diamonds throughout the world.

Considering diamonds in the rough, the world's production up to the present time has amounted to nearly 237,000,000 carats. Of this output 50,000,000 carats came from India, 1,000,000 from Borneo, 15,000,000 from Brazil and 170,000,000 from South Africa. Of the remainder the larger part came from Australia. This total production amounts to about fifty-three tons of stones, one-half of which has been cut into jewels and the other half used for mechanical and industrial purposes. As before stated, something like sixty per cent of the weight of the rough diamonds is lost in the cutting and polishing process.

The labor used in the production of diamonds consists almost entirely of Kafirs. Each Kafir contracts to serve with a company for a specified period of time, and during these months or years is compelled to live in a guarded compound, or inclosure, so that the dishonest worker will have no opportunity to smuggle a diamond to an outside purchaser. When the Kafir's term of service is nearing its end he is placed under guard and given personal observation for several days. In an effort to prevent his carrying away a concealed rough diamond an examination is made of his nose, mouth, teeth and all other parts of his body where a gem might be concealed. Even scars or healed wounds are investigated, for it has often happened that one of the Kafirs will cut open his flesh and secrete a stone inside the wound, allowing the cut to heal over the embedded diamond. Notwithstanding the great care that is now taken to prevent thefts, there is still a considerable loss of gems through the dishonesty of employees.

No industry is surrounded with greater romance than the business of mining precious stones. But just as in the mining of precious metals, it is an elusive and frequently unprofitable pursuit. Many companies owning gem mines that have produced valuable stones have yet failed to show a profit upon their operations. Authorities say that the greatest ruby mine in the world has never been anything but a loss to its owners.

During the last twenty years the mining of precious stones in the United States has consumed quite a little capital and produced gems having an average annual value of about $300,000. During the last couple of years the value of the output of precious stones in the United States has totaled only a little more than $100,000 yearly. This production consisted chiefly of the sapphire variety of corundum, which is nearly all used in the manufacture of mechanical bearings for watches and other instruments that require nonwearing, frictionless bearings. California, Nevada, Montana, Colorado, Arizona and Maine are our chief gem-producing states. Recently a canary-colored octahedral diamond, weighing nearly eighteen carats, was found in Arkansas.

The Arkansas diamonds are found in a pipe of peridotite under geological conditions similar to those existing in South Africa. This source has produced about 2000 diamonds, most of which have been adapted more for mechanical uses than for gem making. A plant has just been completed to test this ground and discover whether or not the diamonds are present in commercial quantity. The present mill is designed to handle 250 wet tons of peridotite a day.

The milling of diamonds is far different from the milling of copper or gold. It requires 2270 carats of diamonds to make one pound avoirdupois. Sixteen pounds of rough diamonds would hardly fill a two-quart jar, and yet this volume of precious stones could only be procured from the milling of about 115,000 tons of rock or clay, which amount is equal in weight to something like forty-five good-sized trainloads of coal.

Only 2000 pounds of 1 per cent copper ore need be treated in a mill to produce twenty pounds of copper, and in gold mining the mill need handle only 24,000 pounds of one-ounce gold ore to produce a pound of gold. When it comes to diamonds, however, the mill must treat upward of 15,000,000 pounds of fairly rich diamond ground in order to separate a single pound of diamonds.

Western Yellow Pine Reproduction That Has Come in After Careful Logging and Burning of Slash. Above—Douglas Firs, the Result of Proper Handling of the Area After Logging

Though the geology of diamond-bearing ground has been fairly well understood for a generation or more, the various discoveries of our rich diamond fields have been accidental. In Brazil the gold miners who washed the sands of the rivers for gold failed to identify and therefore for many years threw away the curious crystals which they sometimes found in their pans. A monk who was familiar with the diamonds of India first recognized the true character of the Brazilian stones.

Over in Africa the children of Boer farmers used the glittering, highly colored pebbles on the river's bank for playthings. One of these pebbles at last attracted the attention of a fellow named Van Niekirk, who sent the stone to Hopetown, where it was examined and pronounced pretty, but no one was willing to buy it for any price. As luck would have it, however, the stone was sent to a mineralogist at Grahamstown, who pronounced it a real diamond, weighing more than twenty-one carats and worth $2400. In this way a child's find revolutionized the world's diamond markets and placed Great Britain in the way of making millions in money.

The beauty of a finished gem is wholly in the hands of the workers who cut and polish it. A stone which is cut too thick lacks brilliancy, while a stone cut too thin has a glassy appearance. In both cases a lack of skill has been displayed by the cutter in placing the angles of the facets which refract the light rays. A diamond that is practically perfect in the rough may be almost ruined in the cutting.

After talking with more than a dozen experts concerning precautions necessary on the part of the purchaser in buying gems, it is my opinion that those of us who know nothing about precious stones will fare better in our shopping for such articles if we follow the simple rule of picking out an honest, conscientious dealer, telling him what size stone we want or how much we want to spend, and then leaving the selection of the gem to him. However, there are a lot of folks who prefer to know more about what they are doing, and such people may be interested in a few suggestions which I picked up.

First, it should be understood that there are very few perfect stones. A diamond or other gem may be perfect to the eye, and is then called eye-perfect. If it shows no imperfections when examined by looking through an ordinary watchmaker's loupe, it is considered as loupe-perfect. In the trade, what is spoken of as a perfect diamond is one that shows no fault under a loupe examination. There are diamonds, however, that have imperfections which can only be detected under a microscope. This, of course, is the most severe test given a gem.

Thousands of diamonds that are slightly imperfect are sold as jewels each year. Diamonds without a tint or imperfection are rare. Most of the world's famous gems contain imperfections of one kind or another. Most of the fine diamonds now being sold are white or blue-white in color. Some stones, however, are of a light brown shade, and are quite valuable, while golden browns are considered fancy. Green diamonds are rare and very valuable. Diamonds from one big South African mine have a purple color, but command a ready market. The best stones now produced in the world come to America. A market for odd-sized stones has been developed in the Orient.

In many jewelry stores it is impossible to discern the faults in a diamond because of the strong light they are shown under. In such a case it often occurs that the faults in the stone are hidden by the brilliance of its reflections. A diamond may appear blue under one light and seem to be an entirely different stone under a different light. An inferior stone placed in a stock of diamonds which are still more inferior will often appear to better advantage than a fine stone in a tray entirely composed of perfect diamonds.

A fine mounting will often make a stone look far better than it really is. Brilliancy, proportions and cutting should, of course, be considered as well as the color. Diamonds when mounted appear larger than when unmounted. Pear-shaped, square and heart-shaped stones are larger than stones of the same weight cut in the conventional brilliant style. The fancy colors give a speculative value to a stone, and may either increase or decrease its price,

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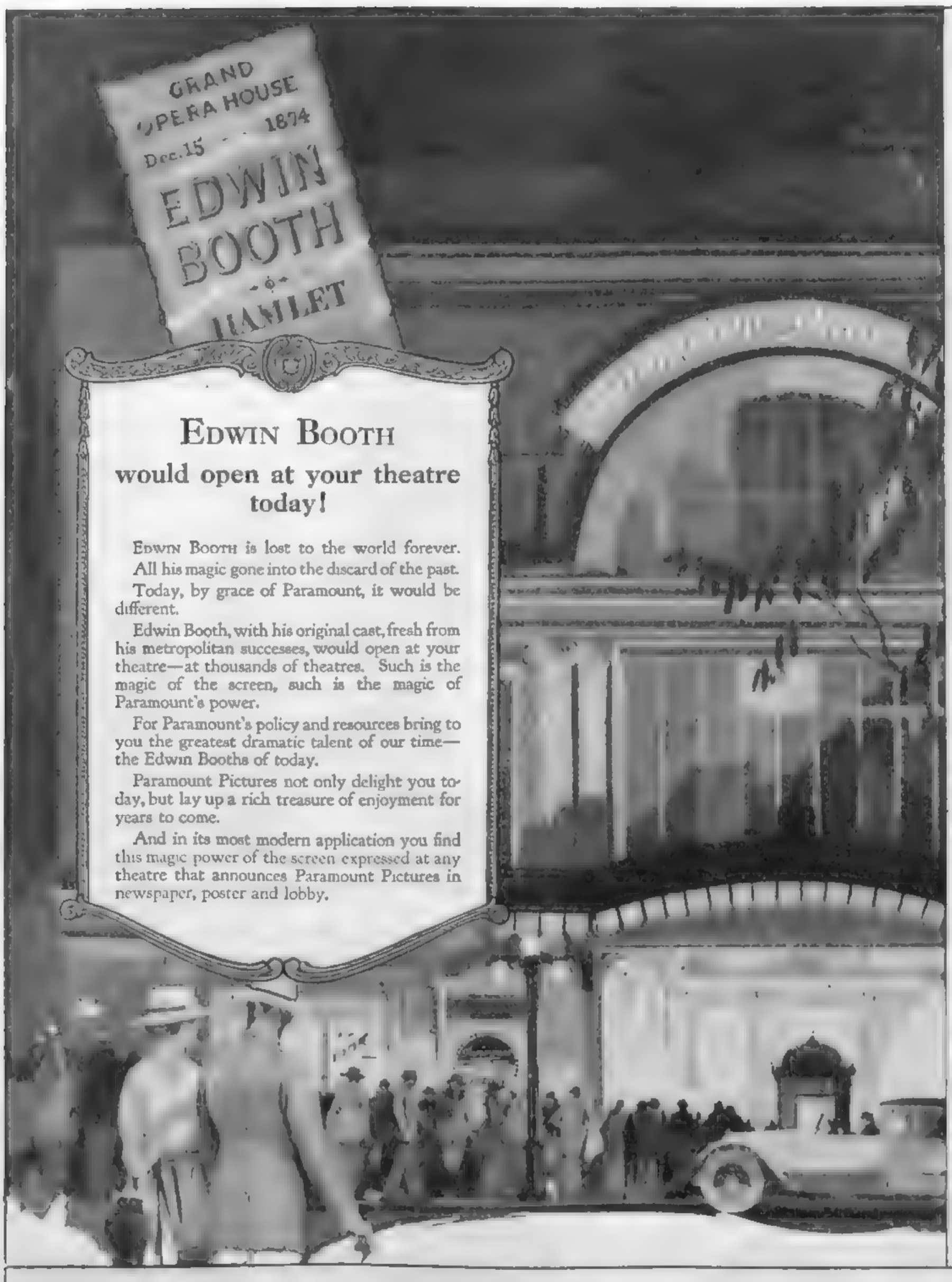

EDWIN BOOTH
would open at your theatre today!

EDWIN BOOTH is lost to the world forever.

All his magic gone into the discard of the past.

Today, by grace of Paramount, it would be different.

Edwin Booth, with his original cast, fresh from his metropolitan successes, would open at your theatre—at thousands of theatres. Such is the magic of the screen, such is the magic of Paramount's power.

For Paramount's policy and resources bring to you the greatest dramatic talent of our time—the Edwin Booths of today.

Paramount Pictures not only delight you today, but lay up a rich treasure of enjoyment for years to come.

And in its most modern application you find this magic power of the screen expressed at any theatre that announces Paramount Pictures in newspaper, poster and lobby.

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JOHN BARRYMORE in
"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"
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CECIL B. DeMILLE'S
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WILLIAM DeMILLE'S
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"THE PRINCE CHAP"
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GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S
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GEORGE H. MELFORD'S
Production
"THE SEA WOLF"

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Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
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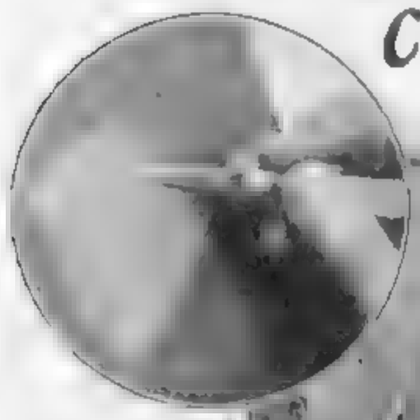
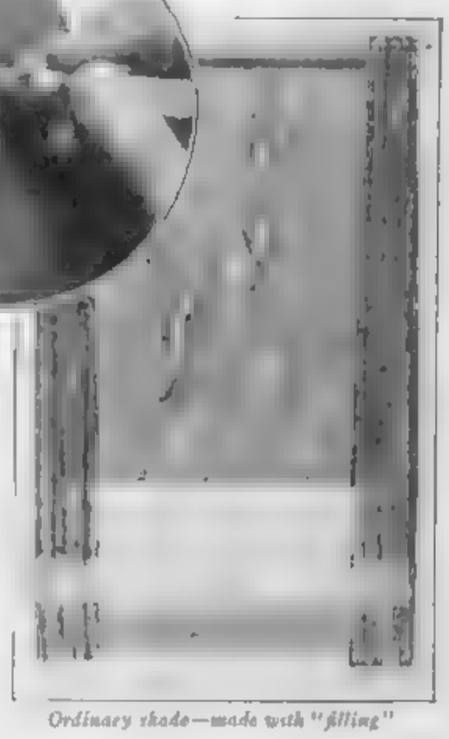
NEW YORK

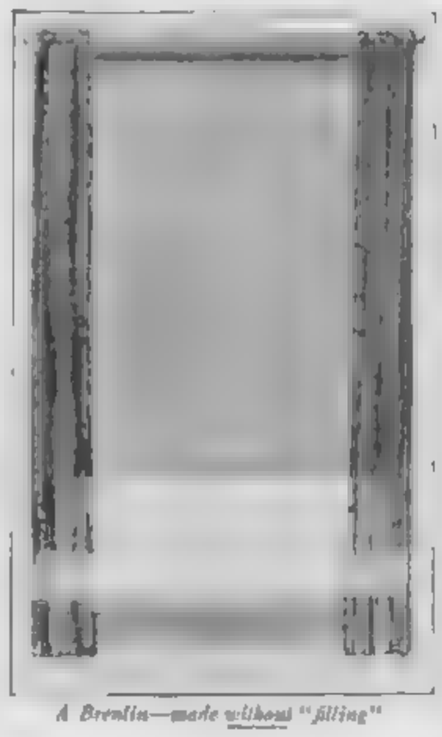
"Filling"—why it makes window shades crack and sag



Scratch lightly through the surface [illegible] particles fall out, leaving countless pinholes. That's the "filling" of chalk or clay



Ordinary shade—made with "filling"



A Brenlin—made without "filling"

There's no "filling" in Brenlin Window Shades

The ordinary window shade is made of a loosely-woven cloth that must be filled to give it weight and smoothness. This "filling," usually a chalk or clay substance, soon becomes hard and brittle. Like school chalk, it crumbles easily.

A shade so made *can't* stand the strain of everyday usage. When the wind sucks and snaps it, the brittle filling loosens and falls out. Cracks and pinhole streaks appear. The shade wrinkles and sags—is soon ruined!

The Brenlin Window Shade is entirely different. *Its* base is a material so fine, so heavy, so tightly-woven and perfect that it needs no chalk, no clay, no filling of any kind!

Instead of being brittle, Brenlin is soft and supple, yet always hangs straight and smooth. Brenlin outwears two or three ordinary window shades. It is the cheapest window shade you can buy.

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town. See the many rich, mellow colorings he has in this long-wearing material—and Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.

To make sure you're getting genuine Brenlin look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge—when you buy and when your shades are hung. If you don't know where to find Brenlin, write us; we will see that you are supplied.

Upon request we'll send you, free, a valuable booklet on how to shade your windows beautifully—and, with it, some actual samples of Brenlin in several different colors.

The Chas. W. Breneman Co., Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America."

Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio; Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City; Philadelphia; and Oakland, Calif. Owner of the good will and trade marks of the Jay C. Wemple Co.

The store building of S. H. Heaver[illegible] Company, Inc., Roanoke, Va., shaded with Brenlin window shades throughout

[illegible] of little importance compare shades give you best values in shades made the ordinary way

Brenlin

the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE REPUBLIC

(Continued from Page 7)

"Let us have an America walking erect, unafraid, concerned about its rights and ready to defend them, and sure of its ideals and strong to support them. We are a hundred millions and more to-day, and if the miracle of the first century of national life may be repeated in the second, and then again, the millions of to-day will be the myriads of the future. I like to think that out of the discovered soul of this republic and through our preservative actions in these supreme moments of human progress we shall hold the word 'American' the proudest boast of citizenship in all the world. There is the threat of making the League of Nations an issue in the campaign. The threat may or may not be carried out. But let every American citizen pause and think, and pause and ponder, to note the tendency of the propagandists of the hour and the proponents of the league. There is a drive to nationalize industry, to denationalize government, and to internationalize the world. All are contrary to everything that made us what we are, all stamp failure on all we have wrought, and propose paralysis instead of the virile activity which sped us to achievement.

"Nationalism in America inspired, assured, upbuilded. In nationalism were centered all the hopes, all the confidence, all the aspirations of a developing people. Why, nationality was the hope of every appealing delegation which came to our committee in the Senate! It was nationalism that conceived the emergence of new nations, and the revival of old ones, out of the ashes of consuming warfare. Can any red-blooded American consent now to merge our nationality into internationality?"

Obligations to Civilization

"We have been hearing lately of the selfishness of nationality, and it has been urged that we must abandon it in order to perform our full duty to humanity and civilization. Let us hesitate before we surrender the nationality which is the very soul of highest Americanism. We have been tardy about it, proclaiming democracy and neutrality while we ignored our national rights, but the ultimate and helpful part we played in the great war will be the pride of Americans so long as the world recites the story.

"We who are Republicans," Mr. Harding made clear, "do not mean to hold aloof, we choose no isolation, we shun no duty. I like to rejoice in an American conscience and in a big conception of our obligations to liberty, justice and civilization. Aye, and more, I like to think of our helping hand to new republics which are seeking the blessings portrayed in our example. But we Republicans have a confidence in our America that requires no council of foreign powers to point the way to American duty.

"We wish to counsel, to coöperate and contribute, but we arrogate to ourselves the keeping of the American conscience and every concept of our moral obligations. It is fine to idealize, but it is very practical to make sure our own house is in perfect order before we attempt the miracle of old-world stabilization.

"It will speed the restoration to get back to the Constitution, and stand on it immovably."

Foreign Supergovernment

"I am not thinking to magnify its comparative excellence, its charm of simplicity or its exalted place among the written fundamental laws. I am recalling the Federal Constitution as the very base of all Americanism, as the ark of the covenant of American liberty, as the very temple of our equal rights. More, it was the supreme pledge of coördinate government by law, with the sponsorship of majorities, the protected rights of minorities, and freedom from usurpation of power.

"Every American should remember that when he is about to go to the polls to cast his vote next November a vote for any policy which includes supergovernment of America by foreign interests is his own abdication, as a citizen of a republic, to rule. If there is nothing else significant in the action of the Senate of the United States with regard to the League of Nations, the people have recognized it as their own reassertion of authority, and the world knows that representative government abides here.

"We approached autocracy during the war. Congress submerged itself and surrendered many of its functions. I was a participant in the submergence, and I am not complaining. It seemed necessary because of our gigantic task of national defense, and the supreme emergency called for a supreme command. When the war

(Continued on Page 42)

The House Next to Senator Harding's Residence in Marion, Which is to be Used as Campaign Headquarters

PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

YOU will find the Paige car wherever smart, well groomed people assemble.

Its distinctive design is a familiar sight in every fashionable parking space—in the mountains, along the coast or at the country clubs.

In a quiet, well bred way the Paige possesses a very decided sporting personality. It makes an irresistible appeal to the man or woman who knows the great game of Outdoor Life and appreciates the importance of ever dependable equipment.

In brief, the Paige both looks and acts the part of a Thoroughbred. It is built to satisfy every reasonable demand that might be placed upon a motor car—and no model has ever failed to live up to this requirement.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, Michigan

Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

How to set your table correctly-

SO vastly important those first formal affairs. Such a queer little panicky feeling to realize that you, a bride—the *hostess*—are entirely responsible for their success!

But to know that the most sophisticated hostess in your circle cannot find the slightest flaw in your table setting or service—that is a triumph!

It is just such a feeling of poise that *The Wallace Hostess Book* inspires. This authoritative book tells, in text and pictures, just what every woman needs to know to give her assurance on all occasions, and to win admiration as a hostess.

A remarkable new book on Etiquette by a famous authority

For years to come this remarkable new book, written by Winnifred Fales, will be consulted by social leaders in every community as the final authority on matters of table service and social etiquette.

A copy of *The Wallace Hostess Book*, beautifully bound and profusely illustrated, will be sent, postpaid, for 50 cents. Address: Hostess Department

"R WALLACE" mark
Sectional Silver Plate

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Wallingford — Connecticut
FOUNDED 1835

(Continued from Page 40)

ended and the greatest document in importance ever negotiated in the world came to the Senate for consideration, then it was becoming, indeed, for the Senate again to assume its constitutional authority. The Senate's resumption of its authority has been effective in preserving constitutional government.

"Strangely enough, many Democrats, advocates of cloture and strong advocates of the majority doing business—at least in the days when they were members of the majority—made a rather doubtful statement when they challenged the ability of the majority to do business in the Senate, because again and again the majority demonstrated its determination to support the reservations to the League of Nations. That is why they were added to the resolution. And it seems that if a man is the advocate of the majority in a legislative body performing its functions he must accept the dictum of the majority of the body at any time. And the logic of this has been clearly set forth, I am glad to say, by no less a Democrat than William Jennings Bryan.

"I speak for one who is old-fashioned enough to believe that the Government of the United States of America is good enough for me. In speaking my reverence for it I want the preservation of those coördinate branches of government which were conceived and instituted by the Fathers. The abandonment of government through political parties means the same instability for us which characterizes many Latin-American states, or it means an autocracy or dictatorship which spells the end of our boasted republic."

McKinley's Americanism

"Partisanship can be put aside for a great national emergency, when the menace comes from without, as the great war has proven, but party sponsorship is the guaranty of accomplishment in meeting the problems of peace.

"In the things which were heralded as reforms we have impaired party effectiveness, and Washington reveals it to-day as never before. Washington and Jefferson were believers in parties; so was Hamilton, the genius of the formative period. Lincoln was a partisan in the extreme, and it helped rather than hindered the mighty achievement which preserved union and nationality. Cleveland was a staunch believer in party government and left the stamp of the greatest Democrat of his time on the progress of his day.

"Much is being said, properly and becomingly, in these anxious days of the republic, about a saving Americanism. No one better typified it than McKinley. He lived and preached and practiced it, first as the cure for national disaster, and later for the guaranty of the greater good fortunes of the American people. His Americanism wrought the restoration in times of peace, and the very same Americanism revealed our unselfishness in war. More, he proved the republic's readiness for every becoming burden for humanity's sake, in war's aftermath.

"It is fitting to say again that America's first war for humanity's sake was commanded by President McKinley. Indeed, no one will dispute it; the first recorded war for humanity's sake in all the world was when he unsheathed the sword in behalf of suffering and oppressed humanity in Cuba in 1898. And when that war was won he gave to the world the first example of national unselfishness and the first American proof of loftier aims than territorial aggrandizement.

"In the story of the eventful months since the armistice more has been said about lofty ideals and the assumed burdens of civilization than in all history before, but I like to recall—and the people would do well to remember it—that William McKinley was the pioneer who blazed the trail to the realm of ennobled nations.

"McKinley brought about our first expansion, and the party now in power, seeking all the entanglements which the forefathers warned against, then proclaimed it imperialism. That was before supergovernment was dreamed of; that was before the contemplated merger of this republic in a supreme government of the world.

"In conclusion, it is time to break the shackles of wartime legislation for both business and citizens, because the war is actually ended, no matter how much delayed is the formal declaration of peace. We must do everything possible to get away from abnormal conditions of war, and seek the stable ways of peace. We must restore our boasted freedom under the Constitution. We must remain unalterably opposed to any compromise with insistent socialism which proposes to fix our goal within the limits of mediocrity."

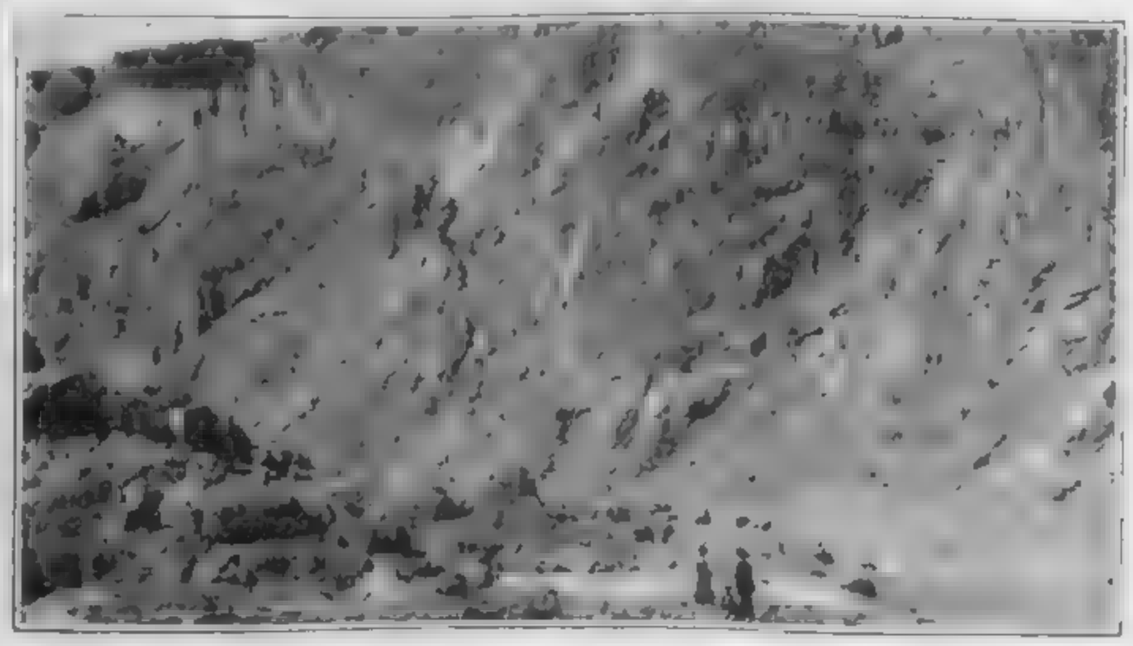
Senator Harding's injection into the greater arena of presidential politics will cause friends and enemies—or rather, friends and opponents—to search thoroughly for every item that will be of help to their own side. The immediate result of his nomination was the strange unanimity with which several leading Democratic newspapers described him as "a politician of the second class" or as "a puppet of the Old Guard." Both descriptions are wrong, and because I have known Senator Harding for some time—during the days when he was surrounded by the relative obscurity of the newcomer in the Senate, especially as a Republican representative of a Republican state temporarily Democratic, three years out of five in a Democratic Congress—I am unable to conceive upon what basis either allegation is made.

Republican Strength

Senator Harding is not a politician. In fact, one of the objections against him when his candidacy was first discussed four years ago, was the very fact that he was not a politician, of first or third or any other class. And in politics a third-rate politician seems to be better liked than a better man who is no politician at all. His record in the Senate hardly bears out the contention, because the first all-compelling task of the politician is to make speeches, and Mr. Harding has spoken with great reserve, has avoided the interjections and verbosities that, in a certain school, are considered the first proof of political acumen. But it may be that it was meant that Senator Harding has not known how to play politics in the old-fashioned machine way, and in this they would be right.

As for the Old Guard ascendancy over him, an observation may be pertinently made. Where is the Old Guard? Throughout convention week, when the sessions seemed to become nothing but sterile parliamentary proceedings, weak-kneed Republicans and chuckling Democrats worried and were elated respectively over the fact that the Old-Guardless convention was a farce, a joke, a meeting dry in every respect.

(Concluded on Page 45)



Who wants to make a great deal of money on a small investment?

WHO wants to have a business of his very own in which he can make, as others are making, from $5,000 to $25,000 a year?

Who wants to start a son or other bright young man in such a business and divide the profits with him?

Who wants to increase his present retail business and, at the same time, add a splendid maker of profits?

Do you? Are you one of these three kinds of men?

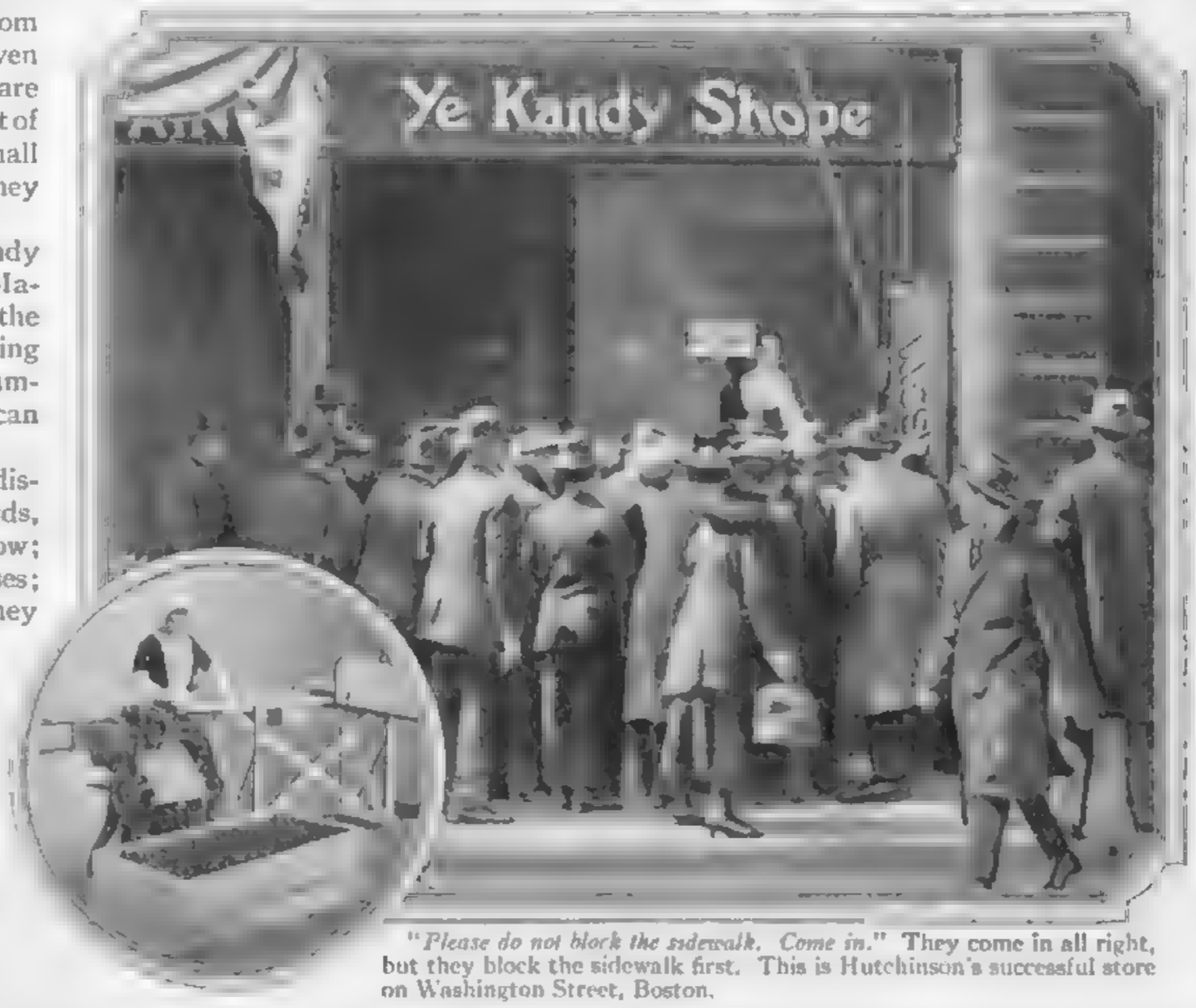
Then here is your opportunity—a real one. Hundreds of men in different cities of this country are making from $5,000 to $25,000—and even more—in the business we are going to tell you about. Most of them started on a very small investment, and made money from the very first week.

The business is the Candy Kiss Business, with the Machine Making Kisses in the Window—sending them flying out, like butterflies on a summer's day, faster than you can count them.

This wonderful moving display stops the passing crowds, and brings them to your window; they get a desire for the kisses; they go in, and they buy. They buy your kisses, and whatever else you have to sell.

And they come again and again. Everybody likes kisses; for kisses are good candy at a moderate price; they are chewing candy too. Kisses are becoming a national habit like chewing-gum.

Yes, they come again and again. This is not mere theory; it is the experience of everyone who has gone into the business. Your success is established the very first week.



"*Please do not block the sidewalk. Come in.*" They come in all right, but they block the sidewalk first. This is Hutchinson's successful store on Washington Street, Boston.

This is an opportunity for men who want to operate in a small way. It is also for men who want to operate in a large way. You can stick to one store in one city, and make a first-rate income—say $5,000 to $15,000. Or you can have a chain of stores in a number of cities—like the chain cigar-stores, drug-stores, 5- and 10-cent stores. It started, as all business starts, in a small way; but men of larger vision and means have begun to see its great possibilities. Five-and-Ten-Cent Stores are taking it up; so are department-stores—and the idea is spreading fast. Men of small means are also growing into comparative wealth.

And why? Because the business is sound—as sound as any business ever was. It is founded upon the two great groups of business laws which ensure a quick start, permanence, and good profits.

What are these laws?

I—*Laws of human psychology:* (1) Favorable Attention (2) Interest (3) Desire (4) Action. The machine in motion gives you the first two—Favorable Attention and Interest; it stops the passing crowds, and it holds their interest. The clean-wrapped kisses flying out give you the other two—Desire and Action. The people come in and they buy. What you see in the picture on this page is happening everywhere. It has got to happen; it follows the laws of human psychology.

II—*Laws of economics:* Small investment, low cost of manufacture, good demand, frequent turnover, low expenses, good profits, simple management, etc. These are the laws which make a business profitable, permanent, and safe. Let us see how the Candy Kiss Business, with the Machine in the Window, measures up to the requirements of these laws.

1—*Small investment needed.* A few hundred dollars if you have a store, and not much more if you have to rent one. You buy the kiss machine on instalments; other equipment costs very little; you buy materials as needed.

2—*Frequent turnover and good profits.* Raw material in the morning; cash in your drawer at night. You turn over your money invested a great many times a year, each time at a good profit.

3—*Low expenses.* The business is cash, no customers' books to keep, no bad debts, no waste or dead stock, no delivery costs, no advertising—the machine does that.

4—*Simple manufacture and management.* Cooking is easy—we furnish full directions. The rest is done by automatic machines—same thing over and over again. Store management is simple.

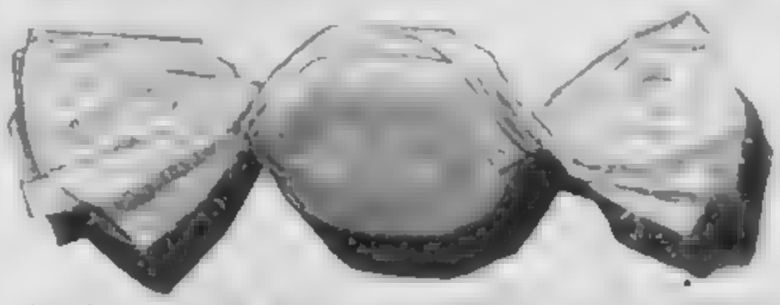
5—*Great volume of sales.* Candy kisses are the great popular price confection of the day. The demand is big and growing fast.

6—*Self-advertising and selling.* The machine in the window focuses this great demand right on your store. It is manufacturing, advertising, and selling—all in one.

7—*Ease of Expansion.* If you want to move, or open another store, you can get your new store ready, move overnight, and make money the next day—no time lost.

8—*Safety.* Profits begin as soon as you start your machine in the window. This, together with the small capital, frequent turnover, good profits, low expenses, simple manufacture and management, and great natural demand for kisses, makes it an unusually safe business.

You see now why this business has such a wonderful record of successes. It is so sound. That is why men of small means can go into it safely and that is why men of larger means are taking it up. It not only satisfies the laws of human psychology and business economics; but it has the very great advantage that you can start small and prove your way as you go. It is as far removed from the speculative as any business we have ever heard of. Any man of common sense and industry can make a success of it. All he needs to be sure of is a location where there are plenty of passing crowds. The machine in the window does the rest. And the beauty of it is that it is a big basic business—there is plenty of demand; and the demand is growing.



One of the wrapped kisses that come tumbling out of the Model K Kiss Wrapping Machine 120 or more to the minute—almost too fast for the eye to count.

Now would you like to know more of this opportunity to make money on a small investment? Would you like to know how it will draw more people into your store if you already have one? Do you know of a young man who needs just such an opportunity as this?

Then send for our book "*Your Opportunity in the Candy Kiss Business.*" It goes much more into details—facts and figures—suggestions about location, capital and equipment needed, opportunities for wholesaling, etc.—in short, it tells how to get into this business in such a way as to make the most money.

Use the coupon—and "do it now."

PACKAGE MACHINERY COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD MASS

NEW YORK OFFICE 30 Church Street | CHICAGO OFFICE 111 W Washington Street | LONDON W H Beers & Son

COUPON. Fill out, cut out, and mail

Package Machinery Company A-7-26-20
Model K Dept. Springfield Massachusetts

Send your book on the Candy Kiss Business.

My present business is _____

Name _____

Address _____

Plumbing, because it is so much a part of our daily life, is accepted without thought. This is right, except when passing years have brought better fixtures and fittings.

Old plumbing may serve, but it can hardly give that complete satisfaction in appearance and use nor the assurance of proper functioning that modern plumbing does.

Inspection by your Contracting Plumber is wise. If remodeling would be advantageous to you he will bring a new vision of what is now obtainable in comfort and sanitary convenience. Write for catalogue "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home."

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES

In addition to the displays of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures shown by Wholesale Dealers and Contracting Plumbers, there are permanent "Standard" exhibits in the following cities:

NEW YORK	35 W. 31ST	*CLEVELAND	4409 EUCLID	*ALTOONA	918 ELEVENTH	*FORT WORTH	826 MONROE
NEW YORK (EXPORT DEPARTMENT)	50 BROADWAY	CINCINNATI	633 WALNUT	MILWAUKEE	426 BROADWAY	KANSAS CITY	2011 RIDGE ARCADE
BOSTON	186 DEVONSHIRE	*TOLEDO	311 ERIE	*MILWAUKEE	311 FIFTH ST.	SAN FRANCISCO	140 55 BLUXOME
PHILADELPHIA	1211 WALNUT	*COLUMBUS	258 S. THIRD	*LOUISVILLE	333 W. MAIN	*LOS ANGELES	216 234 E. CENTRAL
WASHINGTON	SOUTHERN BLDG.	*CANTON	1108 SECOND ST. N. E.	*NASHVILLE	315 TENTH AVE., S.	ATLANTA OFFICE	1217 CITIZENS & SOUTHERN BANK BLDG.
*PITTSBURGH	445 WATER	*YOUNGSTOWN	458 W. FEDERAL	*NEW ORLEANS	846 BARONNE	DETROIT OFFICE	614 HAMMOND BLDG.
PITTSBURGH	106 SIXTH	*WHEELING	2120 JACOB	*HOUSTON	COR. PRESTON AVE. AND SMITH	CHICAGO OFFICE	1010 STANDARD OIL BLDG.
*CHICAGO	14 N. PEORIA	*HUNTINGTON	SECOND AVE. AND TENTH ST.	*DALLAS	1200 JACKSON	SEATTLE OFFICE	1226 L. C. SMITH BLDG.
*ST. LOUIS	810 N. SECOND	*ERIE	130 W. TWELFTH	*SAN ANTONIO	213 LOSOYA	*TORONTO, CAN.	62 E. RICHMOND
*EAST ST. LOUIS	16 N. MAIN					*HAMILTON, CAN.	20 W. JACKSON

Service at "Standard" Branches In the cities marked (*) are carried complete lines of Plumbing and Heating Supplies, Farm Lighting and Water Supply Systems, Tools and Supplies for Mills, Mines and Factories, also for the Water, Gas, Steam and Oil Industries. Write or call on nearest branch. If interested in plumbing fixtures for factories, write for book, "Factory Sanitation."

(Concluded from Page 42)

As a matter of fact, so far as my personal knowledge and experience go, I have believed that Senator Harding has not been one of the most conspicuous politicians sojourning in Washington, but he has been a striking representative of his own state, despite the fact that very frequently this mandate from his Ohio constituents brought him into open opposition to his ardent colleague, Senator Atlee Pomerene, the latter probably the first Democrat of any importance to be selected in a strong Republican state, thus forcibly intimating, in January, 1911, the first disintegration of the Republican Party.

Of course any number of arguments could be advanced with regard to the relative strength and representative value of the two senators, from a political viewpoint, and from the fact that Mr. Pomerene was reelected in 1916, or two years after Mr. Harding was first elected; but the Republicans base their strength this year on the fact that they consider every normally Republican state a Republican backer at the next elections, regardless of the defections or causes leading thereto during the past eight or ten years.

"What is yours is mine and what is mine is mine own" precisely describes the Republican attitude this year; and it must be admitted that they have an advantage over the Democrats, inasmuch as the latter are only hoping, and can only hope, to retain the votes of normally Republican states. And past history will not count for much this year—that is to say, political history—and the Harding-Coolidge nomination is the first sign of a very healthy reaction in American politics. In fact, if an Old Guard exists at all this year it will be a Democratic Old Guard, because they have possession as well as a nominal leadership. But if signs are not confusing, and if I read aright the words and attitude of the Republican nominee for the Presidency, it does not seem that the Republican Party will be on the defensive in Republican states.

Hence it is unlikely that Mr. Harding will treat the people to a kaleidoscopic thunderous campaign. But for what he lacks in effervescence he makes up in hominess; and the word describes him comprehensively in a way that few voters will mistake. He is not only with the people but he is also of them. And it has become evident in many places that this difference or combination of prepositions is going to influence the voter. As I look back three quadrennial periods and think of the candidates I have known, it is easy to distinguish those who have been successful as "with" the people but not exactly "of" the people. It is a quality difficult to sense, especially during the excitement of campaign or war, but one that the voters soon learn to find or miss. If they find this human rather than humanitarian quality they will mark the man for future favor; if not they will remember him for obsolescence, or, as happened eight years ago, they will temporarily reverse judgment.

As to labor, it is clear that Mr. Harding will exact of labor as much as he will of capital. Having been a printer, and still carrying his printers' rule with him—for luck or love, none knows—he knows something about labor, and this is borne out by the fact that his newspaper, the Marion Star, which he has been publishing since 1884, has never experienced labor troubles.

His modesty is marked but not excessive. Six lines in the Congressional Directory merely state that he was born in Blooming Grove, Morrow County, Ohio, November 2, 1865, that he was a member of the Seventy-fifth and Seventy-sixth Ohio General Assemblies as senator from the thirteenth district, and lieutenant governor of Ohio in 1904 and 1905.

When his family moved to Caledonia young Harding taught school for two years, and then went to a little Baptist College at Iberia, Ohio. Law engaged him for a time, but the lure of editorship was too strong and so he took up journalism. It is said that he was fired from his first job. If he is elected President he will be the first professional newspaper man to enter the White House.

His father, Dr. G. T. Harding, and his sister, Abigail Harding, and his wife constitute the membership of the family of Warren Gamaliel Harding, as a youth a cornet player in the Caledonia Brass Band and to-day Republican nominee for the presidency of the United States.

HEINZ

Vinegars

Every drop awakens flavor

In ordering vinegar be sure of its purity.

All Heinz Vinegars are made of the very best materials and are better than any food law demands.

Their delicate aroma is developed by aging in wood for at least one year.

Long years of experience and great skill are back of every bottle of vinegar that bears the Heinz label.

MALT, CIDER and WHITE

Pints, Quarts, Half-Gallons in bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment

HEINZ
Imported
Olive Oil

It is a far cry from the Home of the 57 to Seville, Spain, but in the Heinz plant in Seville there is duplicated the spirit of cleanliness and purity that we feel is so important to the users of all Heinz products.

Heinz Olive Oil is rich and full flavored.

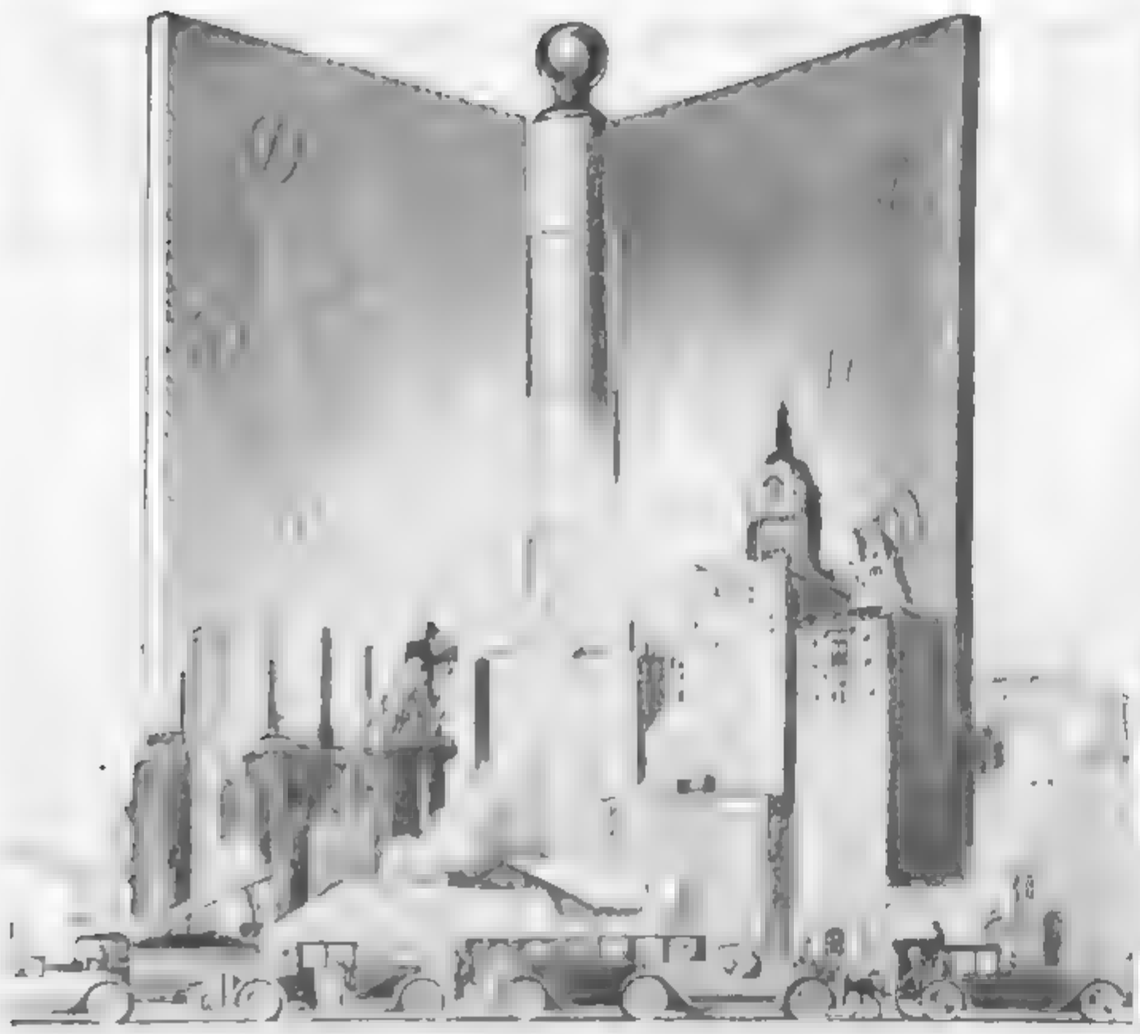
In bottles or tins.

Some of the

57

Spaghetti
Baked Beans
Apple Butter
Tomato Ketchup

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada



The Importance *of* HINGES *in* BUSINESS

CROWDED city streets, gigantic industrial plants, productive farmlands, railroads, mines—the energy of busy America is represented and directed with quick dispatch in our staunch, towering office buildings. Within the four walls of these structures hundreds of distinctly different endeavors are conducted without conflict—behind closed doors.

And hinges make doors possible!

The use of hinges outdates history. Since that first crude hinge was conceived centuries ago their use has increased with world-wide progress. Now everyone uses hinges everywhere.

The McKinney Manufacturing Company realized the importance of hinges fifty years ago when its business was started. Today McKinney Hinges and Butts are the standards in their field.

When planning for building or repairs be careful in your selection of hinges. Look for that name McKinney. It guarantees years of uninterrupted hinge service—lifetime usefulness rendered without a squeak.

You can get McKinney Hinges and Butts to match any architectural design. Whether they be for heavy cathedral portal, simple garden gate or small box lid, they combine artistic taste with practical busy-day service. There is a size to fill every hinge need perfectly.

You won't have to travel far to find a hardware dealer who is proud he carries the McKinney line. And you'll always find him a good man to deal with.

Remember that name McKinney. See that it appears on the hinges or butts you buy. McKinney Service is worth while!

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Pittsburgh
Western Office, Chicago Export Representation

McKINNEY
Hinges and Butts

Also manufacturers of garage and farm building door-hardware, furniture hardware and McKinney One-Man Trucks. These McKinney One-Man Trucks eliminate the need of extra helpers and cut trucking costs in half.

Small-Town Stuff

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Fame

ONCE upon a time there lived a certain artist who made pictures on canvas. He was a good craftsman, but had not been recognized by the critics and was therefore unfêted by the laymen. In order to promote the sale of his wares he adopted the plan of hanging each fresh canvas in front of his studio for a period of seven days.

One day a critic passed that way and paused to examine the canvas on exhibit.

"Wonderful!" he exclaimed.

A layman who stood near overheard the remark, and having waited until the critic passed on stepped nearer in order to examine the canvas more closely. Other passers were attracted by the layman's interest and stopped to share his pleasure. A crowd formed and there was much jostling for points of vantage.

The layman saw an opportunity to bask for a moment in the reflected light of the critic's knowledge and said to the crowd: "This is a wonderful picture. The critic himself told me as much." Thereupon the crowd was awed and the painter became a famous man.

Thereafter crowds gathered to enjoy each new canvas displayed. Each man who stopped wished to show his ability as a judge of pictures and said: "Wonderful!"

After a few months the artist went away to a distant country, leaving his studio in charge of the janitor. The janitor was not an artist, but he could paint pictures of a sort. In order to while away the hours he set to work on a new canvas and within a fortnight had it displayed in front of the studio.

Crowds came, and no man who stopped knew that the artist had gone away. Therefore each of them gazed enraptured and said: "Wonderful!"

Moral: A reputation must be cranked up, but will thereafter furnish its own power until it runs down.

Mates

A BOY and a girl to whom the gods had been kind experienced the miracle of love. Each knew that life could offer nothing of greater worth than the other. They stood at a gate and exchanged vows.

"I am going away to become famous," said the boy. "And when I have earned my laurels I shall return and kneel at your feet."

"You are very wonderful," replied the girl. "I shall remain here and wait, and always I shall try to be worthy of you."

The boy went away to a great city and labored. When he had finished a day's labor he found means to while away the long hours of the evening. He did many things boys should not do, and each of them left a scar on his soul—a scar unseen by his fellows and little considered by himself. In spite of scars he climbed fast and high and after a few years became a great man. Strangers called him a genius and even his friends admitted that he had unusual ability.

When he had acquired wealth and fame he built a great house and prepared it for his bride. Then he left his affairs to subordinates and set out for the home of his boyhood. She who had exchanged vows with him at the gate met him there again.

She was broken in body and spirit. Rouge and powder could not hide the unhealthy pallor of her skin, nor could the brazen stare of her eyes wholly conceal the shame that lay behind them. Her cheap finery cried aloud of the price exacted in the depths to which she had descended and her voice held the whine of the outcast.

"Ah," he cried, "you promised to wait and be worthy of me!"

"Have I not waited?" she asked. "Am I not here? And surely I am worthy. Detectives have kept me informed concerning you. Each day I have followed your example in an effort to be like you. What you have done I have done. Your creed has been my creed, your code my code. We are two creatures molded to a like pattern. We are athletes. As I am worthy of you, so you are worthy of me. Let us wed."

Neighbors

A BIG town offers advantages. There are unusual facilities for spending money, impressive buildings to suggest man's importance and show houses where one may be entertained, at a price, by experts in the entertaining business. There are smooth streets to encourage the consumption of gasoline and smooth promoters to encourage the cutting of eyeteeth. There are pedestrians wearing the latest styles and newspapers chuckling over the latest scandals.

But there are no neighbors. In a city a good neighborhood is a part of town inhabited by people who have plenty of spending money. In a small town a good neighborhood is one inhabited by people who make good neighbors.

A good neighbor is one who bids you good morning, calls to ask what he can do when you are sick, borrows your garden tools, keeps his chickens and children at home, never plays his phonograph after ten o'clock at night and takes a mild interest in all of your affairs. He calls you Tom if you happen to be a Tom and feels free to enter your house by the kitchen door if that is the more convenient way. Are there any such in great cities?

When the wife bakes and has unusually good luck the best loaf goes to the neighbor. It expresses friendship and her commendable pride in good craftsmanship. After a few days the loaf returns in the form of a cherry pie, hot from the oven, or a bowl of dumplings cooked in the homemade blackberry wine left from the boiling of a ham. If one of the children cuts a finger the neighbor has iodine. He offers it freely, for to-morrow night he may forget to bring home a can of tobacco.

Small-town people are one big family. If their mode of life makes secrets impossible, it also lessens the number of things that should be kept secret; and their interest in one another—an interest that might be very annoying to a big-town man—is inspired by kindness rather than curiosity.

The man who asked "Who is my neighbor?" was not a small-town man, else he would have known.

Praise

PUBLIC opinion is one of the greatest forces in the universe. It is mightier than the sword. All men fear it. All men make some concession to it. The pack law is that one shall do the will of the pack, and the traitor—who is but an individualist or a nonconformist developed to his logical perfection—finds short shrift.

Men fear and respect the opinion of the pack and, since each individual is but the pack in little, men fear and respect the opinion of each other. When one asserts that he doesn't care two whoops what people think of him, he means to confess that he has given up hope of winning the good opinion of his fellows.

Man's first concern is to fill his stomach, his second to win the approval of his kind. In order to fill his stomach he works, but he works for more than bread. He works in an effort to win praise. One who has done a good piece of work is not wholly content until he has shown it to the boss and received his commendation or shown it to a fellow workman and received his grudging praise.

If it be true—and it certainly is true—that men work for praise as well as bread, one who earns praise and fails to receive it is defrauded of a part of his wage. He is best loved by his employees who knows good work, insists upon getting it and makes just payment in commendation.

Not all men can digest praise. It causes bloating of the ego.

Children should not be praised too much—a little, perhaps, enough to teach them self-respect, but not too much—else they will learn to think themselves the center of the universe and a sufficient explanation of its existence.

Praise administered in judicious doses to one who can bear it is an excellent tonic and its use will do much to relieve that grouchy feeling and encourage the quality men call pep.

Electric Traction—the Indispensable Servant of Our Community Life

THE electric street car is the most economical vehicle for short-haul passenger traffic that transportation engineering has yet devised. It utilizes power developed in a central station where the utmost efficiency is achieved in the conversion of fuel into useful force. And it travels over railways graded and constructed to combat power wastage and depreciation of rolling stock and minimize the danger attendant upon speed.

▽

Community social and industrial organization is founded upon electric traction, and the failure or suspension of this all important artery of traffic brings disruption of every activity and chaos in its wake.

As in the case of other great public utilities, electric traction development is the realization of broad forethought, strengthened by the courage of belief in public fairness and the certainty of due public support.

No public service is beset with more harassing difficulties; no public service has more earnestly sought the good will of the people. Even today, when all electric lines are facing acutely serious problems of maintenance, extension and personnel, executives and men are doing their utmost to keep up the service.

▽

Simply in the public interest, it should be the concern of every man and his neighbor to save electric traction from starvation—to give the vital *financial* support, as well as the encouragement of good will.

Habirshaw has had its share in the development of electric rapid transit and is carrying forward its work in the faith that the public mind always in the end sees justice.

In scores of great central stations and through the conduits of many great transit systems, Habirshaw cables are conveying the flexible power which brings home closer to office and factory and shortens the worker's day.

▽

Habirshaw laboratories are contributing advances in methods and materials. Habirshaw plants are achieving new economies of costs through organization and volume production—and the Western Electric Company is supporting this constructive work of Habirshaw by efficient distribution of Habirshaw wire and cable through the Western Electric warehousing and sales organization reaching every active market in America.

Architects, electrical engineers and contractors, central station and traction executives, know Habirshaw as a standard, and use it as a safeguard against service failures.

Habirshaw Wire Manufactured by
Habirshaw Electric Cable Co.
Incorporated
10 East 43rd Street, New York

Habirshaw Wire Distributed by
Western Electric Company
Incorporated
Offices in All Principal Cities

HABIRSHAW

"Proven by the test of time"

Insulated Wire & Cable

Plus Western Electric Company's Service

Blanketing the Sales Engineer

By CHARLES C. LYNDE

For ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain——

BRET HARTE completed the stanza by stating as his opinion that the heathen Chinee was peculiar, thereby proving for us that the sales engineer is a product of a later and more highly organized civilization than that of the 1870's. For if the heathen Chinee had ever bucked up against a real sales engineer——

The term "sales engineer" was coined to differentiate the technically trained salesman from the plain knight of the grip. He is supposed to combine the fluent persuasiveness of the commercial man with the professional resourcefulness of the engineer; and, like many another attempt to change the strain, the mixing of breeds has served to develop to an unusual degree the cunning of each type—all of which I did not in the least suspect that day when the boss sent out to the test room for me.

"Think you know all about the Regina carburetor yet?" he growled at me, without even glancing up from the blue prints spread out before him on the broad desk.

We all knew John King's habit of getting the jump on the man he was interviewing and making the victim take the defensive in any argument, but I fell for it just the same and began to try to excuse my possible shortcomings.

"'S all right. I've watched your work in the shop, and I'll have to gamble on it. Harvey, our sales engineer in the Chicago district, was taken to the hospital last night—appendicitis—and the twentieth, day after to-morrow, is the date set for the open trial of the Regina on the Windy City Motor Company's new engine. I wouldn't take chances with you if any sales talking had to be done—but it's a straight case of getting everything there is in it and a little bit more out of the Regina on a standard set of tests—and you're the best man available. Miss Brown will give you some expense money. Catch the late train to-night—and for heaven's sake keep your eyes open!"

Every clock-puncher on the King Specialty Company's pay roll knew all there was to know about the Windy City Motor proposition. It was due solely to Walt Harvey's line-bucking persistency that we had even been given a look-in. Perry, the motor company's chief engineer, had characterized our carburetor as "a hopeless piece of junk, so crude it wouldn't even strain the gasoline"; and against that initial handicap Walt had kept everlastingly on the job so effectively that now, on the eve of the competitive tests, final choice was generally understood to lie between our Regina and the Autoco. And as the engine manufacturers were figuring on an annual production of something over fifty thousand engines, landing the order would mean a lot to us in a financial way, in addition to the satisfaction of having won over Perry's outspoken opposition.

Forebodings of Failure

ON THE Chicago sleeper that night I could not put my analytical finger on any good reason for being uneasy. We had purchased and tried out one of the latest Autoco carburetors—comparative data such as we had secured in that way are a part of the stock in trade of most manufacturing businesses—and I was sure the Regina could show closer regulation and better fuel economy than could its competitor under the conditions we should face in the acceptance tests. But somehow and in spite of the reassuring knowledge there was a curious little gone feeling way down inside, in the pit of my stomach, as though I had swallowed a bit of ice that would not melt. Sorrell, in charge of the Autoco interests in the Chicago district, had the reputation of being an expert operator, in the face of which I could not quite shake off that feeling of impending disaster.

When I finally dropped off to sleep the pounding of the trucks over the rail joints took on the rhythmic irregularity of a six-cylinder engine in which one spark plug has suddenly turned Bolshevik—and in my recurring dreams the trouble was caused by my own bungling manipulation of a Regina carburetor!

Even the brief call at the hospital to see Walt Harvey could not quite banish that lump-of-ice feeling, though Walt also failed to define any tangible grounds for worry. Everything in the tests was to be on the level, as far as he could tell. The engine would first be run for a specified time and rated with the equipment the Windy City folks were then using, after which cold water would be run through the cooling system to bring the engine temperature down to that of the room again—then one after another the competing carburetors would be attached and the engine run through a set of standard brake-horse-power tests.

To insure a fair chance at the get-away for all of us one of the girls in the motor company's office had drawn the names of the contestants from a hat, and the Regina had come out first, with the Autoco following. That, of course, gave Sorrell a slight advantage over us, as it is always easier to shoot at the other fellow's mark than it is to set that mark yourself. But, on the other hand, we would gain a slight advantage in the better condition of the engine at the outset of the tests.

As the nurse was shooing me out of the room Walt half raised himself from the bed to call after me: "Good luck, old man. Take it slow, and whatever else you do, keep your eyes peeled!"

At which, for no reason I could assign, that bit of internal ice came back to annoy me. Instead of such vague warnings, why could not somebody tell me what to keep my eyes open for?

At the hotel that night I thought I glimpsed Sorrell in the crowded lobby just as I was heading for the dining room, but could not be sure, having seen my rival only once or twice, and then not to notice especially. Fifteen minutes later all thought of the Autoco carburetor and its representative went glimmering as the sing-song chant of a bellboy threading his way between the tables caught my attention.

"Ca-a-alling Mr. Winslow," he intoned, "Mr. Robert Winslow, please."

The name was not such an uncommon one that I claimed the message at once. There were doubtless several other Robert Winslows in Chicago, and there might easily be one or more in the hotel. But when the boy changed his announcement to include the name of Cleveland I decided the limit of the law of probabilities had been exceeded and held up a signaling finger.

A Hard Night's Work

WHEN the buttons had pocketed his fee and gone on I examined curiously the bit of cardboard which my quarter had purchased. Flipping the edge of the card between my thumb and finger gave out the hollow tunk which is a mark of good cardboard. This impression of quality, backed by the embossed lettering, predisposed me favorably toward its penned message.

"Would like to have a few minutes of your time in your room about nine o'clock this evening. O. B. G." I read the wording aloud, turned over the card again, and found the "O. B. G." was Orrin B. Gorton, purchasing agent of the Fargo Truck and Tractor Company, Fargo, N. Dak.

Though it still lacked a few minutes of the hour set in the message when I finished a leisurely dinner and went up to my floor, I found my caller awaiting me and chatting with the room clerk on the floor.

"Anything special on for to-night?" he asked, and then, taking my freedom for granted: "I'm on my way home from a buying trip down east, and your office told me you were pinch-hitting for Walt Harvey. So if I'm to get any dope on the Regina carburetor this time out I'll have to impose on your good nature to-night."

Somewhere in the back of my head there was a faint recollection of our having had some sort of correspondence with the Fargo company, but even if I had not had such a mental tip I should have felt obligated to extend any courtesies possible to a purchasing agent who might be able to throw business our way—and so, with a phone call to the office for some cigars, I tried to make my guest feel at home.

For perhaps twenty minutes we talked personalities, in the course of which I learned that Gorton was a graduate of the 1911 class of S. U., and that he had been with the Fargo people since graduation. With which introduction Fargo matters took the floor.

"So you see," my guest explained, "we are practically ready to begin quantity production on our new 12-20 tractor, but are still up in the air as to our choice of carburetor. Do you happen to have any Regina data with you?"

"All the figures in the world," I hastened to assure him, "and a carburetor as well." At which I broke off to open my grip. "This model is one we have designed especially for slow-speed, heavy-duty engines such as you will want to use——"

"Just a minute while I have them send my grips up," Gorton interrupted, going to the phone and giving his instructions. Then: "I want to try to coördinate your plans with my sketches."

When the boy had brought my visitor's baggage, we peeled off our coats and concentrated our energies in an effort to devise a practicable plan whereby a Regina carburetor could be adapted to the engine in question. Gorton raised more objections to our carburetor than I had ever imagined could be brought against any one thing, and by the time I had worked out a method of attaching the Regina which seemed to suit, the air in the room was so heavy with cigar smoke I was sure the window panes bulged outward from the added weight. And even then the best I could get from my guest was that he would take my plan with him and submit it to his designer. This concession granted, my visitor yawned and began to gather his drawings together.

"Jumping grasshoppers!" he exclaimed as he glanced at his watch. "It's half past four! I'm afraid I've cut into your time more than I should have——"

I interrupted his apology by offering another for being so wrapped up in our engineering problem that I lost track of time, and we used another quarter of an hour doing the oral Alphonse-and-Gaston act before he finally left and I could air out the room preparatory to catching a bit of sleep.

My brain was still wrestling with the Fargo intricacies when I turned in, and it seemed as though the six-thirty call I had left at the office was buzzing at the wall phone before I had fairly gone to sleep—and even a third cup of black coffee with my breakfast did not completely rout the longing for sleep which obsessed me.

Of how I ran the tests I remember little, but the published results showed that the night of engineering wrestling, following the restless night on the sleeper, had robbed me of that sense of the mechanical fitness of things which is so essential for tuning a carburetor.

As soon as the various results were plotted on the performance curves, and the Regina's rating as a poor third was evident, I wired Mr. King just how things stood, and offered him the option of firing me or accepting my resignation.

The reply was characteristic of our boss, and made no mention of the loss of the prospective order. "You have learned a valuable lesson," it read. "Until Harvey returns you will hold down his job, and don't forget to keep your eyes open!"

And I had just lost a big order solely through having kept my eyes open—too long.

When the doctors finally announced that Harvey might again receive visitors I went out to see him and to talk over my failure.

"There's a skunk in the hencoop somewhere, Bob," Harvey decided when I had told him of my all-night caller. "Fargo has been making its own carburetors ever since the company entered the automotive field." And then he shifted the subject: "Did Gorton say he was a 1911 man? See if the hospital library has that copy of the S. U. yearbook."

The Mystery Cleared Up

THE nurse soon found the book, but even when Harvey began to thumb through its pages I did not see what he was driving at. First he turned to the records of the individuals in the senior class. Gorton's biographical sketch placed him as a member of the Alpha Beta fraternity—from which Harvey located the Alpha Beta group picture.

Pointing to my visitor's face in the group Walt asked: "Do you recognize the man at Gorton's right?"

I did. And with the recognition came an understanding of many things that had puzzled me. For one, I knew I had seen the man in the lobby of my hotel the night before the tests. For another, I understood how Gorton had been able to locate me so readily. And for the third, I realized how I had been made to lose my chance at the Windy City order.

The man next to Gorton in the picture was Sorrell. Through the aid of a classmate and fraternity brother the Autoco representative had shown me one of the tricks of the trade, insuring that I would be kept up all night on a wild-goose chase for carburetor business that could not possibly be closed—while Sorrell enjoyed a full night's sleep in preparation for the morrow's real job on the testing block.

Another of the King Specialty Company's line of automotive products was the Royal radiator, designed by our president himself, and consequently more of a matter of firm pride even than was the Regina carburetor. Inasmuch as we were trying to break into the industry with the new radiator we were willing to consider small orders, and to install a trial outfit for a tractor or truck manufacturing concern where the initial volume of business in sight would not even pay expenses.

As soon as Walt Harvey got out of the hospital and I could be spared from the letter-writing which so far had been my chief means of earning a salary as embryo sales

(Continued on Page 60)

Eventually
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

(Continued from Page 48)

engineer, Walt turned over the Royal radiator accounts to me—there being everything to gain and nothing much to lose—so I was allowed to use the radiator as a sort of mammoth teething ring whereon to cut my engineering sales teeth.

Most of our prospects required us to equip their machines with trial radiators, which they themselves would then try out in service, allowing plenty of time for any troubles to develop before entering into the question of prices and delivery.

The case of the F. D. was different. The Farmers' Delight tractor was to be assembled by a company in a small Wisconsin town—location having been chosen by virtue of a large cash subscription from the local chamber of commerce—and the townspeople were fidgety anxious to see F. D. stirring up the ground in the neighborhood.

Wherefore the management of the tractor factory issued instructions that a small lot of tractors be rushed through at once, and we got an inquiry for radiators. As it happened, we had a small lot of radiators on hand that would be ample to cool the engine the F. D. was to use, and which, on account of their being left over from a former order, could be sold at a bargain price. So Walt loaded me and a radiator into his own automobile and started us on a hundred-mile drive to the budding Wisconsin manufacturing center.

Grice Proposes Graft

Grice, the engineer on the F. D. job, met me in the plant office and we quickly arranged for a block test of the radiator on one of the engines the following morning. Then, there being nothing else urgent on the bill for the remainder of the day, I suggested that we drive over to Madison and have a real dinner, after which we could resume our discussion of business matters.

And though I dislike to mix appetite and business, believing that talk of discounting bills detracts from the charm of selecting bills of fare, Grice kept up a running fire of radiator and cooling questions all through the meal. Of course, as he was the man to say yes or no to the Royal the next morning, I tried to give him the best I had, even when it seemed that he repeated subject matter two or three times in his interrogation. I admitted early in the meal that my training as an engineer had not been specialized along lines of cooling, heat conductivity, and such matters, but he continued the cross-examination nevertheless.

Even after we had found a quiet spot in the lobby and were smoking our after-dinner cigars Grice pounded away at me, and I found myself wondering why the gentleman had tackled engineering when his talents so clearly lay along legal lines. Perhaps I let my imagination ramble a bit too far afield on this idea, for the import of his next question did not strike me at first, and I asked for it again

"You haven't—er—discussed price with our organization, have you, Bob?" my guest asked.

"Not yet," I admitted, not particularly relishing his ready use of my nickname. "We always like to look a job over before we commit ourselves to a price. We could, however, deliver you some fifteen or twenty radiators similar to the one I left in your shop for a good figure"—I named a price which I knew could not be equaled in production—"but additional radiators over and above that number would cost you approximately twenty-five per cent more."

Grice took out his notebook and seemed to be comparing data, after which he scribbled something down.

"The figure you have named"—he seemed at loss for a word—"that figure is a rock-bottom price. It—ah—it doesn't cover any contingencies?"

"It's purely an introductory offer, Mr. Grice," I replied, "but I am afraid I do not see any contingencies we have not covered."

Again Grice consulted the notebook.

"Do you know that your price is thirty per cent below the next best offer we have had?" And when I must have shown my surprise at being told this he went on: "It would not do to let the organization buy in radiators at any such price Are you on a salary or a commission basis?"

Still I didn't get his drift, and though it was none of his business I acknowledged that my pay was all salary, and that the volume of my sales had nothing to do with my check adding that if it had, a sandwich would be my daily bill of fare.

"Ah-h, I thought so," he said, still busy with the pen in the notebook. "Suppose we consider your figure as our base price and add, say, twenty per cent; and then when the bill is paid we can split that bonus fifty-fifty."

Whereat I saw what he was driving at, and saw red, all in the same instant. From telling him the King Specialty Company did not do business that way I must have drifted into an attempt to analyze his pedigree for him, for Grice began to stroke my arm and changed his tactics.

"Purely a business offer, my dear sir," he purred; "purely a matter of business. Was a sales engineer myself until I got a look-in on this soft job—merely wanted to find out how you people handled your orders. Now I know your ways, suppose we go back home and get a good night's rest before tackling the tests in the morning."

I drove the forty-odd miles back without attempting to make conversation. Grice's explanation that he did not have a personal ax to grind did not ring true; but then, he might have been really trying to find out our principles before doing business with us. Anyway, I'd run the tests in the morning just as though nothing had occurred to make me doubt the engineer's sincerity.

Having in mind the failure on the Regina test I got down to the Farmers' Delight plant early in the morning, and was surprised to find Grice already in the test room, in the act of tightening down the nuts that held the cylinder-head casting in place.

His "Good morning" was as friendly as though we had parted amicably the night before, so I, too, hung out a smile and proceeded to busy myself placing the radiator, connecting the two hoses, seeing to it that the fan bearings were properly adjusted and well lubricated, and that the fan belt was set at the proper tension—nothing will reduce the efficiency of a radiator quicker than a fan that is not running up to speed. Then, because the drive up from Chicago had been dusty, I coupled a hose to the compressed-air line in the shop and carefully blew all the dust out of the corrugated honeycombing of the radiator.

There still being an hour before the tests were due to begin I took the two thermometers which were to be used in taking temperatures of the cooling water, and proceeded to try them out in boiling water—to obtain a correction characteristic that would take into account the exact altitude at which we were working and also include the slight change that the rather muggy atmosphere of the morning would make.

The thermometers verified, I checked up the ignition and the carburetor on the engine that was to make the run. I did not intend to allow an improper adjustment of either spark or mixture to make the engine run hot—when I knew that each bobble anything might make would immediately be laid to the radiator—and I still rather half suspected that Grice would try to blacklist the Royal if he could.

Unexpected Results

Being in that suspicious frame of mind I was a bit surprised when Grice went out a few minutes before we were due to run the first test. He came back accompanied by Adams and Palmer, president and treasurer, respectively, of the Farmers' Delight Tractor Company, introduced us, and announced that they, too, would watch the tests.

The schedule of runs called for a ten-minute warming-up period, after which the engine would be operated for five half-hour periods, at quarter, half, three-quarter and full load, and at its maximum power of twenty-five per cent overload. On the first four tests the radiator was to keep the temperature of the cooling water below one hundred and seventy degrees Fahrenheit, while under the overload the temperature was not to exceed one hundred and eighty degrees, readings to be taken in the water at the top of the radiator.

The warming-up run was quickly over, and the final temperature of the water showed only one hundred and twenty degrees.

"Just a minute, Mr. Winslow," Grice put in as I stepped to the electric dynamometer to adjust it for one-quarter load. "You are running a service test. The farmer going out to plow his field starts right off with all his plows at their maximum depth and draft. Suppose we reproduce that condition here. Set the indicator to show the overload, if you will."

I did, meanwhile wondering why the engineer was thus giving me the slight advantage of making the hardest part of the test with comparatively cool water in the radiator, when the real test of the system would come under an overload after everything had been heated through in the lighter-load tests.

During the first third of the half-hour run the temperature of the water rose gradually to one hundred and seventy degrees, and held that figure for another ten minutes, after which the mercury indicated a rise of one hundred and eighty, then to one hundred and eighty-five degrees, and finally, just before the end of the thirty minutes, the water was boiling, and the guaranteed temperature had been seriously exceeded.

That was a puzzle, because the same radiator had already been tested in the home plant back in Cleveland on an engine developing five horse power more than was the F. D., even at its twenty-five per cent overload. A little of the look of the whipped pup I felt like must have shown in my face, for Mr. Adams suggested that though the Royal had failed to meet their overload requirements the test be continued on the four other runs, so that we might learn just what capacity the radiator really had.

Signs of Foul Play

That certainly was giving the Royal a chance to score a drop kick when it had fumbled a touchdown, but it could not even reduce the temperature of the water to the specified limit at the three-quarter load. King Specialty surely was up against a tough proposition, and I began to think I had dubbed the game again as I had at the Windy City tests.

The radiator hoses had been new when the run started, and I did not see how either of them might have become so quickly constricted and shut down on the flow of water—but that very thing would cause the overheating the engine exhibited, so I reached across the radiator to pinch the upper hose between my thumb and forefinger to find out if it was broken down. The hose was good, but in trying it my arm brushed against the stem of the thermometer where it emerged through the filling opening of the radiator. The brittle glass tube snapped off short.

It was the work of only an instant to get the other thermometer ready to replace the broken one, but it would be unwise to plunge the slender tube into the almost boiling water too precipitately. So, there being no warm water available, I tried dipping the bulb into the water in the radiator a little at a time, alternately thrusting it deeper and removing it, to allow the glass and mercury to warm up gradually.

Much to my surprise a thin white fog formed over the bulb the first time I dipped it into the water. I wiped it off and tried again. Once more the fog formed, and a second time I cleaned the fragile glass ball.

Then Grice, who up to this time had been anxious that the test continue, announced his conviction that the radiator was a failure, and went round to shut off the flow of gasoline from the weighing tank.

Right then and there I had a good-sized hunch. Grice had watched me wiping the whitish film from the thermometer bulb, and immediately had wanted to stop the test—ergo, Grice was responsible for whatever formed the film. That being the case, I must find out what it was, quick, and how it got there. Since it had congealed on the cold bulb of the thermometer it should act in the same manner on cold metal. A pair of pliers lying handy would do for a trial.

Sure enough, they also came out of the hot water with a thin white film coating the metal—and then, as the engine slowed to a stop, I recognized it.

"Why, this water's got paraffin in it!" I exclaimed.

"How could that be?" Mr. Adams was plainly as puzzled as I.

"Probably squeezed out of the cylinder-head gasket," Grice suggested. "It's often used as a filler to make an asbestos gasket set properly."

That explanation might go for a non-technical man like Mr. Adams, but I could not quite follow the argument. Paraffin, in its various grades, melts at temperatures ranging from one hundred and forty to one hundred and eighty degrees Fahrenheit, and gaskets had to be made to withstand higher temperatures than those figures.

I began to argue the matter with Grice, but he shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm thoroughly convinced this radiator is unfit for our needs," he growled.

"So am I," I admitted, "but if you'll all come into the boiler room with me for a few minutes while I blow some live steam through this radiator, I believe I can convince you that the fault is not—emphatically not—the radiator's!"

Grice objected vigorously, but President Adams stood up for me, insisting that the radiator have a fair trial.

It was a job of but a few minutes to drain and disconnect the radiator—and the water we drew off showed no sign of paraffin; nor had I expected it to.

In the boiler room we plugged the overflow pipe of the radiator and screwed the filler cap on tight. Then I set the radiator over a bucket, attached a steam hose to the upper water connection, and let steam force its way through the honeycombing and come out at the lower hose fitting.

As I had hoped, but much to the surprise of at least two of the three others watching the experiment, the cloud of steam hissing from the lower hole also brought out a tiny trickle of a white liquid which dripped into the bucket and congealed there to form a cake. It was paraffin. Larger and larger it grew, until there must have been more than half a pound of the substance.

When further flow of steam failed to bring out more paraffin I straightened up to announce that I was again ready to tackle the tests. Grice was gone. He had excused himself for a moment, and was not yet back.

As soon as I could get the radiator connected we began the tests again, this time under the supervision of the president of the company. When the final, the overload test had been satisfactorily completed, President Adams, with a wave of his hand toward the office, said: "Guess we might as well sign that order now, eh, Palmer?"

The contract signed, at the figure I had first named to Grice, the treasurer, remarking that Grice did not seem to be in any hurry to come back and explain the phenomenon of the paraffin, asked if I could make it plain to him.

The Last of Mr. Grice

"This morning as I came down to get ready for the test," I began, "I found Mr. Grice alone in the testing room, in the act of tightening down the cylinder-head casting on the engine. He must have melted the paraffin and poured it into the water space in the cylinder casting—knowing that it would gradually melt and be carried away by the flow of water after the engine temperature reached one hundred and forty degrees or more. Then, on reaching the comparatively cool surfaces of the radiator tubes, the liquefied paraffin would again harden, lining the interior of the tubes with an insulating material and effectually preventing the finely divided stream of water from coming into contact with the cooling surfaces of the radiator. Of course the engine overheated!"

When I went back to the Farmers' Delight factory to supervise the installation of the first delivery of Royals I learned that Grice had never shown up since the day of the test. But to this day we are furnishing radiators to the F. D. company regularly, and have yet to receive a single complaint of overheating in operation.

To round out the company's line of automotive accessories our president took a two months' vacation, went to Europe, and came back with a contract awarding him the exclusive American manufacturing rights on one of the best of the overseas' choice of magnetos. The Rex, it was named, to fit in with the other members of our trade family, and the out-of-town sales engineers were called in from the road for a short course in intensive magneto study to learn to install, tune up and demonstrate the machine.

Of course I knew at the outset the basic principles upon which all magnetos are built; but I learned early in the short study course that just because a magneto did not announce its presence every few days by giving trouble it was not a simple bit of mechanism—far from it! It contains all the elements of a big machine, and then, to make it more difficult of access, it is compressed to a small size, and yet is expected to develop an electric current of high voltage without leakage or weakness.

(Continued on Page 53)

EVICTED

Where can they go? Homes are more difficult to find and more costly to build than ever before.

When the home burns, possessions that money cannot replace are destroyed—frequently lives are lost.

Fire insurance—if adequate—makes good the financial loss, but SAFETY can only be had by preventing fire.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company urges vigilance and safeguards instead of the carelessness and neglect which cause most fires.

It has established a fire prevention service with inspectors trained to discover fire dangers in your home, store, or factory and to advise you how to eliminate them or to protect yourself against them.

A Hartford policy means sound indemnity plus up-to-date fire prevention service at no extra cost. See the Hartford agent in your town or write to us.

Hartford Fire Insurance Co.

Hartford Conn.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Co. and The Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co. write practically every form of insurance except life.

NO tire ever won a national reputation for unsurpassed quality until that quality had first been discovered by its users. *Fisk tires run true to their reputation.*

When you put Fisk Cords on your own car you will learn they are *uniform* in big mileages and all-round satisfaction.

The Fisk Ideal is: "To be the best concern in the world to work for —and the squarest concern in existence to do business with."

Next time—BUY FISK from your dealer

FISK

(Continued from Page 50)

Even the ball bearings on the magneto shaft are so small as to seem like playthings instead of working parts which must run for long periods at high speeds—with fresh oil every six months or so, if at all.

After finishing the study course at the home plant I went back to Chicago to work with Harvey. And as I was a better mechanic and not so good a talker as Walt was, it usually turned out that Bob Winslow made the experimental installations and ran the preliminary tests with the new Rex.

Right from the start with the magneto I began to run across traces of Sorrell, who was then pushing the Autoco's Autoclass magneto. It so happened, however, that we did not meet until I went out to Kansas City to try out a magneto on a Missouri farm tractor and, if the initial test turned out satisfactorily, to install a number of units for experimental purposes. I did not know beforehand that the tests were to be competitive, nor that Sorrell was in on them, until we met in the lobby of the hotel.

"Hello, Winslow. You still in the game?" was Sorrell's greeting. "Thought you had long since gone back to the farm!"

"I've never gotten far enough away from the farm and its principles of hard honest work to need to go back there and relearn them," I retorted; "and, what's more, I work alone!"

"Referring to those unfortunate Windy City tests, I assume," Sorrell returned. And then he continued with a paternally advising air: "You don't want to let that little eye-opener get your goat."

The tone, more than the words, nettled me.

"Ever since that Windy City affair my goat has been fattening on the Autoco junk we are replacing with real stuff!" I flashed back; and an instant later could have kicked my shins to a pulp for having descended to personalities. For in a chair behind us, and so close he must have overheard me, was White, purchasing engineer for the Missouri company.

Sorrell spotted White the instant I did, but outmaneuvered me and reached our man and introduced himself before I could stumble round the outstretched feet of a couple of lobby lizards and make myself known.

"Let me present Mr. Winslow, Mr. White?" Sorrell asked, thereby winning another round. "Mr. Winslow is an embryo sales engineer himself."

Ready for the Test

Having a red-headed temper without the glibness of retort that usually goes with it, I dared not trust myself to try to wedge into the conversation, and so stood dumbly by while Sorrell deftly extracted from White the name of his hobby. This learned, nothing would do but that the one subject—philately, it was—should hold the floor, Sorrell throwing in a word now and then to indicate that he, too, thought stamp collecting was the one pursuit in the world worth any man's while.

I stood the lopsided conversation as long as I could, and then excused myself on the grounds that I had had a hard trip the night before, and was going up to my room and to bed.

As I left, and as he doubtless intended I should, I overheard Sorrell's parting shot: "Mr. Winslow is a firm believer in that old adage which begins 'Early to bed,' you know."

To assist the various firms desiring to bid on their magneto requirements the Missouri company had sent out sets of engine drawings, and we had noted and made allowances for the various peculiarities of design. Our standard magneto would fill the bill from an ignition standpoint, the only difficulty lying in the method of attaching the magneto to the engine. The plans called for a cast-iron upper half of the crankcase, which meant that we must use a fiber pad between the magneto and the bracket or shelf cast to carry it.

This, as it happened, was an easy matter for us, as the clearance left by the engine designers was three-quarters of an inch over that required for the Rex, and the plant had forwarded me the proper fiber pad with the test instrument. The magneto was arranged to be held in place by a wide brass band passing round the magnets and terminating in two rounded and threaded ends, these fitting through two holes in the crankcase shaft and being fastened with nuts below the projection. We had also provided this U-shaped brass binding strap to fit our magneto and allow for the additional space required by the fiber pad; but when I arrived at the test room to fit the magneto I found that the design of the engine had been changed to provide a loop for holding the high-tension wires on top of this binding strap, and that on this account we should be furnished them by the Missouri people.

There were three of us to try out—Sorrell; a man named Burton, whom I had never met, with a magneto bearing his name; and yours truly. Up to the eve of the tests there had been a fourth magneto, the XXX, entered, but the sales engineer had withdrawn his entry for some reason and left.

Three engines on the testing rack had been run and calibrated the day before with a standard ignition outfit, and these same three machines, assigned to us in the alphabetical order of the names of our instruments, were to be run again on the day of the tests and the relative efficiencies of the magnetos determined by whether or not they equaled or exceeded the earlier record.

The Locked Kit Bag

Almost from the very first of the warming-up runs the Autoclass began to put it over on the Burton and the Rex. Gasoline for the test was all furnished from a common tank, distributed through a branched line to weighing devices over each carburetor, so there could be no question of fuel irregularity as long as at least one of the engines continued to function properly.

As the trials continued the apparent superiority of the Autoclass increased until, at what was supposed to be the full-load test, only Sorrell's engine was equaling the record of the day before. The two other units were delivering but little more than half their rated output, and the engines were missing, sputtering and generally showing signs of distress.

If Burton had quit I'm sure I should also have dropped out, but as long as he held on I was going to, though I was frankly beyond my depth in trying to solve the trouble. Not that I had stood supinely by and watched the Rex fail to make good. Far, far from it! I had tried every gasoline engine first-aid I knew, had coaxed and wheedled the carburetor, tested out the play of the valve rods between the different runs, given the spark plugs a closer scrutiny than a shavetail lieutenant ever gave the guns of his platoon when an inspection by the C. O. was imminent; and I could not find the slightest irregularity anywhere.

Sorrell, the Autoclass apparently winning without effort on his part, spent most of the morning talking to the tractor engineer; and if he had not taken time to come over and ask me, with a most solicitous smirk, if I had enjoyed a good night's rest I should not have connected him directly with the peculiar behavior of the Rex and Burton magnetos.

For myself, I knew that my entry had not been tampered with before the test. I had checked the kit grip containing it and my tools with the hotel clerk against just such a contingency—I was at least learning to be cautious in the sales game—and I was reasonably sure Burton was laboring under exactly the same handicap that I was, as his engine was exhibiting the same symptoms of malnutrition.

Then having decided it was worth my while to watch Sorrell I soon noticed that whenever he had occasion to take anything from his kit bag he would first fish out his bunch of keys and unlock it, carefully locking the bag again even when he must have known that the tool was to be replaced in a minute or so.

That unusual caution in opening and closing the bag clinched my suspicions that Sorrell's bag was playing the cordwood to a dusky mystery, if I could only discover what it hid. Apart from a strong-arm job I did not see how it was to be done. I could scarcely walk up to my competitor and demand to be shown what kind of equipment he carried for such tests.

Then a hunch came along and nudged me between the ribs. The walls of the building were of a typical factory type—steel framework carrying large panels of opaque glass, each section containing a small sash of clear glass, this latter pivoted about halfway up on each side to swing and give ventilation. The three engines used in the test were lined up in front of one of these windows, with Sorrell, his magneto ranking first in the alphabetical classification, nearest the window, Burton next, and the Rex third. Sorrell's kit bag was against the wall, directly under the window.

Whereat, the hunch having taken hold, I began to exhibit signs of becoming overheated—it was fairly warm in the room with the three engines running—and when Sorrell and White were talking I walked over to ask if I might open the window.

"Certainly, if Mr. Sorrell, being nearest it, has no objections," the Missouri company's engineer replied.

There was nothing for Sorrell to do but acquiesce.

"Does make a man sweat when his machine isn't working right," he consoled, walking over to the window with me.

Having already figured out my plan I swung the window open and blocked it with its notched bar at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the wall, and went back to my cripple.

I had not been five minutes too soon. Scarcely was I again at my post when Sorrell decided it was time to verify the speed his engine was making, and to get his r.p.m. counter he must again open the bag. Without appearing to do so I kept my eyes on the tilted window. Even with the bright sky outdoors the under surface of the glass served as mirror enough to show me every move Sorrell made—though he was hidden from direct view by the bulk of his engine—and when the grip was momentarily opened I was sure I caught a glimpse of another of the special U-shaped bands used for fastening magnetos to the Missouri engine base.

Why should the Autoclass representative have a spare clamping band? And then I began to add apparently unconnected incidents to form a convincing total: It had been generally known for a month or more that there were four magneto manufacturers trying for the Missouri business—and Sorrell had a fourth magneto clamp in his kit. The XXX man's sudden withdrawal tallied with the spare U-band, and when I watched my improvised mirror again as Sorrell replaced his speed counter I felt certain I had identified the peculiar loop which the Missouri company had incorporated in the holding clamp to carry the high-tension wires. Maybe Sorrell had just acquired a spare clamp to take to his plant factory to enable them to turn out complete equipment to go with the Autoclass—but I doubted it. Sorrell was still busy at his engine, so I signaled White.

"I believe this clamp is twisted," I temporized, indicating the binding clamp holding the Rex in place. "It seems to be pinching the magneto in such a way it can't develop its proper current. Could you let me try another?"

Dirty Work Revealed

Of course he could, and the purchasing agent went to the part room and brought out another clamp himself, standing by and watching me make the shift. Then, apparently unconscious of the fact that Sorrell and Burton had also come up to watch the result of my experiment, I laid the first clamp on the floor near the engine and started the test again. But I kept my eye on Sorrell all the time, and when he stooped over, after dropping his pencil near the clamp with studied carelessness, I took a wallop at him.

"Never mind the clamp, Sorrell," I called out; "I want to test its magnetic permeability."

Sorrell's start of surprise convinced me, even before my engine got up to full power and ran as smoothly as it should, that I had solved the mystery and located its perpetrator. Then after looking the binding clamp over carefully I again called the Missouri's engineer.

"Some yellow pup has been trying to play a practical joke on us," I began, attempting to make my tone bear out the words in the assumption of that attitude, "and has been tampering with these clamps."

Then by way of demonstration I took one of the horns of the U-clamp in each hand, and slowly opened the U wider and wider until I had straightened the strip of brass. As the pressure continued a peculiar thing happened: a section about half an inch wide down the center of the inside of the former U began to pull loose from the remainder of the strip. With my pliers I completed the loosening of the section, turned it over and found it was, as I had suspected, of iron. Someone had carefully chamfered a groove round the inside of the U-clamp and had let the section of iron into it, lacquering the job carefully afterward so that, except to such a strenuous test as I had subjected it, the presence of the iron would not be suspected. The irregular running of my engine was fully explained: the hidden strip of iron, passing round the magnets of the magneto and through the fiber pad to the cast-iron base below, made a complete circuit of iron and stole a large percentage of the magnetic flux by offering it an easy path; thereby reducing the amount of magnetic pull available for generating ignition current, and weakening the spark generated to such an extent that it would not always jump the gap in the plugs.

But since one of the tenets in the King Specialty Company's business creed is never, no matter under what circumstances, to knock our competitor's product or representatives, I did not call attention to the fact that the Autoclass alone failed to show the trouble, nor did I even hint that I knew of a fourth binding clamp, undoubtedly, to my mind, doctored as were mine and Burton's; and all we asked was a chance to run our tests over again.

Investigations at the Missouri plant brought out the fact that someone broke into the test room the night before the trials and then must have substituted the joker clamps for the proper ones, though who the culprit was the investigation failed to show. We did learn, however, that Sorrell knew of the slight design change in the clamp and had learned, the evening before these tests, that the engines would be assigned in alphabetical order.

The second run between the Rex and Burton does not matter. It was uneventful, and we split the business after tabulating results. But since the day I straightened the U-clamp and found the joker in it Sorrell has never found occasion to display solicitation as to how I may or may not have slept! In fact, I am even moved to wonder out loud myself, when we happen to meet, how he has rested.

The Regent Air Washer

Pictures of tractor farming are almost always taken when the soil is just moist enough to turn a clear furrow and under ideal weather conditions, and consequently there are grounds for the belief of the uninitiated that tractor farming is always a nice clean job—nothing to do but sit behind the wheel and enjoy the ride, you know. But anyone who has made a few rounds of a dusty field in mid-July, or who has pulled a harvesting outfit, soon learns that there are many discomforts connected with working the mechanical horse.

First and most persistent of these troubles is dust; the tractor moves in a cloud of it from early morning until the last round at night, and everything not revolving rapidly enough to throw off the accumulation comes in covered with a mantle of it half an inch thick. Because of this operating condition tractor engines are nearly all fitted with some type of air washer or cleaner, to remove as much as possible of the dust and dirt from the intake air before it reaches the carburetor.

Companion to the Regina carburetor, Royal radiator and Rex magneto, the King Specialty Company had developed the Regent air washer, in which the intake air for the engine was washed free of dust by being passed through a spray of water circulated under pressure by a small centrifugal pump, the sludge formed by wetting the dust being deposited in a detachable base easily removable for cleaning.

It was a pleasure to go out with the air washer. Instead of bucking up against the wiles of other sales engineers, nearly every tractor I encountered already boasted some type of air cleaner, devised by and consequently the apple of the eye of the designer of the tractor. That added a new angle to the sales problem and kept me busy thinking up new methods of approach. It is one thing to sell a man an article to fill a void that he acknowledges exists, and a totally different task to convince him he should spend his own good money to buy equipment from an outsider to replace his own device. Sometimes a series of tests would be enough to turn the trick, and on some occasions we won out because we could make and deliver the Regent for less than the tractor-building company could put together its own equipment.

But the case of the Hometown tractor was a corker. Doctor Racke, who was the

Why Schmidt Played Off Key

SQUAWK!

The Conductor rapped testily on the opened score and glared at the brasses. (I was sitting in the back of a Broadway Movie Palace listening in on a rehearsal of the orchestra.)

The cornetist on his right—the alto saxophone player on his left—both stared accusingly at the red-faced Schmidt, who sat looking at his new saxophone with a puzzled air.

"We're playing no Chinese scales this morning, Mr. Schmidt," said the Conductor with heavy sarcasm. "If you'll please to stick to the music as written we'll go on with the rehearsal. Ready!"

My mind turned back to my last summer's trip through the Buescher Band Instrument Company's plant. I can't play two notes on a saxophone, but from what I learned on that trip I knew what was wrong with Schmidt's saxophone.

* * * * * * * * *

"It's ticklish close work," said Mr. Lewis. "The mouthpiece of a saxophone has got to be right." We stood in the finishing room of the Buescher Band Instrument Company's big factory out in Elkhart, Indiana, where the famous Buescher True Tone band instruments are made. All around me workmen were putting the finest sort of finish on the gleaming brass and silver instruments with strips of fast cutting Speed-grits.

Manning Speed-grits

Look for this trade-mark on the back of every sheet, belt or disc.

"You see," Lewis went on, "if the rubber mouthpiece of a saxophone is the least bit out of true—lower on one side than on the other—it will squeak and squawk—usually at the wrong time. And look here!" He took a trombone from one of the finishers.

"The slightest leak in the slide or joint of these fellows and their tone goes howling to the dogs. With Manning Speed-grits these parts are finished to less than one-thousandth of an inch.

"Accurate? We have to be. Think of our awful responsibility. Possible discords, you know. We make harmony here—nothing else."

Incidentally there's complete harmony between Buescher workmen and Speed-grits.

Good workmen know the difference.

Write for "The Difference Book." Address the Manning Abrasive Co., Factory and Laboratory, Troy, N. Y. Sales offices in Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, and other principal cities. Look for Manning Abrasive Co. in your telephone book.

Manning Speed-grits

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Don't say sandpaper, say Speed-grits

designer, shop superintendent, purchasing engineer, experimental tester, and in fact everything about the Hometown Tractor Company's plant except the financial interest, was one of those men who delight in trying out ideas. He had been a chemist, a pharmacist—hence the courtesy title he used—a gentleman farmer, and, always and above everything else, a crank on the subject of the internal-combustion engine.

We had received an inquiry for our air washer when the tractor company was formed, but our credit department having reported adversely we did not feel obliged to give the matter our immediate attention. Some six months or more after the request for the quotation I scheduled a trip up into that part of Minnesota where the Hometown was being built, and Harvey suggested that I might be willing to speculate with a day or two of my time and see if I could do anything with the doctor.

Being more or less of an enthusiast over mechanical tinkering myself I rather welcomed the chance to meet the eccentric inventor, and planned out my campaign of approach before reaching Hometown. I would not try to sell the Regent, but instead would turn up and endeavor to win Doctor Racke's interest by expressing a desire to see if our Regent could measure up to his own air cleaner.

Scarcely had I introduced myself to the inventor, and recovered from the shock of finding him a heavily built, rather prosperous looking man in his fifties, instead of the stooped, wild-eyed type of mechanic I had been led to picture him, when he began on me.

"You have made a special study of aërodynamics, young man?" The question as asked left no room for doubt on that score. "One of the least known of the basic principles of science, it is of the utmost importance in solving problems of our mechanical progress. We are sensitive to fire; we have developed the science of thermodynamics. Water we can see and measure; hydraulics is reduced to mere formulæ. But air, that which we must breathe to live, is just beginning to be known. And air is every bit as vital to an internal-combustion engine as it is to the human engine; therefore I have made a study of air."

While he was thus lecturing to me the doctor kept fondling the close-cropped Vandyke beard which I had come to associate with the patent-medicine maker, and I could not help wondering how much of a mechanic this portly man really was.

Conditions of the Test

When it came to the question of tests I found out. Doctor Racke was an adept with tools, a clever gasoline-engine operator—with that instinctive knack of locating the source of trouble which makes the difference between expert and bungler—and with a knowledge of the phenomena connected with carburation which I envied. His air cleaner utilized the principle of centrifugal force. In other words, he speeded up the velocity of the intake air and then by means of suitably placed baffles suddenly changed the direction of the air stream—throwing out the heavier particles of dust at the turn, where they would collect in cleaning pockets.

After we had discussed the problem of clean air for tractor engines and had agreed upon its desirability it was the doctor himself who suggested a series of competitive tests between his cleaner and the Regent washer. And as it is practically impossible to secure the same conditions on two tractors of the same make, even when running side by side in the same field, we agreed to mix up what we would call "standard dust samples," and use them to simulate operation conditions in a set of laboratory tests. The standard dust was composed of sand, powdered clay and wood ashes—to include some very fine particles in the sample—in about equal parts.

To begin with, we ran the usual tandem test—that is, the first trial would be made with both air cleaners attached in series on one suction line. But instead of testing them with an engine, as is customary, we took a vacuum cleaner, carefully removed all dust from its air bag, weighed it, and used its motor to provide a stream of air through the apparatus being tested.

For the first trial the Regent was set nearest the oscillating sifter which we used to sprinkle the standard dust mixture gradually into the air stream. Then came the Hometown, then the suction fan, and last the air bag. At the end of the run we shut down, cleaned the sludge from the Regent, opened the cleaning pockets of the Hometown and found a small amount of the heavier grains of sand in them—which had passed through the Regent—and almost no trace of our standard dust sample in the air bag of the vacuum apparatus.

On the second test we reversed the positions of the two cleaners, and fed another of the weighed dust samples through. The second examination of the apparatus showed that the Hometown had caught most of the sand and heavier particles, but that a large proportion of the finer dust had come on through and been stopped by the needle spray of water in the Regent—and again the air bag was practically clean.

The Regent, by trapping the fine dust after it had gotten through the first cleaner, came off with a shade the advantage at the end of the second test. Then, to make our conviction more sure, we tried out the two cleaners singly with the same vacuum apparatus. Careful weighing of the air bag before and after each run gave the Regent still more of an edge over the Hometown cleaner; the Regent could entrap twenty per cent more of the standard dust sample than could the Hometown—wherefore, on the face of that showing, I asked that we be given a chance at the Hometown Tractor Company's air-washer needs.

Again the doctor stroked his bushy chin.

The Second Trial

"Your little device has shown up very well in these tests, I will admit, Mr. Winslow," he conceded, "but I very much doubt its ability to stand up under the pulsating flow of air through the intake of a carburetor on a slow-running engine. It seems to me that spasmodic motion of the air column would tend to entrap some of your spraying water and drown out the mixture."

"Just give me a chance to try the Regent on one of your engines." I was all eagerness to show him how far wrong he was.

The doctor glanced at his watch.

"I'm due at a meeting now, and won't be free again this evening. If you want to take this apparatus here"—he waved his hand to take in the sifter we had rigged up for feeding the sample of dust to the air washer—"and connect it to one of the engines on the test floor I'll be glad to watch you make a run in the morning. Better mix up some more dust samples, too, and then we won't lose any time getting under way to-morrow."

I went to bed that night feeling that I had come pretty close to selling the Regent to the inventor of the Hometown. If we could have gone on with the test ——

But I had made everything ready for the run in the morning, had prepared three of the standard dust samples, compounding them as we had those used in the earlier trials, and I was confident the final demonstration would clinch the sale. Some ten minutes after I turned in the wall phone rang. It was Doctor Racke, calling to let me know he would stop by for me with his car in the morning—and thereby save me the half-mile walk from the end of the car line to the factory. Harvey and my friends in Chicago had warned me to be on my guard against the doctor, but I was finding him very friendly, even if he was a trifle pedantic in his arguments.

On the ride out to the tractor plant the doctor seemed to confirm my hopes of the evening before.

"If you and your washer make good on these tests," he assured me, "we'll be ready to arrange a schedule of deliveries with you for our next year's requirements."

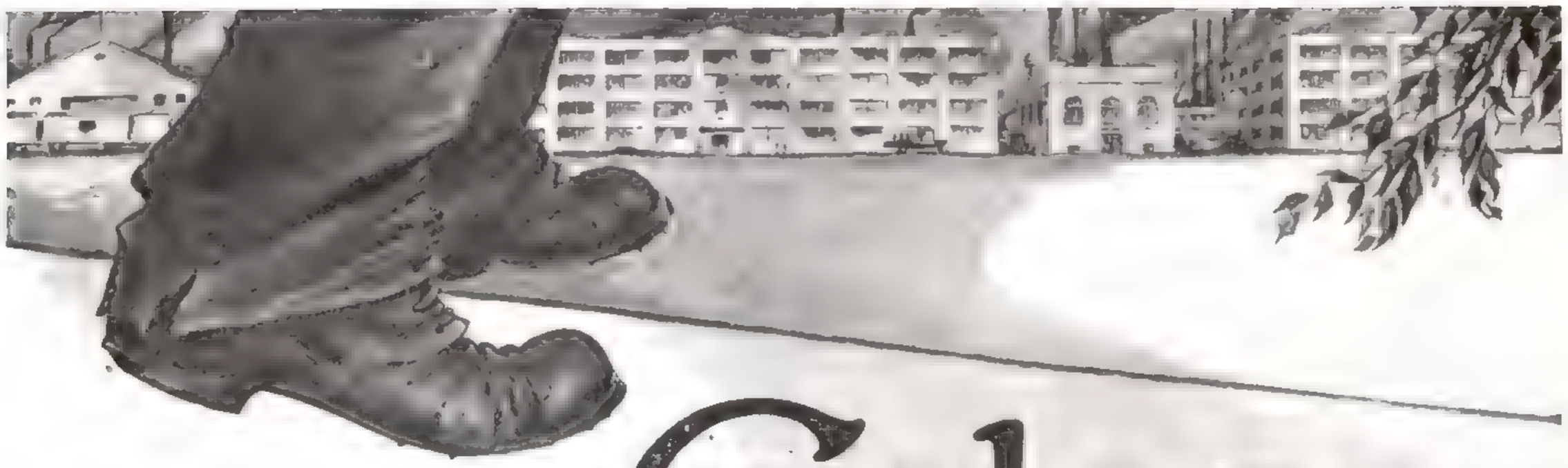
Whereat I began drawing mental pictures of Harvey's surprised expression when I should walk into the office with a Hometown order under my arm.

It did not take long to get the test under way, which, in accordance with the doctor's suggestion, began with dust being fed the machine at the outset, as would be the case in field service. Something was wrong. I could see the pleasant mental pictures fading like a photographer's proofs in the strong sunlight. Almost from the first power impulse the engine began to cough, spit and backfire; but as I was to run the test the doctor merely stood by and rubbed his chin. Finally he offered a suggestion:

"Disconnect the air washer and see how the engine is running; maybe the carburetor is out of order."

The idea was good. If the engine would run all right without the washer, and again

(Continued on Page 57)



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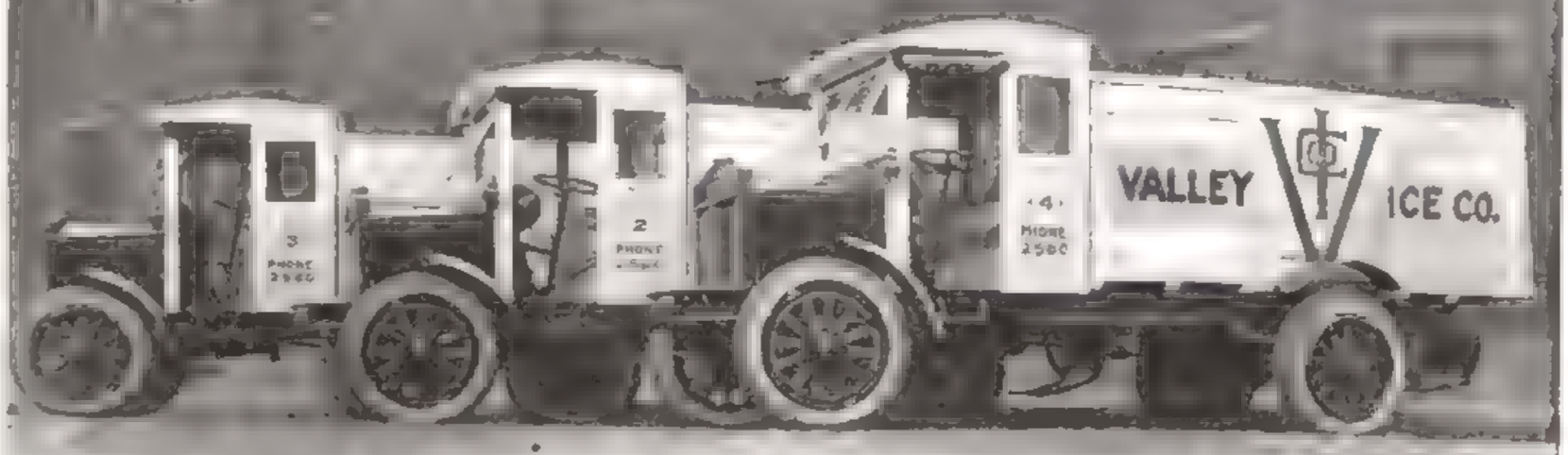
(chassis) $1495 (factory)



—cold facts

L. H. WEISENBURGH, Pres. W. R. SNELL, Sec'y-Treas.

VALLEY ICE COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS AND DISTRIBUTORS OF PURE ICE

CAPITAL $150,000.00

HAMILTON, OHIO
Jan. 27th, 1920.

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation
Saint Louis, Missouri.
Gentlemen:-

We are today placing an order with Batsner Brothers, Cincinnati, Ohio, for three Traffic Trucks which will be used for delivering ice as soon as received.

The reason for selecting your Truck is on account of the writer's previous experience with the Traffic Truck in Wellsville, Ohio, while operating an ice plant for Mr. L. H. Rosenberger.

The first Traffic Truck was put in operation June 1st, 1919, and so far exceeded all expectations that a duplicate unit was ordered in September 1919.

The first truck hauled an average of about 15 tons of ice daily, peddling from house to house, with inexperienced drivers over rough streets, losing about three hours' time during four months' usage.

We also have Trucks of different makes in service but expect to replace them with Traffic Trucks during the year of 1921.

Wishing you the best of success, we are,

Very truly yours,
Valley Ice Co.
W R Snell
Secy-Treas

Write for Catalog Today

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Largest exclusive builders of 4,000-lb. capacity trucks in the world

(Continued from Page 54)

exhibited signs of distress when the washer was coupled to the carburetor, the Regent was to blame.

Sure enough, the moment the air washer was disconnected the engine took up its regular beat and developed its rated power. Then we coupled in the Hometown cleaner, and still the engine ran satisfactorily. Again I connected the Regent, and once more the irregular-operation characteristics appeared. For the moment I almost lost faith in my own apparatus. For more than an hour I kept that engine limping along, trying every way I knew to locate and remedy the trouble. Then when I had gone over everything a dozen times or more I took off the cover on the small tank which held our supply of water for the cleaning spray and peered in.

From former tests I knew just about how much water should have been used in an hour's run. There was a slight loss in water absorbed by the dust in the air and taken out in the form of sludge or mud, and a small amount went through into the carburetor and eventually into the engine in the form of vapor—but we had determined these factors many times at the home plant, and usually could tell to a half teaspoonful exactly how much water should be added after a stated run. Wherefore I had to rub my eyes and look again. During the hour's run the tank had not lost anywhere near the proper amount of water—and the exposed surface bubbled and frothed like Seltzer water.

The Doctor Has His Joke

I must have stood there agape like a fool, for the next thing I knew the doctor was speaking to me:

"What's the matter, Winslow? Seen a ghost?"

"I sure have—an aquatic one!"

And I looked into the little tank again to assure myself the level of the water was higher than it should have been. There was not a shadow of doubt. Then I had another life-saving hunch.

"Lend me your laboratory a few minutes, doctor," I begged.

And, the request granted, I took one of the standard dust samples with me and proceeded to try a few simple experiments. First I heaped a little of the powdery gray dust on a glass plate and carefully applied a drop of water to the tip of the miniature peak. The whole mass gradually became soggy. That certainly indicated there was something in the sample besides sand, clay and ashes.

Next I put a little of the powder in a test tube and allowed water to drip into it. The mass bubbled and frothed. A lighted match, held over the mouth of the tube, died down and went out. That told me that whatever had been added to the sample gave off a gas—probably carbon dioxide in the presence of water. This second discovery explained the irregular operation of the engine; instead of receiving its usual allotment of air to mix with the gasoline to form an explosive mixture, there was a large proportion of carbon dioxide—used in some types of industrial conflagrations to smother the flames—being drawn in, with the consequent weakening of the mixture and drop in power. Then I saw the application of Doctor Racke's remark about the vital need for air by both the human and the mechanical engines.

All during the laboratory investigations the doctor stood by, stroking that beard of his and smiling blandly.

Tasting the dust mixture identified one adulterant of the sample—it was sodium bicarbonate, common baking soda. Then my memory flashed back to an experiment in the high-school chemistry course. We had taken potassium bitartrate—cream of tartar—and baking soda and dissolved them separately in beakers of water. Then we had mixed the two liquids. Result: Carbon-dioxide gas, potassium-sodium tartrate—or Rochelle salts—and more water. It was the work of but a few minutes to test out the dust mixture for the two salts whose presence I suspected—and proved.

It was all very simple. Some time after I had prepared the samples the doctor had adulterated them by adding about forty per cent of common Seidlitz powders—which are nothing more than properly proportioned amounts of potassium bitartrate and baking soda—and the washing water in the Regent had done the rest. That certainly was one time where Seidlitz powders caused instead of cured a headache.

When I laid my proofs before the doctor he cheerfully admitted the correctness of my conclusions, showing me an order, dated the day before, for a good shipment of Regent air washers, adding, with another caress on his chin, that he had tried out the practical joke on me to find out how much I really knew about gasoline engines, chemistry and science in general.

Since that initial experience with Doctor Racke I have been back to Hometown with a number of my more difficult problems, and have never found the old man too busy to listen and, more often than not, to suggest a line of reasoning which eventually has landed the business for me.

Just as Walt and I were closing our desks one evening and getting ready to call it a day's work the phone rang. Harvey answered it, and then motioned for me.

"Long distance," he explained; "Waterfalls, Wisconsin, calling Mr. Robert Winslow."

"Waterfalls," I mused. "Why, that's where that new tractor concern, the Bixby, has located. Wonder if they've got anything for us?"

When I had heard the message through I hung up the receiver and turned again to Harvey.

"Pinch me, Walt; I must be dreaming," I begged.

"What's up? Somebody hand you something on a platter?"

"Worse than that—miles worse. Ted Sorrell has just invited me to bring a Rex magneto to Waterfalls day after to-morrow and compete against his Autoclass for the Bixby business!"

"Like Zeke he did!" Walt ejaculated.

"Yes, like Ezekiel and the other major prophets," I replied, still a little bit dazed. "It was Sorrell's voice all right, and the telephone girl said the call was from Waterfalls."

"Beware the Greek-letter man bringing donations," Harvey warned. "That Bixby wood pile is not so innocent as it seems. There's a ton of T N T, all primed and set to blow you higher'n Major Schroeder ever went, hidden somewhere in it!"

"I don't see that," I rejoined. "Forewarned is a quadruped—four-armed, you know. The way it stacks up to me, the Bixby crowd have decided to switch over from battery to magneto or mixed ignition. Then, Sorrell happening to be in town at the time, they asked him who to get in touch with. Of course he'll be all fixed for me with some sort of a stunt like the one he tried to pull at Kansas City, but I got away with him there, and don't see why I should not do it a second time."

"Better be sure your accident-insurance premium is paid before you leave, anyway," Harvey joshed. "'Pride goeth before a fall,' you know."

Suspicious Generosity

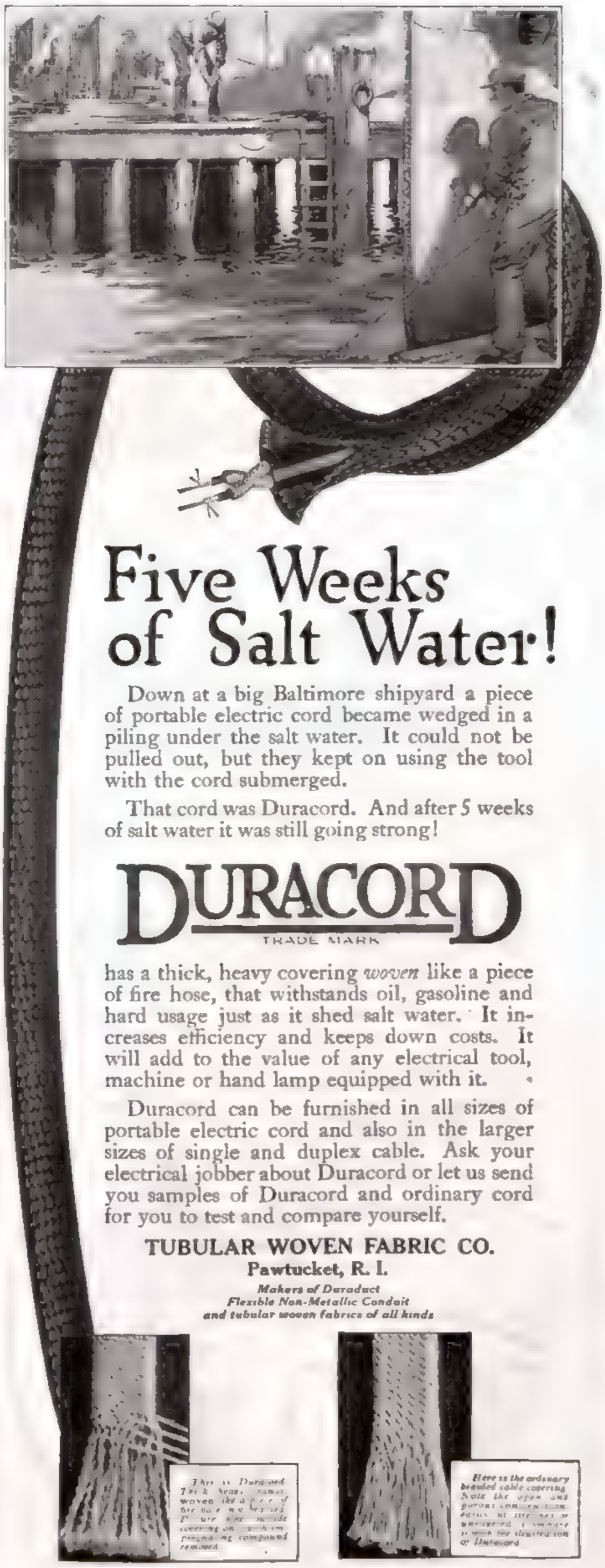
Every time I changed cars on that all-day, devious ride to Waterfalls I tried to argue myself into the belief that I had allowed Sorrell to send me on a wild-goose chase, and I reviewed in my mind all the business pending in and round Chicago, to see if perhaps he had wanted me out of the way while he cinched some one of the orders nearer home.

But when I had covered the last ten miles in a stuffy coach, vintage of 1870, listlessly dragged at the end of a lackadaisical local freight train, I learned why I had been called. As soon as I entered the town's one hotel Sorrell pounced on me.

"I wouldn't have called you if I could have closed the business alone," he admitted with seeming frankness. "I got old man Bixby to promise me a try-out against the records set with his former ignition system—but he insists that the trials be competitive, and I thought maybe you would like to be in on them."

In the face of such a greeting I could not well remain hostile, though I kept feeling round for the catch in the invitation. If there was one Sorrell kept well away from it in his conversation.

"The equipment here is rather crude," he explained; "they have no electric dynamometer such as was used at—at Kansas City. We are to give the engine a regular brake-horse-power test, measuring the torque produced on standard platform scales. It's slow speed, heavy pulling that Hiram Bixby wants, so we'll be tested at a twenty-five per cent overload, with the governor set to cut off at six hundred revolutions per minute."



Five Weeks of Salt Water!

Down at a big Baltimore shipyard a piece of portable electric cord became wedged in a piling under the salt water. It could not be pulled out, but they kept on using the tool with the cord submerged.

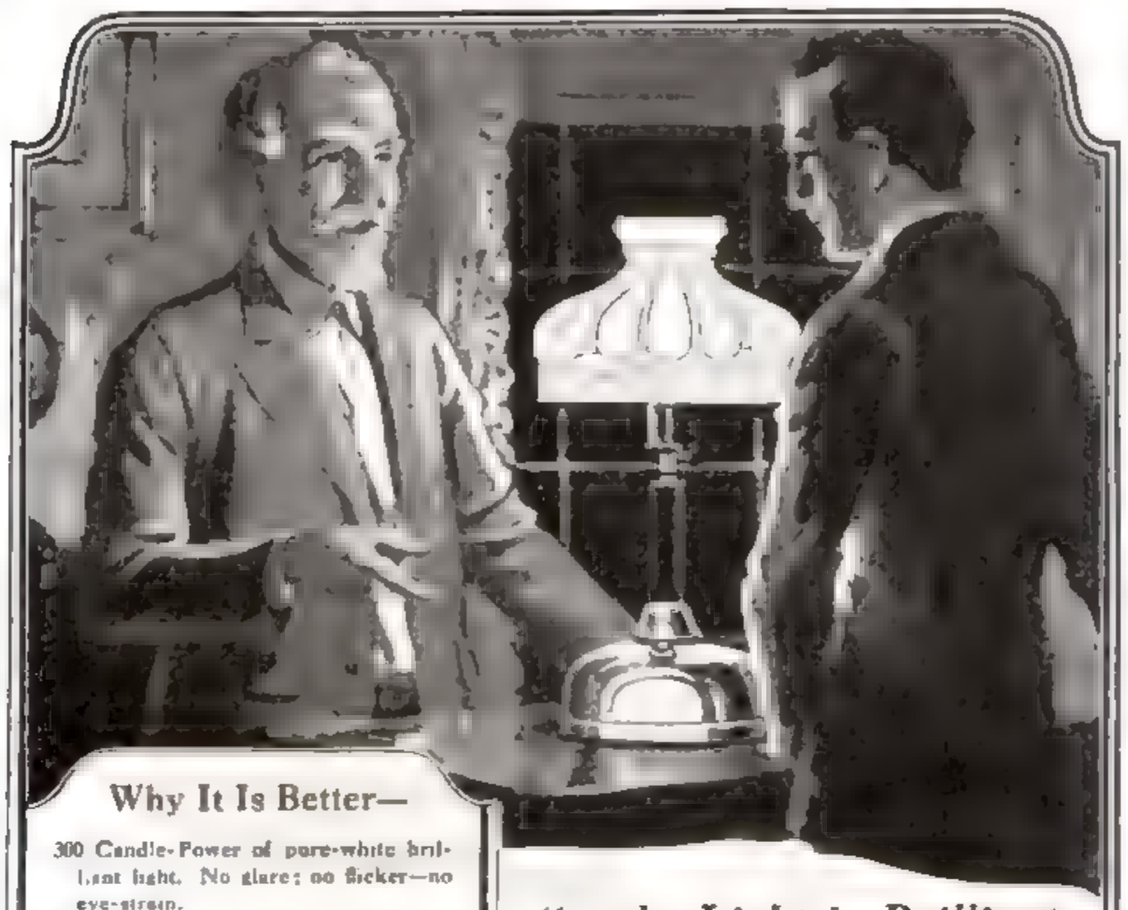
That cord was Duracord. And after 5 weeks of salt water it was still going strong!

DURACORD
TRADE MARK

has a thick, heavy covering *woven* like a piece of fire hose, that withstands oil, gasoline and hard usage just as it shed salt water. It increases efficiency and keeps down costs. It will add to the value of any electrical tool, machine or hand lamp equipped with it.

Duracord can be furnished in all sizes of portable electric cord and also in the larger sizes of single and duplex cable. Ask your electrical jobber about Duracord or let us send you samples of Duracord and ordinary cord for you to test and compare yourself.

TUBULAR WOVEN FABRIC CO.
Pawtucket, R. I.
Makers of Duraduct
Flexible Non-Metallic Conduit
and tubular woven fabrics of all kinds



Why It Is Better—

300 Candle-Power of pure-white brilliant light. No glare; no flicker—no eye-strain.

Brighter than 20 old style oil lamps.

Makes and burns its own gas from common motor gasoline.

No greasy wicks to trim; no dirty chimneys to wash; no smoke, no soot, no odor; no dripping oil.

Can't spill fuel or explode, even if tipped over.

Gives 48 hours' brilliant service per gallon of fuel used.

Cost-to-use only 10 or 12 cents a week. Cheapest light known.

Built of brass, heavily nickeled. Inspected, tested and guaranteed

Lamp has Universal Shade Holder, fitting many different styles of shades.

Lantern has nice globe with metal reflector. Can't blow out. Is storm-proof and bug-proof.

"—the Light is Brilliant; without flicker—no glare; no eye-strain—

"—in all my long life I have never used a lamp that pleased me so well as the Coleman Quick-Lite.

"—you can see what a flood of strong clear light it gives. But you notice that it does not hurt your eyes in the least. It certainly keeps your eyes young.

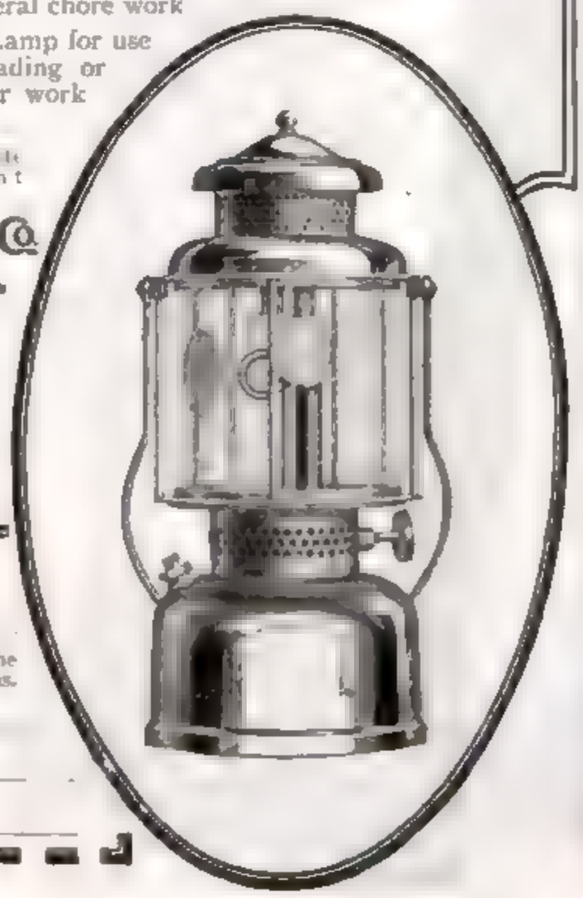
"—why, even at my age, I can read the whole evening through without eye-strain because *this* light is pure white, soft and mellow—like the sunshine Nature provided for human eyes. Young folks should save their eye-sight while they have it to save, and I heartily recommend—

Coleman Quick-Lite
Lamps and Lanterns

"—I would not be without my Quick-Lite Lamp, and for odd jobs at night I find the Quick-Lite Lantern the handiest I ever used. It is built on the same principle as the lamp and is always ready when you want it. You can carry or hang it anywhere. It has a mica globe—won't blow out in the wildest wind. My farmer friends use it in their barns, cow sheds, granaries, and for night plowing, hauling and general chore work

"—you ought to have a Quick-Lite Lamp for use all over the house, especially for reading or sewing, and a Lantern for all out-door work and emergency uses."

20,000 Merchants sell Coleman Quick-Lite Lamps and Lanterns. If your dealer can't supply you, use the coupon below



The Coleman Lamp Co.

Wichita Dallas St. Paul Atlanta Los Angeles Toledo Chicago

Coleman Lamp Company, Dept. P39

Write Name of Nearest Office _____

Send me your Free Book, "The Sunshine of the Night," showing Quick-Lite Lamps and Lanterns.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

My Dealer's Name is _____

I preferred the accuracy of the electric method of determining the power output of an engine, but the brake test was a good one, and should be as fair to one competitor as to the other. In this type of equipment a band, set with transverse brake blocks and terminating in an arm of predetermined length, is placed round the flywheel of the engine, with the outer end of the brake arm resting on the center of the platform of the scales. Tension on the brake blocks was adjusted by means of a hand wheel and screw until the lever arm registered a given thrust against the platform, from which thrust, measured by the regular graduated weighing beam and slider of the scales, we would compute the horse power developed. Inasmuch as the lever arm, pulley diameter and engine speed would be the same in each case, the real measure of relative power generated in Sorrell's and my tests would be the distance from the zero mark we could each balance the slider on the scale arm. The man who could maintain the required speed with the higher scale reading would win.

When Sorrell had finally made an end of his explanations—which lasted throughout the appetizing dinner in the homelike dining room of the little hotel—I made a bee line for my room, to get a full night's rest. I had a premonitory feeling that I should need to be on my toes to the best of my ability in the tests. But before I dropped off to sleep I canvassed the situation once more in my mind—without being able to find a single word or even a look of Sorrell's to indicate that there might be anything in the wind for me on the morrow.

At the breakfast for two on the morning of the tests Sorrell sprang another surprise on me by asking if I desired to choose my turn at the engine. I replied by offering to match coins or flip a penny with him for the second run—and was much astonished when he insisted that he wanted to run the first trial himself—thereby giving me that added advantage of shooting at the other fellow's mark.

A Losing Game

All through the test of the Autoclass I watched Sorrell, never quite able to rid myself of the idea that he was up to some kind of trickery, which would reflect on the Rex when it came my turn to run the engine. Sorrell established a good mark, keeping the engine speed close to the nominal rate, and bringing the horse power up to an average slightly above that which the Bixby tests had shown. The engine ran admirably, right up to the end of the Autoclass test, and when Sorrell had disconnected his magneto and set it on top of its carrying case under the weighing beam of the scales it did not take me long to set up the Rex, connect the spark-plug wires, try out the circuit, and indicate that I was ready to run my trials.

If I had believed that it was possible to hypnotize materials and things I certainly should have thought Sorrell had hypnotized that Bixby engine. Try as I could, I was unable to get the slider on the scale beam to balance the load at a point nearer than four of the pound division marks from the record set by the Autoclass. Everything was working fine too. The engine was running smoothly, the cooling water did not exceed the proper temperature, oil was feeding regularly through the lubrication system—and yet I could not develop the power Sorrell had just gotten out of the engine.

After half an hour of fruitless trying I cut off the gasoline, checked the amount of fuel I had used, and found it just a trifle more than that taken by Sorrell for a like period. That should prove that I had developed a little more power than he had. Then I took off the band of the brake-testing apparatus and cleaned it thoroughly—not that I expected to find anything wrong there, but I had tried all the obvious things without bettering matters, and now was reduced to testing the improbable causes of trouble. The engine going again, I watched the scale beam anxiously; the slider counterweight still balanced the torque at a point four pound marks short of Sorrell's record.

In the pauses in my search for the cause of the Rex's failure to deliver the goods I could see that Hiram Bixby was getting impatient, but Sorrell was apparently oblivious of everything that was going on—just a trifle too oblivious, I thought. He did not even watch me as I hunted the reason for my failure. But it took Hiram Bixby's gruff announcement that he was satisfied with the tests as run to jolt me hard enough to make me see the trouble. I had looked too close. What a dolt I was, to be sure. I had inspected everything but the platform scales, and yet they were an important part of the mechanism through which the power was recorded.

Another of Sorrell's Tricks

A glance showed me that Sorrell was again gazing out of the open window. Whereupon I lifted the Autoclass magneto from the box where it had rested. The top of the instrument had just cleared the lower limit of the swing of the iron balancing weight hooked to the end of the scale beam, and I replaced it on the wooden top of the beam directly above where it had stood. Immediately the beam rose, and I had to shift the counterbalancing slider out to Sorrell's mark, and past it for another six of the pound divisions before the sensitive lever would vibrate slowly in the center of its swing.

Hiram Bixby was plainly puzzled.

"How do you explain that erratic jump in power?" he demanded.

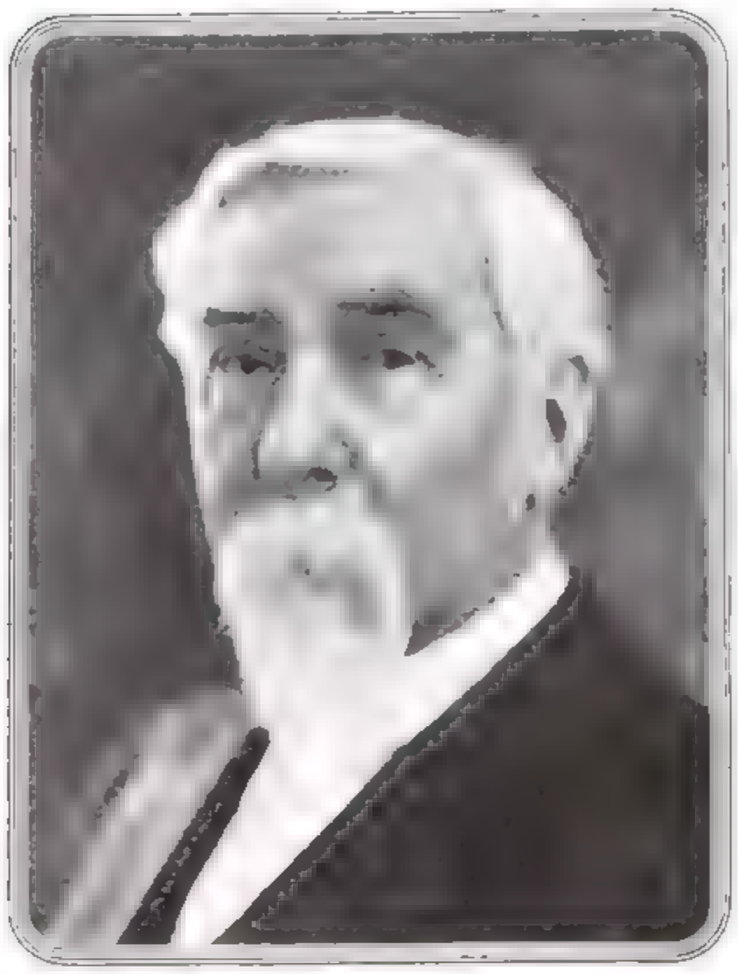
"Each magneto has built into it two or more very powerful permanent magnets, Mr. Bixby," I explained. "These exert their attraction for any iron or steel objects that happen to be near them, whether the magneto is running or not. When Mr. Sorrell finished his test he very carelessly placed his magneto just below this iron weight hooked to the scale arm, the magnets attracting the iron with sufficient force to make the apparent reading several pounds lighter than it should have been, thus making it appear that the Rex magneto was incapable of filling your needs. If Mr. Sorrell had happened to place his magneto where it now rests, the effect would have been the opposite, and the engine would appear to be developing more power than it really is—the magnets of the magneto in part nullifying the attraction of gravity on this hooked weight."

Then presenting the Autoclass to Sorrell with my best bow I asked if he would have any objections to my running the tests again, to determine the actual extent of the loss his carelessness in leaving the magneto below the scales had cost me. Of course whatever objections he may have had he could do nothing less than try to apologize. In the second trial the Rex demonstrated its superiority by a very slight margin, but it was enough for old Hiram Bixby to use it as reason for assigning King Specialty his business. Since that day in Waterfalls Sorrell has never telephoned me any further invitation to come and compete with him.

All of which goes to show that in the three years which have elapsed since the day when Mr. King yanked me out of the shop and put me on the road there have been met many of the tricks whereby the sales engineer blankets his competitor, stealing the wind out of his sails just as effectively as does the yachtsman when he cuts between his rival and the wind.

In Anticipation of a Motor Car

Almost 2,000 Distributors and Dealers apply for Sales Franchise, and more than 1,000 individuals place orders for Lincoln Motor Company's new Leland-built car



Henry M. Leland
President Lincoln Motor Company

Wilfred C. Leland
Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr. Lincoln Motor Company

It is doubtful whether any event in motordom has ever created such profound interest as the mere anticipation that a new motor car would be built by the Lelands and their splendid organization.

When, after the armistice was signed, and the Lincoln Motor Company—of which Henry M. Leland and Wilfred C. Leland were the chief executives—was completing its contracts with the government for the production of Liberty Aircraft Motors, it was only natural for the world to assume that these men would re-enter the field as makers of motor cars of the finer sort.

Notwithstanding the Lelands had made no announcement—in fact themselves had not determined upon their future activities—the offices of the Lincoln Motor Company became the Mecca of motor car Distributors from all over the world.

These Distributors, most of whom were already handling cars of the better class, insisted upon filing applications for sales franchises and binding them with deposits.

Incidentally, one Distributor tendered a certified check for one million dollars ($1,000,000.00) as a deposit, to evidence his good faith.

From one city there were 61 applications; from another 38; from another 37.

There is scarcely a city of size in America from which there have not been from one to a dozen or more Distributors' applications. From cities in the United States and Canada, up to June 1, 1920, the applications totaled 1,252.

And from across the seas, from nearly every country in the civilized world, the applications aggregated 123.

Of these, 13 were from England—where the esteem in which Leland standards and Leland ideals are held is second only to the admiration in which those qualities are held in America. 8 were from Cuba; 9 from Argentina; 6 from Australia; 5 each from France and Spain; 4 each from New Zealand, Sweden, Norway and Hawaii. And they came from Russia, China, Japan, Straits Settlements, Union of South Africa, and from the uttermost corners of the earth.

To June 1, 1920, the Distributors' applications had reached the impressive total of 1,375, not taking into account hundreds received since that date, nor the hundreds of applications made direct to Distributors by dealers in the smaller cities.

It will be seen therefore that we have been in position to select as our Distributors the very cream of the trade, and to embark with a field sales organization in every way in keeping with the car itself, with the organization which produces it and with the class of citizenship to which a car of the Leland-built type must naturally appeal.

And in not one single instance did the Lincoln Motor Company solicit a Distributor.

Nor was this all.

In addition to the Distributors' applications more than 1,000 individuals have placed orders with deposits, despite the fact that the Lincoln Motor Company had made no announcement concerning the details of its car, and, too, despite the fact that the Company had not encouraged advance orders. There are also, in the hands of Distributors, hundreds of orders of which the factory has not been advised in detail.

Imagine, if you can, the attitude of these Distributors, who, solely through their faith in the Lelands, deliberately obligate themselves to merchandise millions of dollars' worth of motor cars.

Imagine the attitude of these clear-headed business men, representing the best citizenship of the land, who, with confidence in Leland ideals and standards as their sole incentive, coolly affix their signatures and place deposits, in order that they may be among the early ones to possess the new Leland-built cars—cars of whose price and details their knowledge was nil.

No matter whether it was to have one cylinder or ten; no matter whether its price was to be six hundred or six thousand dollars, these seemed to be of secondary importance.

But they knew the history of the men; they knew their records. They knew the Leland traits; they knew the Leland traditions—never to retrograde, never even to pause; they knew that the Leland vision was always forward.

So of one thing they were supremely satisfied: They were sure that if the Lelands built a car, it would be a car such as the Lelands know how to build; plus Leland progressiveness; plus what might logically be expected of Leland determination and Leland ability to achieve—and to surpass.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

IT PAYS TO SMILE

(Continued from Page 21)

as well as of Noah. She pulled out a copy of the Paris Herald from under her arm.

"Not from the coast," she said, "but at least it's printed in American. The boy was a nice kid. He comes from Texas. He showed me a peach of a trick, and I was showing him a new Canfield when you breezed in with something really big. Hello! Here's something here about Mr. Markheim!"

She had been scanning the front page of the paper as she talked, and now she fell silent for a moment as she read.

"Who is Mr. Markheim?" I inquired. "Not Sebastian Markheim, the great banker?"

"Yeah!" said Peaches assentingly. "But it's nothing much. He's bought another picture, that's all. And paid the price of a couple of first-class orange groves for it."

"Why, Alicia Pegg!" I cried out. "What an extraordinary young female you are! Sebastian Markheim is one of the greatest collectors of antique paintings in the world. He is an authority on the subject. How do you come to know him?"

"He came to know us!" she averred cheerfully. "Bought a ranch near our home outfit, and came over to get some pointers from pa. We see him a lot whenever he's in California."

"How amazing!" I exclaimed. "Sebastian Markheim, the great millionaire! What manner of man is he, Alicia?"

"Oh, he's a widower of about fifty or so," she said carelessly. "He's in love with me."

"Alicia!" I exclaimed. "Can you never learn to be more reticent about these—these delicate personal matters?"

"He isn't a bit delicate!" she responded mildly. "In fact he's awfully rough. He hounds me, but I can look out for myself."

I felt the subject too dangerous to pursue. As my dear father used to say, most unpleasant subjects thrive on reproof. So I diverted her attention from her immediate theme.

"What picture did he purchase that is worthy of such comment?" I inquired.

"It is called the Madonna of the Lamp by some bird called Raphael, last name not mentioned," replied the young heathen cheerfully. "What's all this about Monte Carlo to-morrow?"

But I had taken the newspaper from her.

"The Madonna of the Lamp!" I exclaimed. "Why, Alicia, child, that is one of the most famous paintings in the world. It was done in Italy, hundreds of years ago, by one of the greatest artists that ever lived. The extraordinary part of such a sale is that any private individual should own it. Its proper place is a museum. I am surprised it ever got out of Italy. They have a strict law which prohibits any important works of art from being taken out of the country, you know."

"I do not know," said Alicia. "But you'd think they'd be glad to get such a price for a thing as old as that, wouldn't you? Now if it was an original by Gibson or Christy ——"

But I did not attend to the remainder of her sentence. My eye had fallen upon another item of even greater importance, which had evidently escaped her attention. It was small and inconspicuously placed, but its interest was overwhelming. It ran thus. I copy from the original:

"SCARPIA PANELS STOLEN

"Calais, March 15th. The commissioner of police here was yesterday informed that the four famous panels by Scarpia had been mysteriously removed from the château belonging to Baron Richt at Deux Arbres, seventeen miles from this city. The house has been rented to Lord and Lady Ellis Gordon for the past two years. The uttermost mystery surrounds the disappearance of the four panels, which have been one of the show features of the place. How the panels could disappear in the brief interval between the announcement of dinner and the return of the guests to the drawing-room is one of the most baffling features of the case. The fact of the theft was discovered by one of the house guests, the Duca di Monteventi. Every effort will be made to discover the criminals, for whose capture Lord Gordon has already offered a large reward."

That was all, but as Peaches put it, it was "an eyeful." In other words, it was sufficient. Or almost so, for, of course, our native feminine curiosity was enormously piqued. We stared at each other in amazement for a moment, and then Peaches heaved a long sigh.

"That tall man!" she said cryptically. "Why, that's the place we left him at; the Gordon outfit! It seems like every time we hear of him he's mixed up in a mystery."

"It certainly does," I assented. "And here we are headed for the Riviera, while I don't suppose he will get away, now that he's mixed up with that theft."

"How do you know he's mixed up with it?" demanded Alicia with quite unnecessary violence. "He—he's a corker—couldn't you tell? Mixed up my eye!"

"I meant as a witness or in some similar capacity," I protested. "If he were not a duke, Alicia, I should be inclined, upon mature consideration, to believe him a detective."

"Secret service?" she said doubtfully. "Sleuth? Why, no. He's a swell, that's all. You mustn't let your girlish imagination run away with you, Free. And anyhow, why worry, as we probably'll never see him again?"

"That is probably too true," I assented. Then I consulted dear father's chronometer, discovered that time was pressing, and proceeded to the packing of my bags and the problem of getting into my trunk some new materials which I had purchased with the intention of having Miss Stimpson, our local seamstress, make them up for me the very minute we returned to Boston. I had also a new coat which Alicia had insisted upon presenting to me, and some garments of a more private nature which I had secretly purchased to gaze upon occasionally, though I would never wear such unladylike garments, for suppose there were to be a train wreck, how would one explain that a pink satin ah—er—interior was not belying a respectable alpaca surface, if you divine my meaning?

Well, at any rate, I found that my small trunk could not possibly be made to hold all these new possessions, and so packed a few substantial petticoats with hand-made crochet edging and my second-best dolman into a paper parcel, which I addressed to Euphemia, and having thus completed my visit to the French capital I was ready to, as it were, conquer Italy.

▼

MY dear father used justly to observe that clothes made the man, but that woman made the clothes. A witticism of which he was most fond, inasmuch as he clung to the custom of employing a tailoress, which was the almost universal method of procuring outer garments in his early youth. But it is possible that he intended to imply that the beauty of some females was insurmountable by bad taste in dress. I hardly know which interpretation may be correct; but I am sure that either Cousin Abby was tremendously affected by her clothes or that they were tremendqusly affected by her. At any rate they were as amazing as she was, or she as they, if you comprehend me. And the reaction which I experienced upon first beholding the Eiffel Tower was as nothing beside that incident to my first meeting in twenty-five years with my relative.

It took place almost immediately after our arrival at Monte Carlo. Indeed we were scarcely settled in the royal suite of the hotel before she paid her visit. Mr. Pegg and his daughter had stepped out to undergo the preliminaries of obtaining a card to the public gambling hell, and I, unwilling to countenance their project, had remained behind ostensibly to supervise Richard, the chauffeur, in the disposal of our things, and so was alone.

The Richard person admitted her and came in whistling under his breath as he gave me her card.

"Oh, you beautiful doll!" he sang sotto voce as he did so.

I flew to the mirror, gave my hair a pat, and assuming a dignified deportment entered the drawing-room. It was empty save for a young girl, very much overdressed, who was standing with her back toward me, looking out of the window. At sound of my entrance she turned and pounced upon me with a shriek of delight.

"Freedom Talbot, old thing!" she exclaimed. "How glad I am to see you!"

And sure enough, that young girl was Cousin Abby! How true it is that the troubles we experience are seldom those we expect! I had been living in dread lest my titled relative should not prove hospitably inclined, and here she was already, upon the very first day of our arrival, greeting me literally with open arms. So much for the trouble I anticipated—it was gone like a wreath of smoke! But as I took a good look at her an entirely unforeseen difficulty began to force itself upon me. That Cousin Abby was willing to receive us was apparent, but were we going to return the compliment? For Abby had changed.

When she left Boston twenty-five years ago Abby Talbot had been considerably older than I. But upon renewing her acquaintance as described I found her to be at least twenty years my junior. Not literally, you will understand, by some miracle of arrested growth or phenomenon in the actual defeat of time, but by sundry artificial aids such as were never countenanced by my dear father and mother, or indeed by Euphemia or myself, all such so-called aids to beauty being unknown to the gentlewomen of our acquaintance and recognized only upon the persons of outcast females and constituting the outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual disgrace. Of course it must be admitted that some of even Boston's very best people, particularly in the younger generation, where it was palpably unnecessary, resorted to these artifices, and I had several times been shocked at large receptions by observing this fact. But that a member of our family should stoop to such a course was incredible; or would have been except that I was beholding it with my own eyes.

Abby's hair was golden, and her cheeks were pink as Peaches' own. Her lips! Gracious goodness! I trembled for her immortal soul as I beheld them! And sinful-looking diamonds dangled

"Twenty on the Red! Ten on the Black! It's a Sign. It May be. It Must be a Sign! I'm Off!"

(Continued on Page 63)

With a Rare "Clocke of Goulde" a Princess was Wooed

IN 1623, when James I of England sent his "sweete boyes" to Spain to seek the hand of the Infanta Maria, sister of the Spanish king, they carried with them many costly presents.

Notable among the gifts was a rare watch, a masterpiece of the early guild craftsmen—"a clocke of goulde, garnisht on the one side with letters of dyamondes, and on the other side a cross of dyamondes fullie garnisht, with a pendant of dyamondes."

To him who today would woo a princess, the modern Gruen Guild of Watchmakers offers gifts such as even kings could not command.

Rare "clockes" of the present day

The "clockes of goulde" of the seventeenth century—masterpieces created with infinite skill by the guild craftsmen of the period—are worthily rivaled, in artistry and beauty, by the Gruen Wristlets of today. Wristlets "fullie garnisht" with diamonds, wristlets of platinum and fine-chased gold, wristlets delightful in their very simplicity—from these the modern wooer may select.

Gruen Wristlets are made by a modern guild of watchmakers—many of them the descendants of the old guild masters, all of them actuated by the same ideals, the same love of fine craftsmanship, as obtained in the ancient guildhalls.

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At Madre-Biel, Switzerland, these skilled craftsmen, with the aid of American machinery, fashion the intricate movements. And on Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the American workshop where the movements are finally adjusted and fitted into beautiful hand-wrought cases—a real service workshop, as well, where standardized duplicate repair parts may be obtained promptly by any jeweler in America.

You may see the Gruen Watches at one of the 1,200 jewelers, the best stores in each locality, to whom the sale is confined. Look for the Gruen Guild Emblem displayed by all Gruen Agencies.

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CERTAINTY OF QUALITY AND GUARANTEED SATISFACTION - CERTAIN-TEED

(Continued from Page 60)

from her ears almost to her shoulders. The hat she wore might better have been fashioned for a maid of sixteen, and her short gown swung above a pair of slim silken ankles and slippers with glittering buckles and outrageous heels.

But though I struggled to experience the disapproval which I knew to be the proper reaction to these bedizenments, I could not but admire the brave spirit they also undoubtedly represented. There was that about Abby which gave one the belief that one need not grow old except through lack of the desire for youth. She seemed to stand there before me with the spirit of her unconquerable youth radiating, as it were, through the painted shell she had put upon her body. I at once, and for the first time in my life, seriously contemplated abandoning my curled fringe. All this which I have recorded passed through my mind in a flash—while she was embracing me, to be exact. Then she withdrew her perfumed person a few inches and laughed like a girl!

"Free, you duckie!" she cried. "You haven't changed a bit. It's fearfully amusing, your coming over. And to this iniquitous spot! How is poor dear Boston? I feel a million æons away from it! And how is Cousin Euphemia? And the dog—what was his name; Rex?—that she used to fuss over so when he got his feet wet, do you remember?"

She meant that she was trying to remember.

"Rex has departed this life," I replied, "on the initiative of a very rude and heartless dog catcher with a barred wagon. Euphemia is well except for her rheumatism and asthma and indigestion; or was when I left home."

"Doesn't she write?" asked Abby.

"She was exceedingly disapproving of my enterprise and has not written," said I. "But I had somewhat anticipated the circumstance and am not unduly worried. The maid, Galadia, is to inform me should anything go wrong."

Abby laughed again. It certainly was a pleasant thing to hear.

"Tell me everything!" she exclaimed, drawing two chairs close together. "What on earth made you do it, you rebel? And who are these Peggs you are with?"

It was delightfully gossipy. I sat down beside her and soon explained my action, in reply to her first question. But when I came to enlarging upon the second, I found myself, most unexpectedly, at a loss. What was my relationship with them anyhow? It was like trying to analyze one's relationship with the sunlight. And yet, had I merely seen them without knowing them, I should have unquestionably characterized them as impossibly vulgar; that was the plain truth of the matter. To Abby they must inevitably seem so at first glance. And knowing this I instinctively rose to their defense. I discovered within myself a sudden warm glow of affection and appreciation which was so normal and comfortable in its character that I had positively been unaware of its existence until criticism threatened them. I spoke slowly and deliberately, choosing my words with care.

"The Peggs are Americans," said I. "From California. And their hearts are as big as their –er—oranges."

"From which I gather they are millionaires and vulgar," said Abby shrewdly—"but that you like them."

"I do indeed!" said I, though how she deduced so much from my remark I cannot imagine.

"And it is equally evident," Abby went on, "that I, your titled cousin, am to be induced by hook or crook to introduce them to an assortment of foreign titles. That's so, isn't it? And you are in an agony of embarrassed bewilderment about how to broach the subject?"

"Abby!" I gasped. "How can you!"

"My dear, I have to!" she cut in, laughing again, though not so pleasantly this time. "My wits are about all I have with which to make good my bridge losses! I suppose you know Constantine left me nothing but the villa?"

"What!" I exclaimed, really aghast. "I was not even aware of your husband's demise!"

"Polo accident," she said briefly. "Five years ago."

"I'm sorry," I said softly.

"Well," said Abby, "never mind that! So you see you need have no reticence about offering me money. I can earn it, I assure you."

Of course this was astonishing, but at the same time it really was an immense relief. For I knew dear Mr. Pegg never hesitated to pay a proper price for the genuine article, as he himself was wont to put it. And I had in truth been most anxious as to how I should approach my distinguished relative upon so delicate a matter as remuneration for the peculiar services which we required. And so, though in a sense I was shocked by her frankness, it made my own path far easier, particularly since her own lack of delicacy in the matter warranted a larger degree of outspokenness upon my part. And I had something important to say. Her opening gave me an opportunity not likely of renewal, and so I at once rushed into the breach.

"My dear, I grieve for your loss," said I; "and for the unfortunate condition of your widowhood. And it is a most happy circumstance that we can be of benefit to each other at this time. Mr. Pegg intends to offer you a thousand dollars each for introductions to titles. And a bonus, I think he called it, of ten thousand dollars for—er I believe he termed it 'working capital.'"

"Splendid!" exclaimed Abby. "Now go ahead and tell me the buts."

"The buts?" I queried. "Do you infer that there are restrictions to Mr. Pegg's offer?"

"By the gleam in your eye I know there are!" Abby affirmed.

"Well," I admitted, "Mr. Pegg has not expressed his desire that there be any; but I have one of my own."

Abby gave me a most peculiar look at this, her eyes narrowing and her lips curling in a distinctly unpleasant smile. It filled me with an acute, though undefined, sense of discomfort.

"Very well," she said quietly. "How much do you want?"

"What?" I asked.

"What commission do you want?" said she, speaking very distinctly. I felt as though someone had struck me with a whip. Instinctively I got to my feet.

"Abby!" I exclaimed in horror. "A bribe! How could you? A Talbot!"

To my amazement and further distress she stared at me for a long moment and then burst into tears.

"Forgive me, Cousin Free!" she sobbed. "Forgive me, if you can—please! One gets so hard, so used to things like that out here! I ought to have known better! Please say you understand!"

She was not like a little girl any longer. There was something behind the tone in which she spoke which frightened me: something terrible and sinister and cruel—something which could break even a Talbot! I perceived its nature though its substance was beyond my experience, and at once the instinct to rescue and help her was uppermost in my mind. I fussed over her much as I used to fuss over Rex, our pet, when anything ailed him, for he had been my dog; not Euphemia's, as Abby had supposed. And presently she grew quieter, though she still held to my hand. But though I felt sorry for Abby and was determined to be of assistance to her, I did not let the most unfortunate incident divert me from what had originally been in my mind to say when she made her terrible mistake.

"Now, my dear, I will forgive you," said I. "But please brace up and allow me to state my condition, which is simply this: The young lady, Miss Alicia Pegg, must be most carefully guarded from fortune hunters and all questionable company. You must guarantee to me that you will introduce her to no one who can harm her. Her father has a faith in her ability to take care of herself which is founded in his knowledge of her singularly beautiful nature, but he is almost as unworldly in our sense as she is. I simply won't have any scalawags hanging round her. Her father trusts me to look out for her welfare, and I mean to see that his trust is justified."

"You seem pretty deep in his confidence," Abby remarked. "He is a widower, you said?"

"He is," I replied, though I did not see what that had to do with the subject. "And Alicia's motherless condition places a great responsibility upon me. So you must promise what I have asked, Abby, and keep the promise faithfully."

"All right, old dear!" she answered, her self-possession rapidly returning. "And it won't be hard, for I know an awfully decent set, really. I'll have you all out to dine this very week. I'm at San Remo, you know. Just a short motor drive from here; a duck of a house opposite the old German Emperor's place. How about Saturday? That ought to give me time to collect the proper people."

"That will be lovely, Abby!" said I. "Mr. Pegg will be delighted, I am sure." Then a sudden wonderment struck me.

"Don't you ever wish you were back in the security of your life in Boston?" I asked curiously.

"Not when I'm sane!" she replied lightly. "Do you?"

This was both unexpected and disconcerting. But I strove to be honest in my reply.

"No," I said; "I cannot truthfully say that I do."

And long after she had taken her departure, buoyant and apparently light-hearted once more, I pondered my reply. But I found no explanation for my change of heart. Never, no, never, had I expected to utter such a sentiment, much less to feel it! But the harsh fact was that I had somehow become estranged from my native city and the human element which represented it, and did in truth already prefer the Riviera.

In point of fact it appeared to me to be the most beautiful place of which the mind could conceive, despite that I was rather surprised to find the chief foliage to be cedar and other evergreens, and that the whole effect was less tropical than I had imagined. Also I had expected that the natives would be rather more like those in a production of Cavalleria Rusticana, to which my dear father had once escorted Euphemia and myself upon the occasion of her birthday; and even after several weeks of continuous residence in Monte Carlo I was unable to be rid of a feeling that the management, or rather government, was somehow to blame for not making the reality more like the opera.

But oh, how beautiful it was! I was unstinting in my praise. Not so Mr. Pegg and Alicia, however.

"Pretty good!" was Alicia's comment. "But you ought to see California. They'd better bring over some of our poppies to liven up the hills."

"It's real pretty," her father admitted, "but awful small. It's something like a pocket edition, as you might say, Miss Free."

"I scarcely believe that anything could be more lovely," I declared.

"Well, of course you haven't been West yet," said Peaches cheerfully. "Then you'll see the real thing!"

"I shall never become a Californian, my dear," I put in mildly. "Do you know, sometimes I fear you tend to exaggerate in describing your native state?"

"Well, we produce the biggest crops in the world," she declared. "So why not the biggest liars, as well? Wait until you've been out on the Coast yourself!"

And never to this day have I clearly understood what she meant by that. A great deal that Alicia said was difficult to understand. And nothing was more so than this insistence on her part that anything Californian was superior to everything European. After our visit to the Villa d'Este I gave up. She looked it over pleasantly and gave her verdict.

"I guess they copied it from the Gillespie place at Santa Barbara," she said; "only, of course, these hills are nothing as compared to the Coast Range for height."

It was just after this that I abandoned all effort to force a course in architecture, or indeed in any of the arts, upon Peaches. I began dimly to perceive that it was not only useless but that her education was not really impaired by the cessation of my efforts along these lines. She possessed a faculty for picking out what she wanted to learn and learning it thoroughly. And after all that is the truest education, as my dear father used to say.

But I digress. Let us take up our sequence where Abby left me on that first afternoon.

Scarcely had she departed, driving off in a smart little red automobile of the type which I had learned to distinguish as a roadster, as I observed from the window, and which gave no clew to the newly disclosed fact of her poverty—scarcely had she departed and I had partially mastered the emotions which her extraordinary visit had engendered in my bosom, when Alicia and her father returned.

They had been out, as I believe I have mentioned, for the purpose of procuring cards of admission to the public gambling hell. They had also got cards for a place called the casino, one of which was offered to me. I accepted it with gratitude, for at home there was a casino out at Duxbury where we spent our summers; a very charming place it was, too, with a fine view of the ocean from the veranda, and a dance for the young people every Saturday night, and I had greatly enjoyed taking my knitting there. I was at present secretly at work upon a pair of socks for Mr. Pegg, intended as a small appreciation of all he had done for me, and I felt sure that this casino would be an excellent place in which to complete them, particularly when Mr. Pegg and his daughter were away gambling. I had, needless to say, protested against their avowed intentions in this matter, but to no avail.

"Why, Miss Talbot, of course you object!" Mr. Pegg had said, kindly but firmly. "Objecting to this sort of thing is part of your job. If you didn't object you wouldn't be the woman I hired you for. But this is one time you're not wise—you don't get it all. This gambling joint is strictly high class. The layouts at Dogtown have nothing on it—absolutely! To lose a little something at Monte is like losing a little at monte with a small *m* over to Dogtown; and allow me to inform you that no California native son's education is completely polished off without that experience. Only over here is where the crowned heads get trimmed—I mean polished. And I propose to have my daughter visit that historic spot so's she can talk intelligently about it at big dinner parties."

Well, when Mr. Pegg assumed that tone I knew that further argument was useless. Besides, Peaches herself was very much set on going, and all that was left me was the manifestation of my unalterable disapproval by steadfastly refusing to accompany them or to discuss their experiences in that den of iniquity. Even Richard, the chauffeur, was infected with the dreadful spirit of the place, though I ascertained that the vicious resort which he attended was of a less pretentious order.

There was considerable coolness between us that evening because of my attitude, and when Peaches and her father had departed upon their nefarious errand I read my Bible and went to bed greatly fortified. This coolness lasted into the next day, despite the arrival during breakfast of Abby's invitation to dinner, at which Mr. Pegg and Alicia both evinced great satisfaction. I hoped to divert them into a visit to the churches, but all in vain. Mr. Pegg had lost several hundred dollars, it seemed, and both he and his daughter evinced a strong wish, as they expressed it, "to show these wop gamblers where they got off."

The result was that after luncheon they again left me to my own devices after a second fruitless attempt at persuading me to accompany them, and when they had been gone for half an hour I decided to take my knitting to that casino for which they had given me a card.

The afternoon was exceptionally mild and fine, even for that part of the world, and I anticipated spending it out of doors. I therefore put on a shade hat and a light wrap, packed my fancywork into my knitting bag, and making sure that my working specs were in my reticule I set forth into the mildly sunlit avenue.

I had no difficulty at all in locating my destination. Indeed the very first native boy of whom I made inquiry directed me volubly. I thanked him and passed on in the direction which he indicated. But when I reached the spot I confess I was astounded and felt obliged to confirm the building's identity by a second inquiry.

It was far, far larger than the casino at Duxbury. Indeed it looked rather more like one or rather several of the houses which the *nouveaux riches* have erected at Newport. But this was not altogether surprising when one realized that the number of tourists was undoubtedly far greater than on the Massachusetts coast. And as I approached I noted that a large number of cars were waiting outside. It seemed probable that this indicated a hostess day, or possibly even a private euchre party; so I decided against going in, and entered the gardens instead.

These were amazingly beautiful and extensive, with winding paths and pleasant seats. Here at least I could not complain of any lack of luxuriance in the semitropical growth, and selecting a sheltered bench that was shielded from the light breeze by

(Continued on Page 65)

Master Driver
1914

Over 700 miles of mud, mountains, macadam and desert sands led the route of the "Cactus Derby" of 1914. A diamond medal and the title, "Master Driver of the World," rewarded Barney Oldfield, first to flash by the finish at Phoenix.

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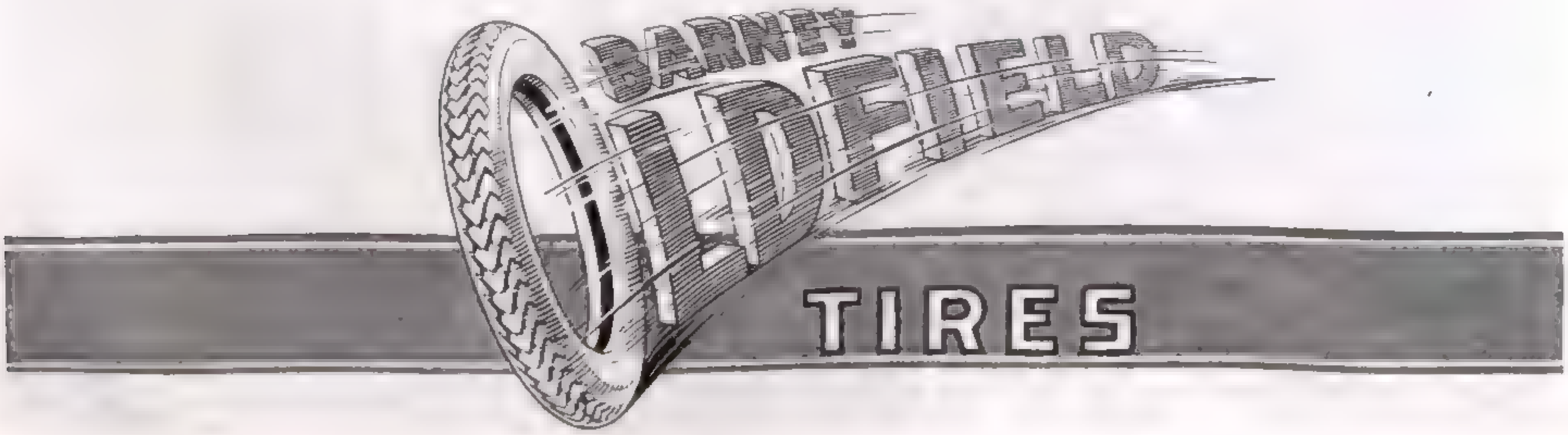

(Continued from Page 63)

a mass of camellias in full bloom I settled myself for a pleasing period of rest and observation. Very few people were about, and a lovely peace reigned over all.

First I took out the finished sock and regarded it critically in the strong light. It was really well made if I do say so myself, and tasteful, too. The sock itself was black, but round the top the purling was in alternate stripes of black and red; an effort on my part at once to meet Mr. Pegg's taste for the exotic in dress and at the same time offer a conservative surface in that part which would be exposed to the general public. Having, then, satisfied myself that my work was as my mother would have desired, I counted the setting-up stitches anew to make certain of their number, and began the second sock, my heart content at thought of the pleasant surprise my gift would be.

I had completed the top line of red and the first line of black and had just begun on the second line of red when I observed the most dreadful thing.

I think I have mentioned that my seat was sheltered by a semicircular bed of evergreen bordered by tall camellias, and was situated in a remote corner of the gardens. The band on the plaza was playing a gay tune and the atmosphere was pleasant and exhilarating. I was not paying very diligent attention to my work. Indeed my eyes were ever prone to rove from my knitting, a fact for which Euphemia has often chided me, though I do quite as well without watching my stitches, the occupation having become second nature with me. Therefore it was by no means unprecedented that I should be contemplating the beautiful shrubs at my right, while nodding my head to the music of the distant band, though my hands were busily engaged.

At first I thought my vision must be at fault, for something stirred just the other side of the bushes, and a hand containing a revolver was slowly lifted, the index finger upon the trigger.

For the first second I felt as if I were stricken by paralysis, and the next I had sprung to my feet and rounded the corner to where the hand was.

"Stop it at once!" I shouted instinctively, though it is a fact that I hardly knew what was to be stopped.

And my command was obeyed. The man who stood there actually did stop, though why in the moment of his surprise that dreadful pistol did not go off I cannot understand. But the hand containing it dropped to his side, and for several seconds we stood staring at each other, he with the pallid daze of one who has been halted on the brink of destruction, and I with the trembling indignation of a respectable female with a most unfeminine situation suddenly thrust upon her.

He was a tall thin man, no longer young, and dressed in the extreme of fashion save for a large rabbit's foot that dangled incongruously from his watch chain. His eyes were large and dark and overbrilliant, and his disheveled head was hatless.

"What were you doing?" I asked severely, though I now knew perfectly well. "Don't you know that it's a sin?" I went on before he could answer.

"Who are you?" the man asked in English, his voice hoarse and remote. "Go away and allow me to kill myself!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" I replied tartly. "You put that—that weapon into your pocket this minute! Don't you know you are apt to cause us both to be arrested if a police officer should come this way?"

Mechanically he obeyed, slipping the dreadful thing into his coat pocket, and continuing to stare at me in that helpless, dazed fashion.

"Now come and sit down beside me on this bench!" I commanded, gathering my worsteds out of his way. He obeyed like a person in a trance. "There now!" said I. "You poor man, you are all upset. Wait a minute and I'll give you just what you need."

Fortunately it is my habit always to carry a dose of aromatic spirits of ammonia in my reticule in case of emergency, and at length an emergency had arisen. Hastily retrieving the little phial from its hiding place I uncorked it and offered it to my strange companion.

"Here—drink this quickly!" I commanded.

He took it and gave a hurried look about to see if anyone observed. There was nobody in sight.

"You are right, it is less noisy!" he whispered. And with a single gulp he drained the phial and returned it to me.

"How long does it take to work?" he whispered feebly, relaxing upon the bench.

"Just a moment," I said soothingly. "There! Don't you feel better already?"

"I do, strangely enough!" he replied, straightening up. "What kind of poison is it?"

"It's aromatic ammonia," I said briskly, "and it won't poison you in the least. Never have I met such a silly person as you are!"

"Baffled again!" he groaned, burying his face in his hands. "Oh, how much better I feel! What a shame! Why could you not let me die?"

"Because it is the business of sensible women to take care of foolish men!" I returned. "Sit up now and tell me all about it. Was it love?"

He obeyed and stared at me in that silly blank way of his.

"Love?" he said. "Worse than that. Money. I have one hundred napoleons left in the world. I decided there were only two courses open to me. Either I must get a sign, an infallible sign how to play, or shoot myself. I decided to wait until two o'clock and if the sign had not manifested itself I would end my life. It was exactly three seconds to two o'clock when you spoke!"

He groaned and dropped his head again.

"Well," said I as placidly as I could, "perhaps I am the sign you were looking for. Who knows? See here now, I am going on knitting, and suppose you watch the stitches for a few moments. It's excellent for the nerves. That's it. You'll have yourself well in hand presently."

And indeed even as his eyes fell upon my fancywork he seemed to take a new lease of life. Gradually he became animated. Color returned to his pallid cheeks and a new, though I cannot say a saner, light came into his eyes.

"The sign!" he muttered. "Perhaps it is the sign!" This cryptic remark seemed to be addressed to himself. Then suddenly—he did everything suddenly—he spoke directly to me. "Red and black!" he said, fingering the wool on which I was at work. "Red and black. How many stitches do you take of the red, strange woman?"

"Ten," I said, "and then ten of black and then ten on the red!"

He sprang to his feet with a sudden strange conviction in his manner.

"Twenty on the red! Ten on the black!" said he. "It's a sign. It may be, it must be a sign! I'm off!"

He tossed the sock back to me with a gay gesture and started away. But I was too quick for him. I caught him by the coat tails before he had gone twelve inches.

"Hey, my good man!" said I. "I'll just thank you to hand over that pistol before you go!"

"All right, you can have it!" he exclaimed lightly. "There you are. Don't do anything rash with it. I may need it later!"

He slipped the weapon into my reticule with an amazingly swift gesture, and before I could say "jiffy" he was gone in the direction of the casino.

Nervous excitement has always exhausted me more than physical exertion, and I have acquired the practice of taking a short nap wherever I may be when the occasion necessitates it. And so when the poor crazy man had gone and seemed little likely to return I settled myself for a cat nap, determined to compose my nerves and not allow my afternoon to be ruined by the disturbing incident. But though I roused myself at intervals and did a few stitches I must have drowsed much longer than I had thought to, for when I awoke thoroughly it was sunset.

I got out dear father's chronometer and was horrified to find the hour past six. Here I had been a public spectacle for goodness knows how long! I at once began to gather my things together, preparatory to leaving for the hotel, when I perceived that there was a great to-do at the casino. People began pouring forth and cheering, headed by a wild figure in a black coat.

And then things began to happen fast. Before I could realize that the procession was headed for me it was upon me, led by my suicidal acquaintance, his pockets bursting with money, his hat, mysteriously retrieved, also brimming with lucre, his vest bulging with it, and his hands full of bank notes. Straight toward me he came, and dropping upon his knees he flung both

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hands full of money into my lap, the crowd closing in about us despite the police officers, who ran about wildly shouting, "Ladies and gentlemen, order, please!"

"My benefactress! My good angel!" shouted the kneeling man. "My sign from heaven, accept a few miserable hundreds as your inadequate reward!"

"You have been gambling!" I said severely, while gathering up the money from my lap.

"Yes, I broke the bank on your advice!" he shouted. "Twenty on the red, ten on the black. Take, oh, take your reward, my angel!"

"I will take this shameful money for the foreign missions at home!" I said severely. "It ought to be turned to holy uses, and you will only lose it again! And please get up. You are making us both ridiculous!"

But before he could comply, to my unspeakable horror Alicia and her father pushed their way through the crowd, accompanied by a young man. At sight of me Peaches gave a whoop of joy.

"What price a chaperon!" she yelled. "Free, you little hellion!"

She turned from me to the young man in attendance.

"Good Lord, what'll I have to get her out of next?" she asked him whimsically. And then I recognized him.

It was the Duke di Monteventi!

VI

EVEN amidst the excitement incident to my personal predicament I could not but be surprised at that young man's being there—and with Peaches! He had the most extraordinary way of turning up unexpectedly. And even more remarkable was the way in which he appeared equal to whatever situation he dropped into the midst of, for now it was he who maneuvered my extrication from the embarrassing attentions of the bank-breaking person, and it was on his arm that I departed from that iniquitous spot to which I had so inadvertently wandered. It was not until we returned to the hotel that I learned what had happened, and then dear knows it was nothing to his credit.

It appears that they had met him at the gaming table. But, of course, that could not be counted as wholly against him inasmuch as Peaches herself had been there, and even I had been near by, though, of course, without intention. Obviously I was not in a position to reprove either of them, though I took the greatest pains to explain in minute detail just how the situation in which they found me had arisen, omitting only the exact nature of the work upon which I had been engaged.

"Never mind, Free!" said Peaches soothingly. "Don't bother to alibi. Both father and I have played hunches ourselves, haven't we, dad? Only it's generally been in person."

This was perfectly unintelligible to me, but the duke apparently understood, for he smiled that wonderful golden amile, which made me feel as if I would do simply anything for him. Then he counted what they persisted in calling my winnings for me. It amounted to a trifle less than two hundred francs.

"Are you really going to send it to the missions?" he asked. "You might double it at the tables, you know, Miss Talbot!"

"My dear duke," I informed him promptly, "I wouldn't gamble for the world! I intend turning this money in at once to charitable uses!"

"What a lack of philosophy!" he cried, throwing out his hand in a despairing gesture. "But much is furnished to charity from sources as blind, isn't it? Except for that poor gambler where would your donation be? Don't you believe the end often justifies the means?"

Peaches took this up.

"You mean a person has to fight the world with its own weapons lots of times," she said quickly.

"I do," he said.

"Well, my dear father always held that fair means made clean profits," I said, rising. "And I believe that no matter what the end, the process to it should be honest."

And then I left them to make out a money order to Doctor MacAdams, as I did not like having all that cash upon my person; and anyway the receptacle in which I carried such things would not contain so much.

In the corridor I ran into Mr. Pegg. I would have passed on my way, but he detained me.

"I wanted to ask you, Miss Talbot," he began, "what was the dope you gave that feller that he won on?" His voice was low and eager.

"I didn't tell him a thing!" I responded indignantly. "I know nothing whatever of gambling, Mr. Pegg, as you are perfectly well aware!"

"I'm not so dead sure about what you know and what you don't," said Mr. Pegg slowly. "But I am disappointed you won't tell me what you told that feller to do."

"I assure you I imparted to him no information of any sort whatsoever!" I repeated with dignity. "I am beginning to think everyone has gone a little mad in this climate!"

"Well, of course the climate ain't like California," murmured my employer automatically. "But I'd like to know what you told him."

Well, I wasn't going to discuss that crazy man or my conversation regarding the socks I was making, and so I fled to the seclusion of my chamber and the completion of my errand.

But when I had written my letter and addressed my envelope I fell into a reverie in which my thoughts were occupied by the Duke di Monteventi. It was perfectly apparent that he was going to see something of Peaches—in all likelihood as much as she would permit—and unless my premonition and intuition were wholly at fault that would mean a good deal.

And why not? That was the question. Was there any reason why not? Of course Alicia had her parent, who was naturally the prime factor in any restraint that might be put upon her. But then, Mr. Pegg did not know of the incident of the motion-picture house. Not that there was anything in it to the young man's discredit. But suitable bachelors did not generally have a mystery attached to them anywhere. Of course we did not as yet even know that he was a bachelor, though from the way he looked at Peaches I earnestly hoped he was.

Should I inform Mr. Pegg of what I knew? But what, after all, did I know? Nothing except that two quite unattractive foreigners seemed to have designs upon him. And those friends of his, Lord and Lady Gordon, were presumably highly desirable.

Well, Abby might know something about him. I felt my responsibility toward Peaches heavily. And yet I longed for a romance. Or at any rate, at least for the spectacle of one. Such a time and such a place demanded it. Through the window of my unhomelike hotel bedroom crept the scent of exotic blossoms on the wings of a gentle breeze which stirred my letter to the minister to a faint fluttering. I looked at it hard for a long moment, a trifle saddened that so much sweetness should be wasted on anything less than a love epistle. Then I collected my emotions, put them, metaphorically speaking, away in dried lavender, where they belonged, sealed my letter and made myself ready for dinner.

When I rejoined my little family the duke had gone, but Peaches could talk of nothing else.

"Isn't he a regular guy?" she challenged the world from her seat upon the end of a high table. "He's two inches taller than I am! We measured. And he's the goods—absolutely! Got an old ranch that was staked out during the pioneer Christian days, back in the mountains. But it's been let run down."

"Orchards?" inquired her father, his interest quickening.

"Some," said his daughter. "But mostly human livestock, I guess. A tenantry, they call it."

"Italian for rent hog," commented her father.

And we went down to dinner.

One of our more popular, less erudite poets has remarked that "There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." Or perhaps it was a classic poet. I am not certain which, and must for once confess to ignorance as to the origin of a quotation. But it is one—the sentence, I mean—for which I have long cherished a liking. It is ill-expressed perhaps, but profoundly true. Love's dream is always young: that is one of the finest things about it. The tenderer emotions have a curious faculty for restoring youth, or at least temporarily renewing it. Even love at secondhand, by observation or by inference as it were, is capable of producing a reformation of the spirit which in its newfound vitality at once questions the body as to its actual age and state of decrepitude. Is one ever really old? Does one pass the period when romantic love can obsess one without one's justifying ridicule? Is there, indeed, any such period? Does not true love always dignify its victim? These are the questions which such a contact must invariably engender. And I confess to being no exception to the rule as I watched Alicia and the duke.

What a romance! How pleasing in every way! Two such handsome young people might have been, as it were, taken bodily from the drawings in Godey's Lady's Book, so incredibly beautiful were they: or from the decorative cover of a more modern magazine, so athletic was their appearance.

One of the very first items to catch and hold my admiring attention in the progress of their affair was the bouquet which he sent her the morning after his arrival. Here in a land where flowers were cheap and plentiful, instead of sending a bushel of blossoms, as the average admirer would have, a small box appeared containing an exquisite corsage bouquet. She was almost bound to wear it. And she did. So far so good, but what was in even better taste and a further sign of breeding, there was a handful of roses for me!

"My dear," said I as Peaches gave them to me, "that young man is a thoroughbred, take my word for it, even if he is a foreigner!"

"Well, he's only half wop, you see!" replied my lovely giantess in cheerful explanation. "His mother was a Miss Winton, from Cambridge, the daughter of the American consul at San Remo. She married a Dago, that's all."

"A Winton of Cambridge!" I exclaimed, a great light dawning upon me. "That explains it, of course. The Wintons were very decent people, my dear; very decent, though not very old. I am sure I remember that correctly. I will write and ask someone at home for further particulars. Meanwhile I know no reason why you should not see something of him if you wish."

"Thanks!" said Peaches. "I believe I might. In fact we had thought of taking a ride this afternoon. He's got a friend here in the Bersaglieri and can borrow two horses. Would that be quite all right, as the English say?"

"Certainly, if you take a groom along," said I, recalling what little I knew on this particular point of etiquette.

I had never indulged in equestrian sports in my own youth, nor had Euphemia, and so my authoritative tone was derived from surmises I had made from pictures I had seen on the subject—pictures, it must be confessed, in an English magazine, where a groom in pen and ink always figured in the sketches of Rotten Row.

Yet when Peaches had departed, sniffing at her bouquet, to write him a note, because, as she averred, the telephone service was so bad—much worse than the Los Angeles system—I wondered vaguely if she had not been making game of me in asking my permission and advice. Ordinarily I should have been certain that she was, but this time there was a genuine anxiety on her part to do the correct thing—a faint doubting of her own omnipotence that was new and wholly delightful.

I yearned over her with an unuttered blessing, and returned to work upon my, or, that is to say Mr. Pegg's, sock. How delightful the world seemed! And, of course, his being a Winton made such a difference!

Of Peaches on horseback I have little to say besides the fact that she and the duke required the two tallest horses in the regiment. Words fail me when I attempt to describe how she looked, for there she was in her element. By some mysterious process she had acquired a hat belonging to one of the officers—a strange hat indeed for a man to have worn at any time, for it was covered with cock's plumes. And Peaches wore it with an air of nonchalance difficult to describe. But it certainly did look very like the pictures to which I have referred as my authority on the subject of horseback riding. There was no groom with them, but Mr. Pegg had decided to go along, so that was all right. I saw them start and then decided to have the yellow brocade which I had purchased in Paris made up for the wedding.

As things were, I was not altogether surprised to find the Duke di Monteventi at Abby's house on the first occasion of our going there for dinner. I was glad it was so

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 66)

magnificent an entertainment with music, because when those two young people met in the beautiful hallway there should have been music and flowers, and there were! I have positively never seen anything so handsome as the duke in evening dress, except Peaches in that simple Nile-green satin gown! They came together like—like two branches of a stream—at once playfully antagonistic and blending! Yet their language was curiously unromantic.

"Cheero!" said the duke. "You look ripping!"

"You're not so dusty yourself," rejoined Peaches.

And then Abby bore down upon us; Abby in a perfectly outrageous black evening gown with diamonds as big as pigeon's eggs in her ears, and very little else. She sailed up like a little sloop, all trig and confident, and after pecking me on the cheek extended a flowerlike hand to Mr. Pegg.

"It's awfully good of you to come!" she said. "Dear Freedom has talked of you so often!"

"Charmed!" murmured Mr. Pegg, his eyes riveted upon her smooth head. "Delighted!"

It was quite perfect, and I experienced a tremendous sense of relief. One would never have suspected that he was paying for this gorgeous entertainment. But I did not like the look he gave her, nor the way his eyes followed her all evening. Somehow it made me unpleasantly conscious of my own hair, in which I had always heretofore maintained a good deal of pride. And somehow my gray corded silk with the collar of real lace and mamma's cameo pin did not seem quite so lovely as I had always thought them, either; though they were undoubtedly more modest and more suitable to our age than Abby's costume was. Fortunately my walkrite shoes did not show under my gown, and I managed to keep them pretty well concealed through the evening. But I digress.

Abby's villa was a delightful one, situated, as she had said, at the back of the pleasantly cosmopolitan little town of San Remo, and nestling high on the sheltering hills, the miniature garden being built on terraces and inclosed by a whitewashed wall against which the evergreens of the mountain crowded sharply, and over which the roses and geraniums and clematis flung abandoned sprays of sweetness, as if the little inclosure were an overflowing bowl of goodies.

There were minute statuettes in the garden, veiled and softened by moss and the winter damps of a century, and a little fountain half choked with water flowers, but tinkling endlessly from a broken conch shell. There were hidden benches, too, set as though for lovers; and, incongruously, a smooth bit of turf near the veranda where Abby practiced putting, which is, I am informed, a section of the game of golf.

But though the garden was old and steeped in romance the interior of the villa was modernized and gay. And on the night of this, our first entertainment there, a sense of festivity was diffused by a clever profusion of half-hidden lights, quantities of flowers, sporting prints, magazines galore, for Abby read nothing else, and a general crowding together of old and new furnishings, even to pictures and hangings, until the little house seemed incapable of holding another thing. But it was brave and gay and being made the best of—very like Abby herself.

Of the guests besides ourselves there was not much to be said in the way of charm, but a great deal in the way of distinction and quality. For there were Sir Anthony and Lady Spier, who did nothing in the world except live in San Remo each winter and compare it unfavorably with Sussex, to which, however, they seldom returned. They looked a good deal alike and ate heartily.

Sir Anthony had set views on California, where he had never been, and he positively refused to accept Mr. Pegg's statements about it, which circumstance gave rise to quite a lively discussion.

There were also present a Mr. and Mrs. H. DeVere-Poole, of New York; expensive-looking people who Abby afterward assured me were very fashionable. And no doubt they were—in New York. But in Boston I had never heard of them, though of course Mrs. Poole was familiar with my family and asked a few vague questions about some Boston people named Cabot, after which she lapsed into a silence which appeared to be pretty much habitual with her.

Then there was a voluble captain of the Queen's Bodyguard, in uniform, an acquaintance of the duke's, and of a distinguished but broken family, I believe. However that may have been, I do not know. But I can vouch for the condition of his English, which was worse than broken; it was shattered. And that was the company.

As for the food—I never saw so much food so thoroughly disguised in my life. It resembled an edible patchwork quilt made out of whole cloth. But it was delicious. All in all the venture was a huge success and my protégés behaved splendidly.

It was only after dinner, under the influence of a cigar—Abby permitted smoking in any part of the house, it seemed—that Mr. Pegg relaxed into his natural manner, and I began to be extremely fearful of disaster.

Sticking his thumbs into the armholes of his black and white striped silk vest, he refused to be seated, but strode about the crowded drawing-rooms, asking questions about all that they contained. I am mortified to confess that he appeared chiefly interested in the intrinsic value of the objects which attracted his attention, and showed no hesitancy about asking their price.

"Since I come over here abroad, countess," he remarked to Abby, who followed languidly in his trail—"since I come over I sure have had an eye opener about secondhand pictures and furniture and such stuff! That's why I'm interested in your things. I thought I knew something about commercial values, but I see I can learn."

"Why, I thought Sebastian Markheim was a great friend of yours!" commented Abby. "And he's a famous collector."

"He's a famous collector of culls and worn-out stock," chuckled the Citrus King. "Bought a ranch near one of mine, and the hoppers ate what trees he had, the first year. Then I got him a flock of turkeys to keep 'em down and he done better next year. But all the secondhand antiques he had over to his ranch house come from a fire sale in Oroville, and consisted principally of a slightly scorched set of real genuine varnished oak which dated way back to 1910."

"Who is this who possessed such a treasure?" asked the duke, strolling up and joining our little tour of inspection—for I was with them, being anxious to hear what Mr. Pegg and Abby were talking about.

"Sebastian Markheim!" replied Abby quickly. "He is a friend of dear Mr. Pegg's."

Dear Mr. Pegg indeed! And she had never met him before that evening! I determined to do something about this at once; though just what, and about what, I did not quite know at the moment, but you will understand me. Mr. Pegg, however, beamed at Abby, and then turned to the duke.

"Neighbor of mine on the coast," he explained. "Nice feller, but knows nothing at all about citrus fruit."

"But he does know about antiques," laughed the duke. "His collection is world-famous. Are you interested along those lines?"

"More curious than anything," Mr. Pegg admitted. "You see, I don't intend to let any branch of knowledge go untouched if I can help it. That's one of the traits that makes us Americans so remarkable."

"I see," replied Monteventi. "Have you shown him the Mantegna?" he went on, turning to Abby.

"Mantegna!" I exclaimed. "A genuine Mantegna! How wonderful!"

"Let's have a look!" said my employer.

"It's in here!" assented our hostess, and led the way into a little alcove room, where upon the bare plaster walls the masterpiece hung—a strange, melancholy primitive of the ascension, the agony of the dark ages in its solemn coloring, and struggling for technic.

I stood in silent awe before it—it was such a precious thing to be in private ownership, and of all persons, in Abby's! I sighed and turned, to see a curious look upon the face of the young duke, who towered beside me. Never had I seen anything so amazing as the transformation which had taken place in him. There was a look of reverence mixed with a passionate fire which seemed almost for the moment to consume him.

His face was that of a saint, a religious fanatic, a young crusader. His eyes burned and the color had receded from his cheeks. To say that I was shocked and fascinated at this strange transformation is to put it mildly.

Then the duke caught my eyes and his color came back.

"You understand pictures, Miss Talbot," he said quietly. "I remember."

"Pretty homely, I call it," said Mr. Pegg's voice behind us. "But I suppose that makes it all the more valuable. How much do you calculate it is worth?"

In an instant the duke had turned to him, his expression normal once more.

"An Italian work of art of such a character as this is beyond price," he declared, a deep note in his voice; "though that little painting would easily fetch a hundred thousand dollars in the market—which it will never reach, thank God!"

"You seem to think a lot of it," replied Mr. Pegg. "I wouldn't give five dollars for the thing, but I suppose there are some people who would."

"Markheim, for instance!" remarked the duke. "But he couldn't get it. One of our charming hostess' chief claims to distinction is that though an American by birth she has the Italian loyalty about such matters."

He bowed charmingly.

"Sandro means that no matter how hard up I was I wouldn't break the law by selling an Italian work of art for export," she explained lightly. "And this one least of all. It came from my late husband's home," she went on, "and is one of the few things I managed to save."

"Is there a law about taking such things out of Italy?" asked Mr. Pegg.

"I should say there was!" exclaimed the duke. "The country was being stripped by moneyed foreigners until it was enforced. We natives feel strongly on the subject, Mr. Pegg. But it is a dangerous thing to smuggle a masterpiece out of Italy now, I am happy to say."

"Then how do you suppose Mr. Markheim succeeded in getting the Madonna of the Lamp," I put in, "which he bought last month?"

"Markheim has Raphael's masterpiece!" he cried sharply. "Since when?"

"Well, young man, you needn't look at me like that," I said. "I didn't smuggle it for him, I'm sure! He bought it in New York; why, on the very day that you discovered that robbery at the Gordons'!"

"Curious that I didn't see the notice," he murmured, still staring at me. "I beg pardon, Miss Talbot. I didn't mean to be rude, I'm sure. But this is the first I have heard of it, and such things interest me greatly."

"They would interest any Italian," declared Abby. "You see, things are occasionally smuggled out in spite of an eternal vigilance on the part of the secret service. Though, as I remember, it's a good many years since the Madonna of the Lamp disappeared. It was reported to be in Berlin years ago, but this is the first time it has actually come to light. Very interesting, I'm sure.

"And if we really should go to war with Austria I expect we should have the opportunity of bringing back a great many things across the mountains yonder. Let's go out, by the way, and have a look at them in the moonlight."

She tucked her arm into that of Mr. Pegg in the most exasperatingly familiar way, which he did not seem to resent in the least, and together they went out through the window into the moon-filled garden. And even as they went Peaches appeared in the doorway, her hair wind-blown and her magnificent dress a trifle disordered, but if possible even more lovely than ever.

"Oh, there you are, Sandro!" she said, catching sight of the duke. "Come outside, quick! There's an aëroplane flying right into the moon. They say it's Caproni himself!"

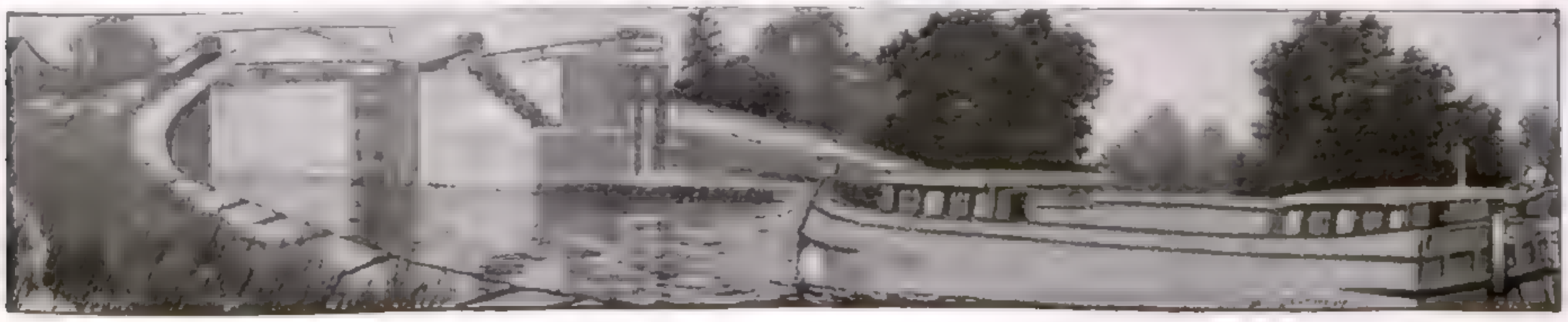
And forthwith they vanished, leaving me to absorb a detailed description of Sir Anthony's indigestion, delivered by himself, which description lasted for the remainder of the evening. But my thoughts were on other things, though I said "Yes?" and "Indeed!" automatically whenever Sir Anthony came to a full stop.

So it was "Sandro" already, was it? And that same Sandro, who loved famous paintings so, and knew such a lot about them, had been somewhere that newspapers did not reach from the time the panels were stolen from the château in which he was visiting until he reappeared at Monte Carlo. But where had he been during that period, and what doing? I puzzled the matter over all the while as we said good night and climbed into our high-powered motor, at the wheel of which Richard, the chauffeur, sat like a sullen schoolboy, while Peaches, abandoning her usual place beside him, climbed into the back with the duke, whom we were dropping at his hotel.

And the puzzle stayed in my mind after Peaches was asleep that night, she having first talked herself tired about her Sandro, describing him in turn as a king, a sport, a Greek statue and a bearcat. And I was still puzzling over him for an hour after Morpheus had claimed her, which hour I occupied in trying on various pairs of her high-heeled French shoes, and finding them less uncomfortable than I had anticipated and certainly more becoming to the foot than my hygienic walkrite footwear. Of course Peaches' shoes were too big for me, as my foot was smaller than Abby's, considerably smaller, in fact; whereas Peaches' footgear was—well, Californian. But it did well enough to practice in, and I took advantage of this solitary hour to do so.

But all the while that I walked up and down my chamber, the heels occasionally almost betraying me, my mind was on the duke. I determined to ask Abby all about him, for I deemed it my duty. And besides that, I wanted to see Abby soon again; I wanted to find out where she got her corsets.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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ANOTHER THROW OF THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

(Concluded from Page 29)

After a man reaches sixty-five or seventy the only help he can hope for is from a fairy.

We abuse others because they are not better than they can be, and excuse ourselves when we are not so good as we might be.

Most people go to hell because of bad luck; few deliberately jump in. I can give no better advice than a warning to be extremely cautious in playing about the edges.

I remember my youth distinctly, with its strength, joys and follies; I know the weaknesses of age, and try to balance the two with justice. When I am old and ill I shall know why another man is young, good-looking and content.

I hear much of unnecessary cruelty; I know few who indulge in it. People are naturally tender-hearted; so far as they believe in punishment, it is because they know it to be the first necessity in law and regulation. We cannot conduct schools, families, nations or any necessary work without penalties for violations of rules for the benefit of all.

There are men who are never satisfied until they shoot someone, to demonstrate that they are courageous. Most of them finally get in trouble, and shoot on too slight provocation. They remind me a little of the men who are forever trying to prove they are better than others, and more anxious to rid the world of unhappiness and poverty; they are never satisfied until the newspapers begin to print their names in connection with rallies and collections.

Whoever reaches the understanding of children, and properly influences them, is the greatest missionary. Mothers of intelligence are the best of missionaries; next comes the gentle school-teacher who is respected and loved by her pupils.

The word "tiresome" is applied to everybody. You note that your wittiest friends soon begin to repeat; husbands become tiresome to wives, and wives to husbands. Parents become tiresome to children; the best you can get to eat becomes tiresome, and you long in vain for something new. Your neighbors wear you out with their same old habits year in and year out; and you wear them out. I am tiresome, but you have no room to talk; there are people who run from you.

The most useful Christian I ever knew was a converted barber. He had been a drunkard and idler, neglected his family, was rude, talked too much and wasn't neat; but as soon as he was converted he quitted all his bad habits. He soon became the talk of the town because of his improved manners; he was quiet, modest, clean, worked steadily, and took good care of his family. He did not try to convert others; he was simply an example of a man who had been wonderfully improved. So he did great good; his example was about the best in town, and everyone knew what had wrought the change.

Mob thinking finally results in mob law.

We laugh at Mr. Bryan's sixteen-to-one doctrine, but are trying it in social and economic affairs instead of getting down to the gold basis.

I particularly dislike our method of considering public questions; we quarrel viciously and settle nothing.

When business men attempt a just revolt they hire lawyers, detectives and newspapers, and this action at once arouses suspicion. Business men will not combine for protection for some reason; they have never had an organization that amounted to anything.

When a man shows signs of being a great genius I sometimes think he should either be put in jail or compelled to give bond to keep the peace. A great genius seems to be as much of a pervert, and as dangerous, as a man who has only half sense.

Everyone seems to be slowly gaining practical knowledge except writers; they still believe criticism is the greatest profession.

Much of our so-called learning is not so valuable as the natural education everyone acquires.

When an employer realizes that one of his men is becoming so valuable that a competitor may want him, a suggestion of more pay will come from the stingiest and hardest heart ever carried under the vest of a boss.

I visit a strange town and see a fine home. I inquire who lives there and am told it is a man named Williamson. I have heard of him; Williamson, the soap man. For years I have been buying a cake of his soap occasionally. A cake lasts me several weeks, and is so satisfactory that I wonder it can be sold at the price. I have heard Williamson sells his soap all over the world. He cannot make much profit out of each sale, because I pay only five cents for a cake. Out of this he must pay his workmen, the assessments of various committees, and his advertising. Why should I hate Williamson? On the contrary, why should I not admire him and look into his methods? Maybe he has methods I shall find of value in my own affairs. Why should I accept the talk that Williamson is ignorant, when I know that probably in educating himself in the soap business he has acquired a very good education in other respects? Why should I accept the talk that Williamson is not so good a man as one of his soap boilers? There is no reason, and I'll not do it.

There is a book called The Poverty of Philosophy. Philosophy is indeed poor, since all of it somewhere opposes actual human experience. Socrates made a good deal of the gods, but human experience knows of no such thing. I can find many true books about the ox, the history of this animal being admitted by all writers on the subject; it can do certain things and no more. No speculation here, but fact founded on what is actually known of the ox. But when we come to the philosophy of man no one seems able to write of his own race without claiming some quality he has not, rights he has not, and intelligence he has not. The moral is that everyone must be his own philosopher; and woe unto him who is a bad one.

All writers claim to consider both sides, but really swallow one side or the other as completely as do the rest of us.

I have never seen a book of philosophy which did not contain a statement to this effect: "If thou believest a thing impossible, thy despondency shall make it so; but he that persevereth shall overcome all difficulties."

I don't care how many philosophers have said this, it isn't true. A stable boy knows better. A really wise man knows many tasks are impossible, and should be abandoned. Perseverance is a good virtue, but should not be overloaded.

It seems millions of years are necessary to teach us that honesty is actually the best policy, and that the saying is not merely a well-turned phrase to lull our victims into security. Intelligent men accept the truth of morality as unreservedly as they accept the truth of arithmetic; they stumble at times, and are unable to work all the sums in the book, but know the rules are true, and that when they subtract four from ten the result is inevitably six. When the world learns as much, morality will have been achieved.

It is hard for the people to get along, as is so frequently stated. I never hear a reformer talk that I am not deeply moved. A funeral sermon impresses me also; but I never knew a preacher of a funeral sermon who could bring the dead man back to life, however worthy a character the dead man may have been, or however eloquent the preacher.

The world is completely worn out with outraged persons; the people are as tired of them as they became of the bloody shirt waved so industriously by Republicans after the Civil War.

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I. T. U.—OUR NATIONAL MYSTERY

Continued from Page 11

extent of which any commercial establishment of my acquaintance might well be envious. Any taxpayer who is basing a hope that a schedule with a flat tire will get across because the employees of the I. T. U. are government clerks and therefore inclined to pass everything along which involves work and is not too obviously raw is entitled to another guess.

In the course of a rather careful inspection of all the departments of the I. T. U.—a pilgrimage of hiking that can be recommended to all who are ambitious to reduce their weight and their waistlines—a certain feature of office arrangement which might well be copied in many large commercial and industrial offices became instantly conspicuous. All supervisors and inspectors have their desks at the rear of the rooms in which their workers are located. This means that every worker is enabled better to concentrate on his work because his eye is not attracted by the frequent conferences at the supervisor's desk, and as the general entrance to each room is from the rear, the workers are not tempted to glance up from their desks whenever anyone enters the room. Nearly all comers from other rooms transact their business with members of the supervisory boards, whose desks are at the back of the room. According to the supervisors and inspection heads this arrangement saves an immense amount of interference with work.

The personal-audit section is undoubtedly the center of the popular interest so far as the general public is concerned, because all citizens with incomes large enough to require them to pay an income tax have a direct personal relationship with the work done by this section. Here about forty-five thousand individual schedules are combed each month. The work is handled by five subsections of seventy to one hundred auditors each. Every subsection has its chief and assistant chief. Individual, partnership and fiduciary returns are audited here.

To the visiting stranger the outstanding feature of this section is its high percentage of women auditors.

"There must be a reason," I remarked to the chief of the section, "why you have so many women auditors here."

"There is," was his prompt response. "Like the head of the whole I. T. U., the average woman is from Missouri. She has the true show-me temperament. She is a natural stickler for details. She will not let the smallest item pass without scrutiny. A man is inclined to be a little more offhand in his examination—to size up a schedule in a give-and-take way without applying the question mark to the smaller details of the statement in hand. The natural inclination of the average man is not to fuss over small figures, but in this section a large share of the work is on relatively small returns—particularly since the big reduction in exemptions."

Check and Countercheck

The educational standard of the whole body of women auditors is extremely high; about ninety-five per cent of them are college graduates. Many of them have been teachers, but have found the auditor's calling more to their liking.

"I do not think," said Mr. Newton, "that you will find in any organization a higher average of intelligence than in this section composed almost entirely of women. Almost any one of them can write as good a letter dealing with complicated questions as can any male auditor in the unit."

Those auditors of this section handling partnership and fiduciary returns—those dealing with trusteeships and estates—are experts in the problems peculiar to these common forms of business administration. Many of these problems are highly technical and far more complicated than would appear at first glance.

"Every sort of individual return," remarked Mr. Murphy, the head of the internal-audit division, "has its own problems and peculiarities. For example, take your own line of work; possibly you may belong to the elect few among writing men who do not produce any unsalable manuscript, but we have reason to know that there are plenty of highly successful writers who do turn out unsalable manuscripts. If I were at liberty to do so—which, of course, I am not—I would like to show you the correspondence which we have from a certain author in support of his claim for a very material deduction under the head of 'depreciation' on account of unsold manuscripts on which he had expended much time and effort. Of course the basis of his plea was that in other lines of production substantial deductions on account of depreciation are allowed and that the same principle should be applied with respect to the writer's product. This argument was given the most careful consideration. If the manuscripts involved in the discussion had been as ingenious and interesting as the plea which this writer put forward in support of his claim to a depreciation deduction, they would, I think, have found a ready sale."

To the man who cherishes any hope of concealing a portion of his income the sorting section is bound to be a most discouraging place in which to linger, for here he is faced with the evidence from outside sources by which his own statements are checked. The first mass of this evidence is in the form of about five million ownership certificates relating to bond interest paid to individuals in the United States, and also about one million certificates representing interest from bonds and income from bonds of foreign countries and foreign corporations, not to mention a large and disconcerting array of miscellaneous memorandums. Ownership certificates covering securities held by individuals in the United States are of two kinds—those on which the two per cent normal tax has been paid at the source, and those securities on the interest of which no tax has been withheld at the source. The volume of this type of information is appalling.

It comprises about eight million separate returns of information from the source, covering rents, wages, salaries, commissions, fees, and so on, paid by employers of labor, partnerships and personal-service corporations and fiduciaries to individuals. And these mountains of collateral outside information are only a beginning of the process of seeing that the pastime of concealing incomes is effectively discouraged.

The task of guiding each separate item in this mass of millions of statements so that it will finally arrive in the files alongside of the return made by the individual taxpayer to whom that scrap of evidence relates seems almost a physical impossibility, a miracle of distribution. But somehow that miracle is performed with almost unerring accuracy. Here is the way in which the chief of the sorting section describes the process:

"The first procedure is to audit the withholding returns and deduct the two per cent tax paid at the source. Then all the other certificates become items of information against the individual income of each person who files a return in the United States.

Part of Revenue Agents' Review Section, Internal-Audit Division

"First, the certificates are all sorted according to internal-revenue districts. Then the file of information established in each district is arranged, first alphabetically and then interalphabetically. The next operation is to secure from the collector of internal revenue a certain stencil form—No. 7544—which indicates the name and address of each individual, partnership and fiduciary filing a form. These stencil forms from the collector of internal revenue are then matched against the certificates or information returns in the sorting section. The information on the certificates and on the information returns is assembled and entered on the stenciled forms. The stenciled form is then sent to the files section, where it is associated with the individual return of the taxpayer. The audit of the return will indicate whether or not all of the income which is received and which is shown by the certificates and information returns has been reported. Those certificates and information returns on file which cannot be matched with the stenciled forms are returned to the collector, who uses the information to run down those taxpayers who should have filed a return, but who failed to do so."

The income-tax-paying citizen who has filed his return without wondering what would happen to that on-oath financial confession to Uncle Sam is hardly human. There are very few such in captivity. To trace the travels of a return or to pick its probable route is impossible without scrutiny of the organization skeleton of the income-tax unit. Besides, a look at the articulated bones of the unit will serve another useful purpose—that of impressing the taxpaying citizen with the number of hazards which his return must take before it is safely tucked away for its final rest in the catacombs underneath the income-tax unit's home. Incidentally, a view of this skeleton will offer something like a feast to sharps who specialize in building the machinery for doing business.

The Skeleton of the Unit

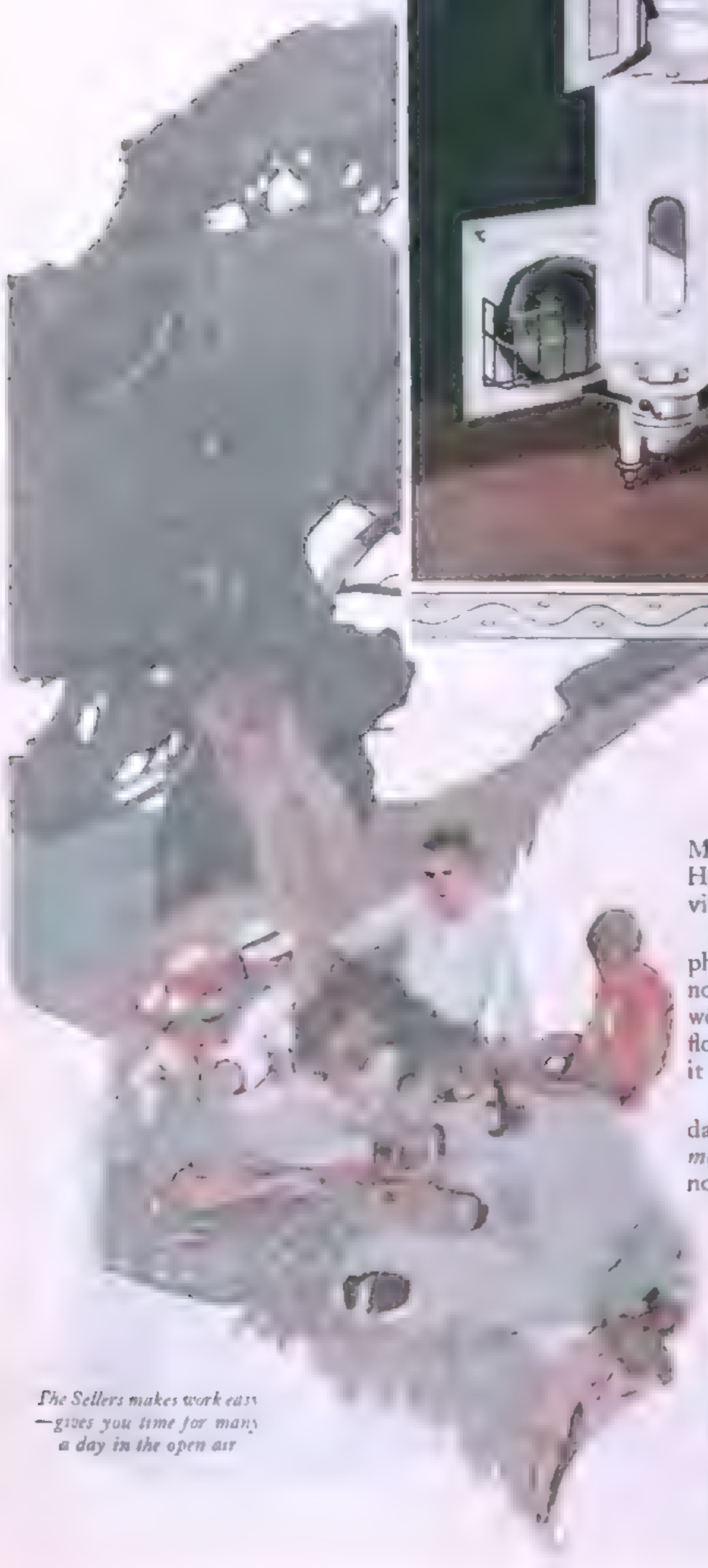
At the head of the organization are Deputy Commissioner George V. Newton and his assistant head, Franklin C. Parks. Two important bodies deal directly with them—the advisory committee and the executive committee, the former composed of a personnel selected on account of special fitness in efficiency and organization, and the latter composed of the heads of divisions who meet together at frequent intervals to deal with general administrative problems of the unit. There is still a third organization, not controlled directly by the income-tax unit, but which has an important relation to its work. This is the committee on appeals and review, which is attached directly to the commissioner. The decision made in a tax matter by the income-tax unit is not final, but the taxpayer has always the right of appeal to this committee, which is an appellate court within the bureau. Its sessions are held in the Treasury Building near the commissioner's office and it is virtually a supreme court in all income-tax matters.

Next come the heads of the following divisions: Staff, administration, internal audit, field audit, technical, claims and statistical. The staff division is subdivided into personnel, training and information. Its task is to pick and develop the talent for the more difficult positions; it is virtually the officers' training school of the institution. The sections of the administration division are: Proving, files, sorting, returns, control, stenographic, mail, building equipment and supplies, duplicating and orders and codes. Next comes the internal-audit division, composed of the field-audit review, manufacturing, trading, personal, amortization, inventory, transportation, finance, personal service, claims audit.

The field-audit division is divided into field-audit control, organization methods and supervision, field personnel, space and equipment and agents in charge. In the technical division are the following subdivisions: Consolidated returns and natural resources and the following sections: Special assessment, special audit, rules and regulations and internal-audit review. The claims division divides into: Review, personal, corporation and record and files. Last comes the statistical division with sections of: Compilation and analysis, tabulations and sorting, edit and code, card punch, card verification and research.

These are the seven grand divisions of the organization with their major subdivisions. Many of the subdivisions are again subdivided in order to provide higher specialization. For example, the natural-resources subdivision is divided into: Audit, oil and gas valuations, metals valuation,

(Continued on Page 75)



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(Continued from Page 72)

coal valuations and timber valuations. Another subdivision of the technical division, that of consolidated returns, is split into four sections: Audit, travel audit, affiliations and instruction.

The business man who can entertain the hope, after a study of this organization plan, that he can get by with a loaded return is suffering from an aggravated case of immoral optimism. The only cure for his disease is more information about the various gantlets which his schedule must run before it is stamped as immune to further attack.

A very casual contact with the work of the staff division, which picks, trains, promotes and pays the workers of the whole income-tax unit, is sufficient to impress any investigator with the fact that the unit has a rare and highly developed organization spirit. In fact, the intensity of the loyalty to the organization and its work is rather difficult for the commercial mind to understand without a diagram.

For example, a few months ago the head of the unit called in a certain division head who was receiving five thousand dollars a year, and said to him: "It looks as if the time had come for you to cash in on your training and experience here. I understand that a large corporation has offered you ten thousand dollars a year, on a contract, for your services. It's a big opportunity and we are not going to stand in your way to make the most of it."

"Isn't my work here satisfactory?" quietly asked the division head.

"Certainly it is," was the astonished response of the head of the unit, "but we must not shut you out of ——"

"Then I prefer to stay right here," interrupted the division head. "I feel that my work here isn't finished and that it is up to me to see it through. If I'm worth ten thousand dollars a year to a corporation now I'll be worth more than that after I have done my full work here and delivered to the unit fair compensation for the training it has given me."

This attitude is apparently typical of the organization as a whole. J. H. Callan, on the day of his retirement from the position of assistant commissioner and head of the income-tax unit, declared:

"This organization is unlike any with which I am familiar, either in the government service or out of it. I have been seventeen years in the government service, in various branches, and happen to be fairly well acquainted with quite a number of large commercial and industrial organizations. Perhaps my connection with the unit might disqualify me, in the minds of some, as a competent witness in this matter; but I sincerely believe that the ability of this organization to do the big work that rests upon its shoulders and to do it in a thoroughly businesslike and acceptable way is largely to be accounted for by the spirit that pervades the whole organization from top to bottom. Of course this distinctive spirit is not an accident; that sort of thing doesn't merely happen; it is the result of conscious and deliberate calculation and development on the part of those who shape the administrative policies of the organization."

Chances for Rapid Advancement

"In the first place, there is a clear-cut policy here giving every man the right of way for promotion to the very top of the heap. And this policy has been so frequently proved in the promotion of individuals that all of the people in the organization recognize it as an actuality. For example, Mr. Newton, who has to-day succeeded me as deputy commissioner and head of the unit, two years ago was a clerk at a salary of eighteen hundred dollars. I might also name three other division heads who have, in two years, been promoted from clerkships at eighteen hundred dollars to their present positions, which carry salaries of five thousand dollars. In fact, one of them, as a member of the committee on appeals and review, receives six thousand dollars a year, which is one thousand dollars more than I received as head of the unit. Another man comes to my mind who was drawing fourteen hundred dollars as a clerk in January, 1918, and now receives four thousand dollars as head of the administration division. These cases are typical. They represent the rapid advancement that is really characteristic of the organization.

"Inevitably this kind of promotion puts pep and ambition into the whole service. It is an immensely stimulating factor. H. R. Stutsman, head of the staff division, is largely responsible for putting this progressive spirit into the organization. He is not only rarely gifted as a picker of men, but he also has the uncommon faculty of inspiring the men and women who come here to see their individual problems, as a rule, in a clearer and better way than the employees in any other organization with which I am acquainted are able to see their personal problems.

"If the leaders of industry are looking for proofs of the fact that it is possible to inspire employees with the old-fashioned spirit of loyalty they will find plenty of examples in point right here. Not long ago the head of a large corporation came to me and said that he needed the special knowledge, training and ability possessed by one of our twenty-five-hundred-dollar clerks and that he was willing to give the man a contract starting him at seventy-five hundred dollars a year. But that clerk was so enamored of the organization here that he turned down the offer of a five-thousand-dollar advance. There are certain men working here for five thousand dollars and six thousand dollars a year who could step out into positions that would double those salaries. In fact, I could place one of these men in a fifteen-thousand-dollar job at once if he would accept it.

"When you get into the technical department you will meet several men who present a still more contradictory attitude toward the matter of compensation for their services. There you will find quite a number of men who have deliberately left positions paying them far higher salaries than they now receive. Of course the basis of their decision to come here was the expectation of receiving something of greater value to them than the difference in monetary returns. They are technical and scientific men and therefore have an idea of service to humanity that seems decidedly altruistic to those who are strictly commercial in their outlook upon life."

In Training for Big Jobs

"Again, these men would not hesitate to deny that their purpose in making a sacrifice in current salary is wholly altruistic. They would point out that service in the unit gives them an opportunity to secure a survey of the entire field of operations to which their technical training naturally applies that would be impossible for them to secure in any other field of activity. They would say, too, that here they have the opportunity to get an intimate insight into the net results of the industries in which they have specialized that they could not get elsewhere. In short, they recognize that work here opens numerous avenues of information of the most practical and valuable sort that would be elsewhere closed to them.

"In making a decided sacrifice in salary to come here they are virtually taking a post-graduate course in their specialties in a university which offers them opportunity to become intimately familiar with the conditions which all the operators in the fields in which they are interested are to-day facing. When they leave here they will be far more valuable to the corporations which secure their services than they could have been had they remained in the positions which they have left. And it follows inevitably that those who get their services after they have taken this post-graduate course will have to pay and can well afford to pay for the education which these men are now receiving in the income-tax unit.

"This brings us to quite another phase of the service here. The fact that the employment turnover is very large throughout the entire unit and is almost phenomenal in certain divisions, sections and subsections, would seem to offer almost a direct contradiction to what I have said with regard to the inclination of men to stay here in spite of offers of much larger salaries elsewhere. Perhaps this apparent contradiction may be explained by the fact that it has not been the policy of the unit to attempt to prevent its employees from bettering themselves financially by taking positions outside of its service.

"Rather, it has been at least the tacit policy of the income-tax unit to feed useful and highly trained men into the business of the country. The unit is consciously and by premeditation a training school for experts in certain phases of industry, commerce and finance, where the knowledge which they gain here will be highly useful and productive. The larger the number of these men and women trained in the problems of the income tax that business absorbs, the less trouble will the unit have in the returns that come to it for audit and collection. If every important business house in America had in its employ a man or a woman thoroughly trained in the audit of income-tax returns the work of the unit would be immensely reduced. Every person who goes out from this office into business is virtually a missionary of right methods of preparing income-tax returns."

The references of the retiring head of the unit to the employment turnover in the organization are certainly conservative. The turnover for the entire unit was one hundred and fifty-five per cent; the manufacturing section of the internal-audit division, which usually contains about one hundred and seventy people, had a turnover last year of six hundred and fifty per cent. This is equivalent to a complete change every two months—which any tired business man even in these days of restless labor will grant is some considerable turnover!

In the fall of 1917, when the War Revenue Act was passed, the income-tax unit in Washington had a force of not more than three hundred persons, of whom not more than one hundred were engaged in technical work—that is to say, work comparable to that now done by the auditors of the organization. On March 15, 1920, the force of the unit in Washington had grown to 3567. From the original group of technical employees not more than twenty-five now remain in the organization, and virtually every one of these is now in a key position. This residue of the original technical group is entitled to be called the backbone of the organization.

The increase in the personnel during the year ending March 15, 1920, was 1933; the pay-roll increase for that year was $3,368,000, or a percentage increase of 114. There were 3088 people appointed during that year, and 1146 separations from the service by resignation, removal and the weeding-out process. In other words, the net of the changes was 1943 employees.

The remark that survivors of the original group of technical men are now in important positions is a statement of such superlative modesty that it cannot be passed without comment by anyone who has even a casual knowledge of their responsibilities. Almost every member of the committee on appeals and review, for example, came from this group. One incident in the experience of the former unit head will better indicate the weight of their duties than a page of abstract statements.

Answering a Kicker

The president of a corporation came to Washington to defend certain deductions on the score of expense made in the return filed by his company. One of these expenses, which he insisted was legitimate and deductible, was the salary paid to himself. In closely held corporations where the officers are in position to dictate all expenditures without fear of criticism, the payment of swollen salaries to themselves has seemed to offer a very neat and expeditious way of reducing excess-profit taxes. Naturally this has resulted in a very close scanning of the salary lists.

This man was decidedly keen on convincing the income-tax-unit officials that he was worth better than the amount he drew from his company. Apparently his idea of the way to impress the head of the unit with his own worth and importance was to give that official to understand that he had something on a representative of the income-tax-gathering body, but had been big and broad enough to pass it without notice. At least, in an interval of relaxation, this corporation president confided that a certain field man of the unit had suggested the possibility of obtaining for him a quantity of whisky at wholesale prices.

"What did you do with him when he made that proposition?" inquired the head of the unit.

"Simply told him I wasn't interested in his proposition and got rid of him."

"Take his name?" persisted the unit head.

"No."

"Mighty rotten, wasn't it—coming from a man in the internal-revenue service?"

"I'll say it was!" responded the corporation president.

"And I suppose you related the incident to me for the purpose of impressing me with the fact that it was rotten and that this service was vulnerable?"

"I think you got me the first time," laughed the visiting corporation president.

"Then," responded the head of the income-tax unit, "I'm going to suggest to you that your job as a citizen is no different from mine. By failing to get that man's name and then reporting him you aided and abetted wrong in a government official, and you knew you were doing precisely that. You admit that you regarded it as rotten. In short, your attitude is that you run your business, draw a big salary, live comfortably, and don't give a hang about the Government of your country until there is a prospect that it is going to step in and pinch you to the extent of some additional excess-profit taxes. Then you squeal and intimate that you consider this man a sample of the men in this service. You condemn the whole organization on the basis of your contact with this man.

"That man, as you very well know, is a local man. He belongs to your city. If we are to judge organizations and communities by chance samples I think I have about twice as good a right to consider that your city is rotten as you have to feel that this service is. And you may be sure that your statement as to the field agent is going to be quite as thoroughly investigated as is the income and profit tax of your company."

Hand-Picked Highbrows

"But I want you to go with me and take a look into a room two floors above us. There you will find quite a little company sitting at a long table and reviewing a tax case. On one side are seated the representatives of this unit. One of them receives a salary of five thousand dollars a year, another gets forty-two hundred dollars, another thirty-six hundred dollars and the two others less than thirty-six hundred dollars. On the other side of the table are about twenty-five men representing one of the largest corporations in America. The average income of these men is more than fifty thousand a year. On the table is a tax case amounting to more than twenty million dollars. There is not a man on the government side of that table who could not double his salary by going into corporation employ. That is putting it mildly, for they are all able men. The Government rests its interests in their hands and they have a feeling that in sticking by that responsibility they are doing something for their country. It seems to me that they are doing much more to prove their good citizenship and the spirit of this organization than is any man who allows a representative of the Government to get away with an offer to get him a supply of whisky when that act is a violation of law."

The committee on appeals and review does business with thousands of corporations but, of course, twenty-million-dollar cases are not of daily occurrence. However, nearly all cases that come before it for adjustment are relatively large. This is not because any case, no matter how small, is debarred from its consideration, but because the smaller cases are seldom complex enough to come before this body. However, any taxpayer who wishes to appeal his case to this committee may have the benefit of its deliberations.

The quality of intelligence which the income-tax unit applies to its more intricate problems is not to be appreciated without a personal inspection of its collection of hand-picked highbrows, as they are profanely called by those members of the organization who are not licensed to hang coveted fragments of the alphabet on their names. When I was permitted to inspect this section, which is the pride of the unit chief, I asked for personal specifications.

"The man," responded Mr. Newton, "who is bending over the odd-looking map is one of the most distinguished paleontologists in America. In other words, he is a sharp on fossils. But anyone who puts him in the fossil class is no judge of human nature. I have the best of reasons for believing that there is not in the United States another man who has as broad and thorough a knowledge of the basic conditions of oil production as Ralph Arnold. He can examine the fossils of an area and come mighty close to telling whether it will yield oil.

"This scientist furnishes a graphic illustration of the process by which the technical division of the unit has been built. When the unit first faced the fact that its task of assessing millions of income and profit taxes upon the great corporations

Continued on Page 77

The Big Brother to the Railroads

Maintaining Your Truck Operating Dollar at Par

THE railroads want higher freight rates; the street railways want bigger fares; even ocean freights cost more. But Kelly transportation costs are still low.

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By determining exactly what equipment is best suited to a particular job, we eliminate the customary guess-work in truck selection. In eliminating guess-work, we lop off from your cost sheet excessive charges for repairs and operation due to the general inefficiency of a misfit truck.

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Such characteristic progress in the reduction of haulage costs is but commensurate with the Kelly fifteen-year record. Considered in the light of other methods, our record speaks for the correctness of our early principles: the best to be had of men and materials — vital parts of our own manufacture — flexible construction — the satisfied co-operation of Kelly users.

THREE DRIVES:
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worm and
overhead.
A wheelbase for every job.

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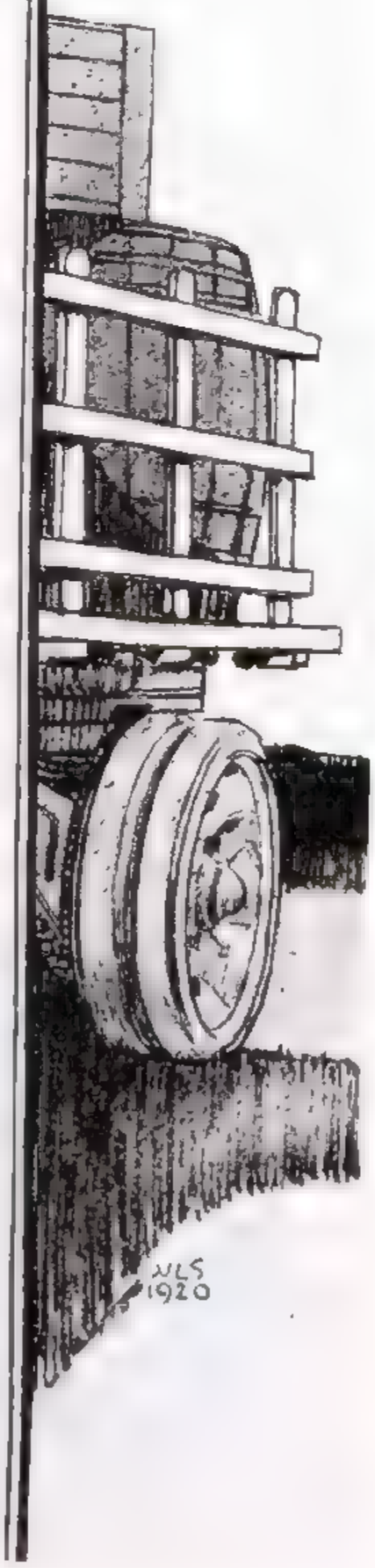

(Continued from Page 75)

interested in natural resources, and doing this upon a basis of strict justice, involved a multitude of highly technical and scientific problems, the necessity of securing men whose technical knowledge of their special fields was recognized by the men in those industries.

"It was equally clear that the unit must lay the foundations of an exact and comprehensive knowledge of the extent and character of the wealth of each of our great natural resources, of those industries making them available for humanity and of the corporate or individual members of those industries.

"Take the one problem of depletion, for example. Millions of dollars in profit and income tax from a single corporation hang upon the way in which depletion is figured for that company. A very slight variation in the unit of estimate quickly results in a colossal difference in the result. Therefore there was no escape from the necessity of building up a technical organization of the highest scientific and practical ability and of a character that would command the confidence of all industry.

"This problem was put up to the industries involved in it. For example, the head of the income-tax unit went to the biggest men in the oil industry and said: 'Where is the man in whose ability and honesty you have such confidence that you will all trust him with the most intimate records of your companies, to the end that he may assemble a statistical structure covering the entire oil industry of America?'

"The result of this appeal was the selection, on the part of the entire oil industry, of Mr. Ralph Arnold. The great oil producers declared that he was an umpire who would have their complete confidence as to knowledge, ability and fairness when he took his place on the Government's side of the table. Then Mr. Arnold proceeded to do a little hand-picking himself. At one time he took from the oil industry one hundred and twenty-five carefully selected men, chosen by reason of their knowledge of some special phase of oil engineering. These men have built up a statistical reserve of information as to oil resources and conditions that is unique. Specifically there is not an oil field in America of which we haven't a map showing its area, depth of wells, production and all other essential facts. And all this has been done without leakage of company secrets from one corporation to another."

Intellectual Thoroughbreds

"The same constructive line has been followed with reference to the mining and timber industries. The industries themselves have been consulted as to the technical men best qualified to deal with the most intricate problems in their special fields. The outstanding men in the timber industry, for example, suggested a certain man. He came to Washington and said: 'There are several reasons why I cannot take the position which you offer—the best of them being that I know a better man than myself for the job—Major Mason, of the University of California.' He had been in France as a forester, but had returned to university work. He was investigated and interviewed, and accepted the position at a lower salary than he was receiving.

"One of the first things which this timber expert did was to devise certain forms for collecting basic statistics on the timber industry. The leaders in that line were quick to recognize the fact that here was an investigation which would yield a more intimate and significant knowledge of their own enterprises than they themselves possessed. Consequently Major Mason's forms and questionnaires were promptly adopted by several big timber corporations.

"'I'm curious,' I confessed to this man, 'to know the viewpoint which led you to leave more profitable and perhaps more conspicuous work for this position.'

"'As an American citizen,' was his prompt answer, 'I feel that anything I can do to draw industry and the Government together in a mutual understanding is well worth while. There has been altogether too much antagonism between them in the past. They have big and vital problems to be worked out together. It is far better for them to coöperate than to fight.'

This seems to be the spirit of the whole force of technical men in the income-tax unit. Those who are making financial sacrifices to serve the Government of their country—as many of them are—look at the matter in this light. Also, they quite frankly admit that the broad, intimate and intensely practical knowledge of conditions and problems of the industry gained in their governmental positions will make their services especially valuable when they leave and go into unofficial employment.

These hand-picked highbrows are accorded treatment which attests the value placed upon their services by the administrators of the unit. The burden of doing the heavy thinking for the Government in relation to its largest tax cases is upon these men. Therefore they are carefully relieved of every other form of effort. They have the choosing of highly qualified assistants—younger men whose duty it is to relieve them of even the higher forms of mental drudgery. Every process of calculation that can be safely trusted to another is taken from these technical chiefs. Their job is to analyze, to exercise judgment—and they work at this task quite exclusively, for nothing is required or expected of them except this.

"It would be the most wanton kind of business waste," declared the head of the technical division, "to permit one of these men to fritter away a moment of time or an ounce of energy in any operation that could be performed by a high-class clerk. As a consequence the desks of these men are served as attentively as any dinner table in America."

A visitor from Kentucky once looked over the group of hand-picked highbrows and remarked: "By the way you treat these men I'd say that right here is the stable of Derby candidates."

Certainly the most casual contact with the leaders of the technical group is sufficient to give the impression that they are intellectual thoroughbreds.

A School for Experts

"Over there by the window," remarked the chief of the subdivision, "is a man who was drawing fifty thousand dollars a year from a single interest. The maximum we pay here is five thousand dollars. He came with us because he felt there was a big work here that needed to be done. I doubt if there is a man in this subdivision who is not here more from a consideration of good citizenship than from self-interest. As there is scarcely a technical man in the employ of the unit who could not draw double his present compensation from a corporation it is difficult to see the selfish attractions of the service—at least on the basis of present employment."

At the closing hour I happened to notice a group of young men gathering about the chief of the minerals subdivision.

"Everybody here?" he inquired. "All right—then let's go."

"What's on?" I asked my guide.

"He's taking a bunch of the newer auditors to the National Museum to inspect its marvelous exhibit of minerals and things relating to mining. When they return they'll have a much more complete and definite knowledge of the meaning of the technical terms which they encounter in their audits than they could get from weeks of solitary study—for Gratton is an enthusiast on the subject of metals and will open it up to those young men in a graphic way that will saturate them with mining lore without making them conscious that they are being crammed with vital information. That sort of thing is an established practice here. To all practical purposes we are running a technical college where the instruction is of the most intensive sort. Not only is this true of the technical division but of the unit as a whole.

"Because of our big labor turnover it is necessary for the unit to take raw material in the form of untrained young men and women, and turn out a finished product in the shortest possible time. To put it roughly, we take greenhorns and turn them into expert auditors while you wait. That may be stretching it a little—but not much. Probably the biggest job of this kind is done by Big B. G. Murphy, the head of the internal-audit division. He runs the hothed where the germination of winners is reduced to a system. His seedlings have been transplanted to every part of the unit."

At the end of a rather searching exploration of the technical division the head of the income-tax unit said: "There is one point I would like to make clear because of its importance. This is the futility of the idea, which some business men seem to hold, that men may be placed here to serve the corporation or interests with which they have

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Kills Flies!
Here's a sure, easy way to rid your home of these summer pests. Kills mosquitoes, too—moths, roaches, bedbugs, lice, chicken lice, fleas, ants and red ants.
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been connected. It doesn't work out that way. There are too many safeguards against that very thing. First, there is the check of competitive approval in the selection of men. One corporation isn't going to say to us 'Smith works for our strongest competitor, but he's so square and capable that we would feel safe in his hands' unless the man in question is of that type of mental and professional honesty that places him absolutely above serving the interests of the corporation to which he is attached after leaving it to become a sworn official of the Government. This policy is carried to the extent of securing the approval of virtually all important operators in the entire industry as to any man who is to be drafted for a key position here.

"Again, the kind of men we are after and get have a natural protection from temptation to dishonest inclinations and practices by reason of what I'd call their scientific or technical spirit. Very few men go high in a technical profession who are not fundamentally honest. It isn't in the cards for them to do so. They would be in some other line if they were inclined to be crooked. Or if they started in scientific or technical work with a bent to dishonesty they would be spotted and shaken out before achieving any professional eminence.

"Still another protection against the use of an official position here to serve a private interest is the extent to which the findings and conclusions of every man and group of men are reviewed by others. Every man knows that his findings must be defended in open court of review, so to speak, where the case is one of any material importance. No one man has the final say as to the disposal of any case—the decision always represents collective judgment."

Special Assignment Men

"But how about the matter of leakages?" I inquired. "Only last week I heard a keen business man express to his luncheon companions the conviction that the unit was probably well planted with spies for special corporations and interests whose main jobs are to feed back information that would be of advantage to their real employers and of decided disadvantage to the competitors of the concerns which had planted them."

"Naturally," responded Mr. Newton, "I resent such an imputation. That man doesn't know the atmosphere of the income-tax unit. Probably he is also unaware of the penalties imposed by the law for that kind of official offense—a fine of one thousand dollars and imprisonment for one year, or both. Certainly he is ignorant of the searching character and extent of the surveillance exercised by the unit against this sort of thing. The fact is that the returns of income-tax payers are guarded just as carefully as the bullion in the vaults of the United States Treasury—not necessarily because of their intrinsic value but because the law recognizes the fact that the secrets of a man's income are as sacredly his as is the money in his purse."

A graphic illustration of the sudden, searching and unexpected scrutiny to which an auditor, or a group of auditors, may be subjected is afforded by the work of the special assignment section of the consolidated returns subdivision which handles the returns of large corporations having affiliated companies. At any moment a tax case is liable to be taken from the hands of those who have it in charge and given over to the special-assignment men, who constitute what might aptly be called the flying squadron. Their work is always in the nature of a secondary review. Generally, but not always, the special-assignment men come into action on a case after a taxpayer has been notified of an additional assessment on his return, has objected to the additional assessment and wishes to be heard in rebuttal.

Nominally the special-assignment section was created to serve as a shock absorber between the taxpaying public and the various audit sections of the consolidated return subdivision; but as a matter of fact it also serves as a flying audit or review board for digging into any case, without notice to those engaged on it or who have handled it. Again, emergency cases arrive in which specially prompt action is required in order to do full justice to the taxpayer, the Government or both. Generally these are corporation cases.

If there were no other reasons for its existence this flying squadron would have been called into being as a means of handling emergency cases so as not to interrupt the steady flow of routine audit work. For example, if it were found necessary to clean up a case in especially quick time this would of course imply the necessity of drafting additional auditors from the tasks on which they happened to be engaged and putting them on this emergency assignment. When that was finished they would naturally return to the work which they had left and attempt to take it up again. In many, if not most, instances it would be necessary for them to go back over the case from which they had been called and do much of the work over again. Meantime the work on that case would have been at a standstill.

The men in the special-assignment section of this important branch of the unit are probably the most highly qualified of any review auditors below the rank of those composing the consulting staff.

Members of the consulting staff are hand-picked highbrows in the highest sense of the term. Their task is to deal with technical questions involved in the intricate consolidated returns.

No man is selected for this work who has not a broad foundation of practical experience, both in commercial and industrial lines and later in the unit itself, with a good academic and technical training as a background.

Here is the way in which a case for the consulting staff originates: In the routine auditing organization the minor unit is composed of three to five men in charge of a unit auditor. When a consultation case comes to the section its chief assigns it to a unit auditor, who assumes entire responsibility for it. He calls in a junior auditor and they work together very closely on the case. If the junior auditor encounters a technical point on which he is in doubt he consults the unit auditor. If that official is himself in doubt he carries the question up to the section chief. If the section chief is unable to reach a clear decision the problem then becomes grist for the mill of the consulting staff.

Incidentally it should be remarked that the findings and decisions of the consulting staff are seldom if ever reversed. One reason for this is the thoroughness with which it goes into all cases on which its members are not unanimous at the outset. No member of the consulting staff will recede an inch from his individual view of a case or a point until clearly convinced that it is unsound.

In speaking of this characteristic of the men composing these special groups in the several divisions the head of the income-tax unit smiled as he remarked: "Sometimes these men have a regular cat-and-dog time over a point in dispute. But because of their individual tenacity of opinion on the one hand and their fundamental fairness on the other it is a virtual certainty that when they finally agree their decision will withstand the severest test."

Methods of Instruction

No man can make even a casual examination of the workings of the income-tax unit without being forcibly impressed with the fact that the men at its head realize their responsibility to the nation in the way of seeing to it that its great task of auditing is done by men and women who are trained to a high degree of competency for their difficult and technical work. The whole unit appears to be liberally sprinkled with schools and classes in which auditors of all sorts and degrees of experience are given an intensive course of theoretical instruction to prepare them for the special work upon which they are to enter as soon as they are transplanted from these hotbed schools.

The first of these schools which I happened to encounter was forced on my attention by reason of the fact that a babble of conversation and discussion assailed my ears through the open door of a large room.

"Sounds like an incipient strike meeting," I remarked to the head of the unit, who was walking with me.

"Quite the opposite of that," he observed. "The men in there are taking the two-weeks intensive-training course through which every man promoted into the consolidated-returns subdivision must pass before he is given any responsible work to handle. In this course they have about three hours a day of lectures dealing with every phase of the work for which they are being groomed. Passing on consolidated returns is a highly intricate and responsible task. Nearly all the men selected for this work are promoted from the various sections of the internal-audit division where the major part of the green timber for the entire income-tax unit is tested and seasoned. Consolidated returns, you understand, are those dealing with the various companies into which large corporations like the railroads, the big steel and oil companies, and the like, are organized for purposes of administrative and financial convenience.

"When not listening to lectures by the chief technical men of the consolidated-returns subdivision the students in this post-graduate class devote their time to a study of the regulations and of the practical problems with which they will have to deal in a responsible manner a little later. Naturally the utmost freedom of discussion is encouraged. Right now these young men are in the heat of one of their debating sessions. The more earnestly they discuss the problems which have been put before them the better we are satisfied. When we find that a young man who has been put into this promotion class is not from Missouri we feel that we have made a mistake in his selection. Those who have the true show-me attitude and insist on holding their own opinions until they are proved in error make the best auditors for the consolidated-returns section."

Intensive Training

"The next step in the development of these corporation specialists is to place in their hands actual returns from small corporations having subsidiary companies. They mull these over among themselves. As soon as one man has finished the examination of one of these cases he passes it on to the next student, and so on until it has been examined and checked by every man in the group. Then they all get together and compare notes. Occasionally one of them pounces upon a point or an error which has been overlooked by the responsible auditors who have handled the case.

"This is, of course, a rare occurrence, but when it does happen the student who achieves it feels that he has made a home run. Whenever a man in this training course encounters anything he cannot understand he takes it up with the supervisor. If this official cannot make it entirely clear the perplexed student is then passed up to the section chief.

"Though the number of consolidated cases is comparatively small—there are only about eight thousand of them a year—many of them are extremely important and intricate. There are several large corporations in the United States having more than a hundred subsidiaries. Each of these entire groups is covered by a single consolidated return."

A special training course of very intensive character is provided for nearly all the higher planes of audit work—particularly in the technical division as well as those subdivisions of the internal-audit division dealing with corporation affairs.

What might be termed the preparatory school for the university of the income-tax unit has the task of dealing with raw human material of two kinds—the men and women certified for employment by the Civil Service Commission, and those called in from the field, the headquarters of the various internal-revenue districts scattered throughout the country. To apply the term "raw material" to the members of either of these groups may involve too harsh an implication, for both those certified by the Civil Service Commission and those called in from the field are supposed to come with a fair amount of theoretical audit training together with considerable actual experience. However, few pass through this preparatory training course and are graduated into the responsibilities of actual audit work who do not reach the point at which they are willing to admit their rawness on entering the school.

This matter of calling men in from the field and subjecting them to an intensive course of training, lasting about forty-five days, is of peculiar interest to the average taxpayer for two reasons: First, because the original audits of all net incomes of five thousand dollars or less are made in the offices of the collectors of internal revenue of the districts in which the returns are filed; second, because the field auditors to a large extent are those who deal direct with the taxpayers. Taxpayer opinion of the income tax and of its administration is formed from personal contact with these field agents. The heads of the income-tax

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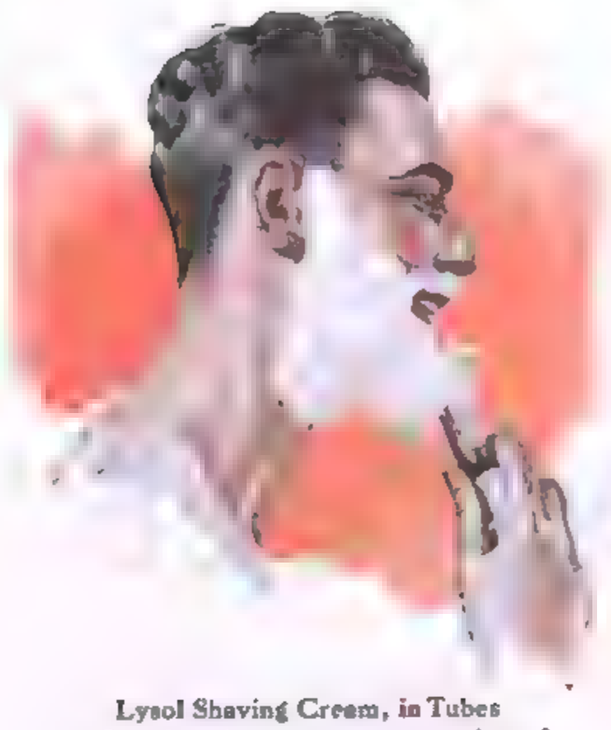

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Kills disease germs and disinfects thoroughly. A 50c bottle added to water makes 5 gallons of powerful disinfectant; a 25c bottle makes 2 gallons. Sold by all druggists. Use Lysol Disinfectant regularly.

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Contains the necessary proportion of the antiseptic ingredients of Lysol Disinfectant to protect the health of the skin. It is also refreshingly soothing, healing, and helpful for improving the skin. Ask your dealer. If he hasn't it, ask him to order it for you.

Why your kind of shaving cream was made *antiseptic*

For years, Lysol Disinfectant has served as a private board of health in thousands of homes—perhaps in your home. *Ask your wife.*

Germ life cannot live where Lysol Disinfectant is used regularly—it kills disease germs or prevents their creation.

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So to an excellent shaving cream formula we added the proper proportion of the antiseptic ingredients of Lysol Disinfectant. The result was a shaving cream containing the antiseptic properties of Lysol Disinfectant—the *only* shaving cream containing these ingredients.

Without its antiseptic properties, this would still be a very satisfactory shaving cream. It is smooth and rich, lathers freely, and softens the beard readily.

With its antiseptic qualities, Lysol Shaving Cream renders the razor, strop, brush, cup, and hands aseptically clean. Cleanses small cuts immediately.

And just as Lysol Disinfectant guards the health of your family, just so does Lysol Shaving Cream guard the health of your skin.

Lysol Shaving Cream, Lysol Disinfectant, and Lysol Toilet Soap are sold by druggists everywhere.

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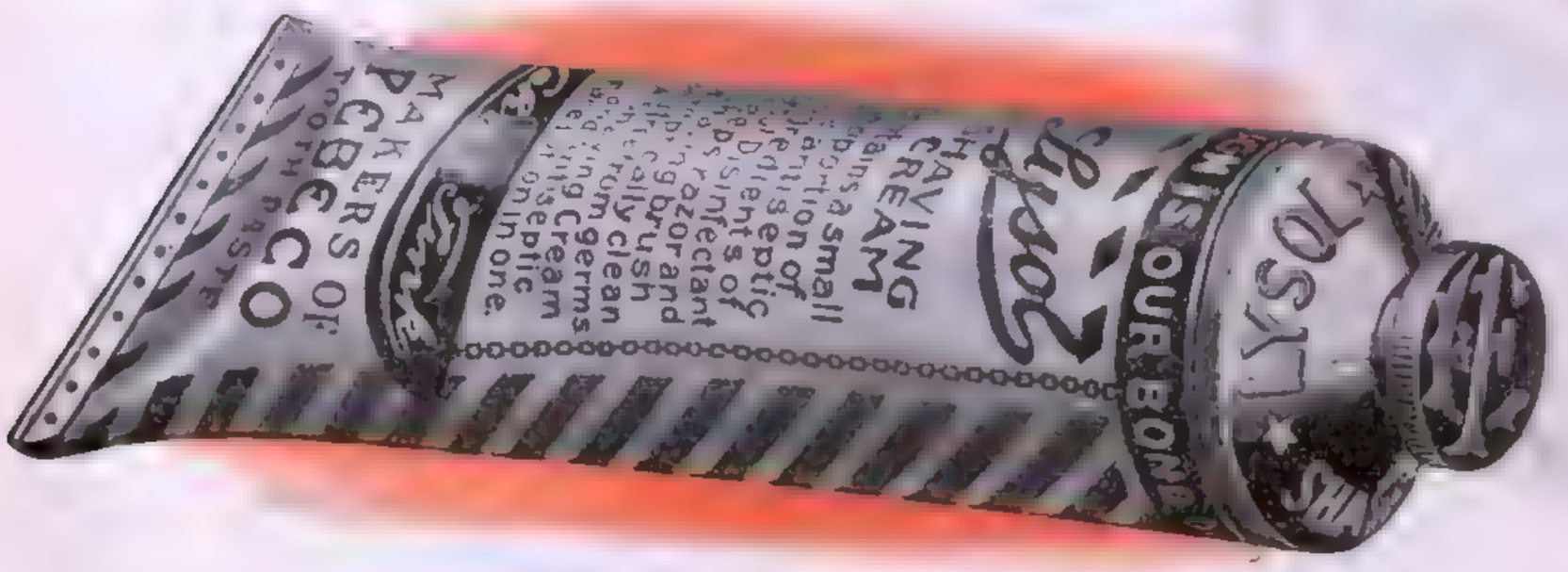
A free sample of Lysol Shaving Cream will be mailed to anyone asking for it. Try it at home or when traveling—you will like it and want the full-sized tube. Sample of Lysol Toilet Soap will be enclosed. Merely fill out coupon, clip and mail, or send a post-card.



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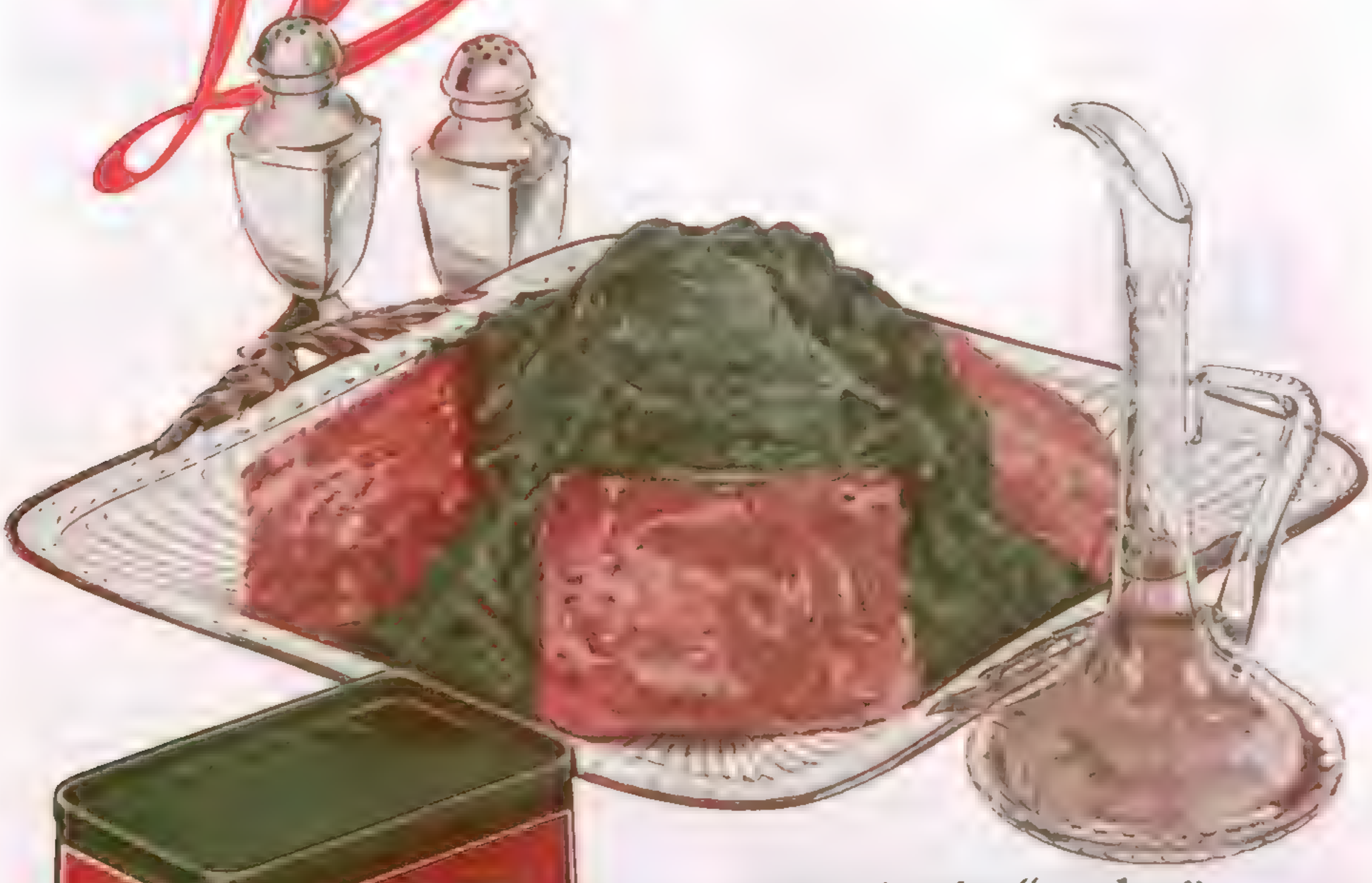

Your grocer has Libby's Corned Beef or will gladly get it for you

Here's the "nudge" for lazy summer appetites!

Libby's Corned Beef with steamed spinach!—just try it and watch that sulky appetite of yours come to time.

Not a bite of it will be left, will go to waste, for Libby's Corned Beef is all meat! It comes to you a compact loaf as large as the can itself. There is no loss of weight or flavor, as it is already cooked—you simply heat it and serve.

Prepared by master chefs in Chicago, the world's meat center, it is a tribute to the Libby ideal—to package superior foods where they are found at their best—to offer them then to you in a most convenient, time- and labor-saving form.

For dinner tonight—Libby's Corned Beef with spinach. It's just the nudge that lazy summer appetite needs!

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Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd., Chatham, Ontario, Canada

(Continued from Page 78)

administration are admittedly sensible of this fact and have a lively realization that its success is largely dependent upon the moral support of the taxpaying public. They make no attempt to dodge the fact that any field agent who fails to interpret to the taxpayer on whose return he makes a personal audit the true attitude and spirit of the official organization responsible for the administration of the income tax does more to defeat the success and the acceptability of the Federal income tax than any conscious enemy of it.

On this score H. R. Stutsman, head of the staff division which is responsible for the selection, training, observation and promotion of the entire personnel of the unit, has this to say:

"There is no denying that many of the men who are called in from the field to take this training course come with an attitude of resentment and sometimes of superiority. Apparently they are inclined to feel that though it is all very fine to take a trip to Washington at Uncle Sam's expense and inspect the animals at headquarters, the idea that they must take a special course of training to fit them for their work is decidedly offensive. They resent what strikes them as being considered not up to their jobs. Why, they want to know, should they be treated as school children unless their competency has been questioned?"

Procedure Standardized

"This feeling is perhaps natural enough because many of these men are citizens of importance in their own communities and some of them are men of no small political influence in their own states, cities and towns.

"I have found only one way in which to secure the hearty coöperation of these men who come down to Washington with this mistaken attitude. That is to tell them the truth—that in a very definite and significant sense they are the ambassadors of the income-tax unit to the great republic of income-taxpayers; that upon the discrimination, skill, dignity and fairness with which they represent the income-tax unit depends the attitude of the taxpayer toward this most important means of financing the National Government.

"Next we impress upon them the necessity of absolute uniformity in the administration of the law. In other words, we get them to see that a thorough standardization of viewpoints and of methods throughout the service is an absolute necessity as a matter of justice to the taxpayer on the one hand and the Government on the other, and that this standardization must come from the fountainhead and from no other place.

"Also, it is necessary to drive home to these men that auditing is not yet an exact science and that few auditing firms follow the same practice, but that every audit must consistently follow certain established lines and theories and that the income-tax unit, as America's greatest auditing institution, must see to it that all the auditors on the job are consistently working out their findings along one line and by one rule of practice. That line is laid down in the income-tax law and is the interpretations of that law made by the courts, the Secretary of the Treasury, the commissioner of internal revenue and the administrative heads of the income-tax unit.

"Generally the field men are quick to grasp the common sense of this reasoning and fall into line with a will. As a rule, when a taxpayer is visited at his office or his home by an internal-revenue agent from the local division he need not be at a loss to tell whether or not that man has been through the training school down here.

"If his official visitor gives the impression at the outset that he is rather swollen with authority and that he has come to put a possible criminal through the third degree the taxpayer in question has fair grounds for the conclusion that the visiting auditor has never had the benefit of the headquarters' training course for field men and that he does not interpret the attitude of the income-tax administration as it really is. Unless this field agent is morally certain that he is dealing with a case of intentional fraud he will, if his attitude and his practice have been formed on the training course at Washington, quickly put the taxpayer at his ease and give him the feeling that more specific information than that furnished in his return is necessary in order to make an assessment of his income tax which will be just both to the Government and to himself. Simply this and nothing more!"

Since the office of the staff division was organized, on October 10, 1918, it has given instruction to three thousand persons. Of these it has given examinations to nineteen hundred persons for promotion into higher positions in the unit. From clerical work it has promoted twelve hundred into the technical lines of the service.

"This university has a faculty of about sixty instructors, who do their teaching work on their own time and entirely without compensation. And they are the ablest men and women in the unit too."

In addition to the instructors about one hundred and forty persons are directly connected with the training work, mainly as graders of papers—for the students must submit written answers to the questions and problems put up to them in the course. They listen to lectures for about one hour each day after office hours and are then handed a questionnaire on each subject considered. The work of reasoning out the propositions involved in the questionnaire must be done in the spare time of the students, and many of them burn the midnight oil before they are satisfied with their answers.

"Offhand," continued Mr. Stutsman, "I would say that at least one-third of the students in what might be termed the preparatory school are women. A very high percentage of our clerks are women and in the ranks of the minor auditors there are many women. To a large extent personal returns are audited by women. In that section many women rise to the position of unit auditor—which means that they are in positions of authority. The unit auditor is the head of a group of four auditors.

"Each unit auditor reviews the work of the other members of the group as to its regularity, conformation to the law, correctness of procedure and other vital points. Questions of principle come up to the unit auditor for decision. As a rule, the unit auditor dictates the letters to taxpayers in relation to deductions which are thrown out, claims allowed, and other variations from the figures given in the return. Also, the unit auditor reviews the letters dictated by others. Much of this work is done by women. Then, nearly all the secretaries to the division heads are women. In the whole unit there are about eighteen hundred and fifty women and seventeen hundred men. Several women auditors receive twenty-five hundred dollars a year. There are a few women auditors doing field work and doing it most acceptably."

The Real University

"The most valuable work done by the training classes in the unit is not along the line of increasing their technical proficiency, though this is, of course, valuable and important, but in giving to these workers the spirit, policy and viewpoint of the administration of the unit. There are cheering proofs, from many sources, that we are succeeding in doing this rather difficult thing. For example, nearly all the field agents who have been trained here have gone back to their districts with a new enthusiasm and respect for their work. The result of this has been an eagerness throughout the field generally, on the part of those who have not taken the course, to have an early opportunity to get the training here. Again, various other government agencies have made exhaustive inquiries into the manner in which the training work is done in the unit."

The real university of the income-tax unit, however, is the internal-audit division. About eight months ago B. G. Murphy, head of the internal-audit division, hadn't the slightest idea that he was running a university the major aim of which was to graduate as many people as possible into positions of usefulness elsewhere. He was, in fact, cocksure that he was running a business organization for the purpose of getting specific work done without regard to the need, emergencies and difficulties of the unit as a whole and the heads of other departments in particular. He expressed this view of the situation most pointedly one day when the head of the staff division proposed to promote about forty of the best workers in the internal-audit division to higher positions.

"Look here, man!" protested Murphy. "I've given six months to training these people to do their work, and now you propose to rob me of them and turn them over to other departments."

He voiced this view of the situation in forcible terms to the head of the unit, who made substantially this reply: "I'm sorry, Murphy, that you don't see the bigness of your job. It is true that part of your work is to turn out the machine product in the auditing line—but it's a great mistake for you to consider that the heavy end of your work. Your biggest job is to develop skilled technicians and supply them to the departments where the bench product is handled. You're running the technical institute upon which the industry of auditing the more difficult forms of income-tax returns depends for its real, skilled, scientific workers."

The fact that Mr. Murphy took a new view of his job from that moment is indicated by the fact that when more than seventy of his supervisory force were lately taken from him and distributed to other departments he received this raid as a compliment to his work instead of feeling that his department had been robbed for the benefit of other divisions of the unit. Now he takes a personal pride in keeping up the supply of hand-picked highbrows for the most intricate technical tasks handled anywhere in the organization. The extent to which the principle of loyalty and service to the unit as a whole has been accepted by all division and section heads is undoubtedly the finest achievement of the unit head and of the chief of the staff division, which controls the placing and promotion of the entire personnel of the service.

Field Investigations

Each income-tax return filed in America must come from one of the sixty-four collectors of internal revenue. They are received in the income-tax unit by the proving section, where they are properly arranged and recorded and where credits are given to each collector for the taxes which have been turned in from his district to the United States Treasury. When the returns leave the proving section they go into the auditing machinery of the unit and are made the subject of correspondence in some instances with the taxpayers. Many of these returns, however, require examination in the field and these returns are sent to the field-audit division, which has immediate supervision over the thirty-five divisions of internal revenue agents. The field-audit division sends a photostatic copy with suitable instructions covering each return and this material is made the basis of an investigation in the field. The report of the field agent is made in due course to the field-audit division, by which it is routed to the field-audit review section of the internal-audit division, where the final determination of the tax is undertaken.

If you will consider the income-tax unit at Washington as the administrative office of a great corporation having thirty-five branch houses scattered over the country and sixty collection agencies you will get a fair picture of the actual situation.

Also, all returns which have been scheduled for field investigation are assembled in the field-audit division in Washington, where undoubtedly the busiest photostat and duplicating shop in America is in operation. Every tax return which is up for investigation has its picture taken, back and front, and this photostat copy, which is as undeniably authentic as the original return itself, is sent to the agent in charge of the district in which the taxpayer lives and from which an auditor will be assigned to make the investigation. More than twelve thousand photostat copies a week are turned out of this shop, along with one hundred thousand multigraph and one hundred thousand mimeograph copies of documents not requiring photographic reproduction.

Keeping tab on the volume and status of the business transacted by the thirty-four branch houses of the unit is a task which has been reduced to scientific exactness. At the close of each business day the head of the field-audit division in Washington receives a report from the head of each field division showing the precise amount and character of business transacted for the day. For example, there is a record of all incoming and all outgoing business; a record of the additional amount of taxes recommended on the basis of field audit; a record of the number of reports received and the number of cases closed. As a result, the field-audit division in Washington knows how much work is on hand in each of the field divisions, whether any division

You DESERVE sweet music with your shaves

IF a man wants his shaving outfit brought in on a silver platter every morning, he ought to be allowed to have it that way.

He is saving himself $50 or $100 a year by shaving himself, so, all in all, he is entitled to the best shaving instruments that money can buy.

Cross-section view of the Ever-Ready Brush. Note how the bristles are locked in a vise-like grip of stone-hard vulcanized rubber.

An Ever-Ready Safety Razor to begin with. There's a dollar well invested!

Then a tube or stick of Safetee Shaving Soap. Another 30 cents spent shrewdly!

Then an Ever-Ready Shaving BRUSH.

It's a full bounteous brush, made to hold lather by the bucketful. Which shortens the shave, enriches the mixture and necessitates fewer trips between the face and basin.

It's a brush built without tricks. Tricks? Some brush makers cleverly conceal a plug in the base of the bristles to make them flare out and look bushy—when they aren't.

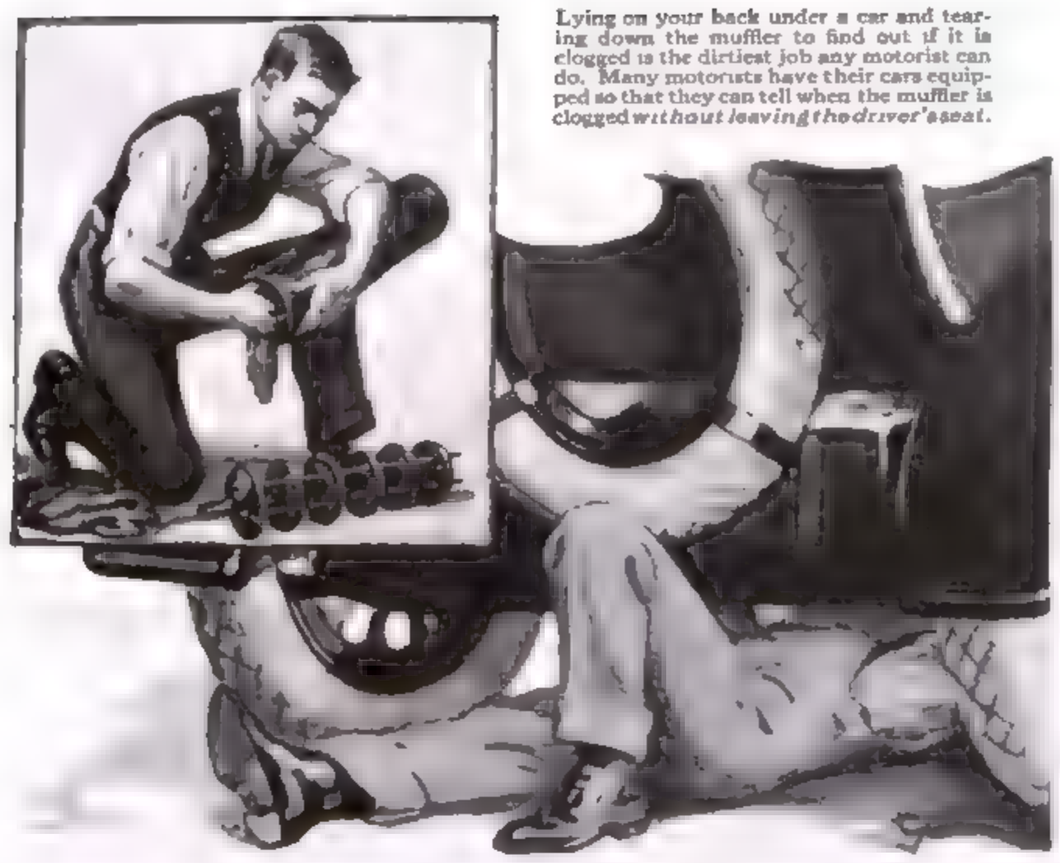
You may search in vain for a plug in the Ever-Ready. There isn't any. The Ever-Ready is bristles from brim to brim.

And they are there to stay. Every bristle is sunk for eternity in a solid rock of vulcanized rubber, proof against the ravages of time and thousands of lather lashings. You'll have no stray bristles coming out to block your razor. Does your present brush moult o' mornings?

And there's the satisfaction of knowing your brush was made in a most sanitary factory, and delivered to you untouched 'til yours.

30c to $7.50 Sold the World Over

American Safety Razor Corporation
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Lying on your back under a car and tearing down the muffler to find out if it is clogged is the dirtiest job any motorist can do. Many motorists have their cars equipped so that they can tell when the muffler is clogged *without leaving the driver's seat.*

"How I finally discovered what was wrong with my car"

"I blamed the motor for months—paid to have it overhauled"

"I NEVER gave the poor old neglected muffler a thought. I was *sure* it was motor trouble. The engine would not pick up or climb hills. It was hard to start and 'went dead' every chance it got.

"After an expensive overhauling a friend suggested cleaning the *muffler*. I did it—about the dirtiest job a motorist can do, but didn't it pay me! I now know that back-pressure from a clogged muffler makes a car act as badly as though there *were* motor trouble. If the exhaust gases cannot get out freely, the motor starts hard and overheats, and pitted exhaust valves and excessive carbon result.

"Had my car been equipped with a G-Piel Cut-Out I would not have wasted all this time trying to find out where the trouble was."

With the G-Piel you can tell instantly whether motor or muffler is at fault, simply by testing with the muffler and without it. You can also keep the carburetor adjusted to that quick-burning 13 to 1 mixture which is itself a great help toward *preventing* carbon in motor and muffler.

The G-Piel also makes the use of kerosene, wood alcohol or other carbon-removers a success, as it prevents the loosened deposit being blown into the muffler. For this one purpose alone, a G-Piel Cut-Out is worth many times its cost.

The open G-Piel Cut-Out gives that extra "ounce" of power on a hard pull or short "sprint," and it helps cool a hot engine.

The satisfaction of hearing your motor

Every enthusiastic motorist enjoys the sharp, clear bark of a powerful, sweet-running motor. A hot spark in every cylinder! Valves opening wide and seating tight! Just the right mixture from carburetor! Exhaust gases scavenging freely through the G-Piel Cut-Out!

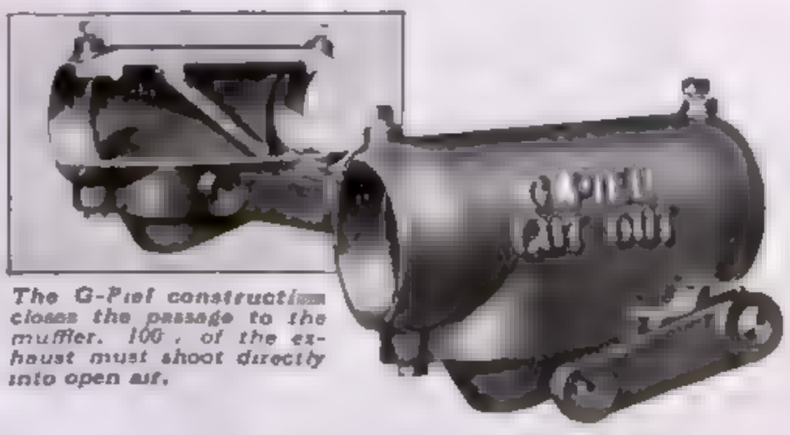
Select the right size cut-out for your car from the G-Piel chart at your dealer's. *It will save its cost many times in a single season.*

Sales Department

EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., INC.
25 W. 43rd St. New York

THE G-PIEL COMPANY

The G-Piel Pedal is absolutely positive in action. It never sticks. Makes operating any cut-out easy.



The G-Piel construction closes the passage to the muffler. 100% of the exhaust must shoot directly into open air.

G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out

Tells the motor's secrets

needs more help and what divisions can spare some of their workers to the districts which are falling behind.

Now for a brief travelogue of your individual tax return through the mystic maze of the I. T. U. Just to make it more interesting let us suppose that it is a bit under five thousand dollars. This puts you, according to present standards, in that most numerous class, the common people—of whom Abraham Lincoln said that God loved them, else he would not have made so many of them.

If that income is in the form of a straight salary or wages, the log of your return is likely to be short and sweet—all fair sailing!

After the return has been filed by the collector, the name of the taxpayer and the amount of tax due are placed upon the assessment list by the collector. The assessment list, together with the return, is sent to Washington and is received in the mailing section of the administration division of the income-tax unit. The return and list are then sent to the proving section where the amount of taxes shown by the return is proved with the amount entered upon the list by the collector. After this verification has been made, the return is sent to the proper section for classification. The return is then sent to the return-control section where a card is prepared, showing the name of the taxpayer, his address, the collection district in which the return was filed, the amount of gross and net income by symbols and the business of the taxpayer shown by symbols. The card is filed alphabetically according to district and the return is sent to the files section until it is necessary to withdraw it for audit.

When it is time to audit the return, the return-control section requisitions the same from the files section and it is sent to the personal section of the internal-audit division. After it is audited, regardless of whether or not additional taxes are found due, it is sent to the review section of the technical division. The review section is an important controlling technical function of the audit program. After the decision of the auditor has been verified by this section it is returned to the personal section. If additional taxes are found to be due, the return is then sent through the return control section for record to the proving section where the additional taxes are listed on the assessment list and charged to the collector for collection.

Superficial Audits

The return is then sent to the files section where it remains unless the case is reopened by the taxpayer. In the event that no taxes are found to be due by the audit the return is sent from the personal section after it has been returned by the review section through the return-control section for record, to the files. The only difference between the audit of a return showing income of less than $5000 and one showing income in excess of $5000 is that in the case of a return showing an amount in excess of $5000 a superficial audit only may be made. By that I mean that the return is casually examined to ascertain whether there are any obvious errors. There is never any correspondence with the taxpayer as a result of a superficial audit. All returns receiving superficial audit are sent to the revenue agents for a field examination.

If obvious errors are discovered in the audit the return takes the same route as the return of an individual which shows income of less than $5000 except that after the assessment is handled in the proving section it is sent to the field-audit-control section instead of to the files section. The field-audit-control section has a photostat made of the return and sends it to the revenue agent in charge of the division for examination.

Upon completion of the examination, the report of the revenue agent is forwarded to the unit and dispatched by the mailing section to the field-audit-control section which makes the proper record and forwards it to the field-audit-review section. From this section the same route is followed as in the case of a return which shows an income of less than $5000 except that it is not sent to the review section of the technical division. The same procedure would be adopted in the case of a return showing income of less than $5000 provided a field audit was considered necessary.

The only difference between the audit of a personal return and the audit of a corporate return is that corporate returns are classified according to business or industries. The smaller corporate returns receive an intense audit, whereas the larger corporate returns receive only a superficial audit as in the case of many individual returns showing income in excess of $5000. The same program of audit and procedure is followed in the audit of corporate returns as is followed in the audit of individual returns with the exception of those returns which are filed under some of the special provisions of the law or relief sections. By the relief sections is meant the famous Section 210 of the 1917 Act and Sections 327 and 328 of the 1918 Act and also relief through loss in inventory or amortization. Those returns presenting these specific phases are treated by specialists in the sections organized to deal with the most technical and intricate problems in industrial valuation and accounting.

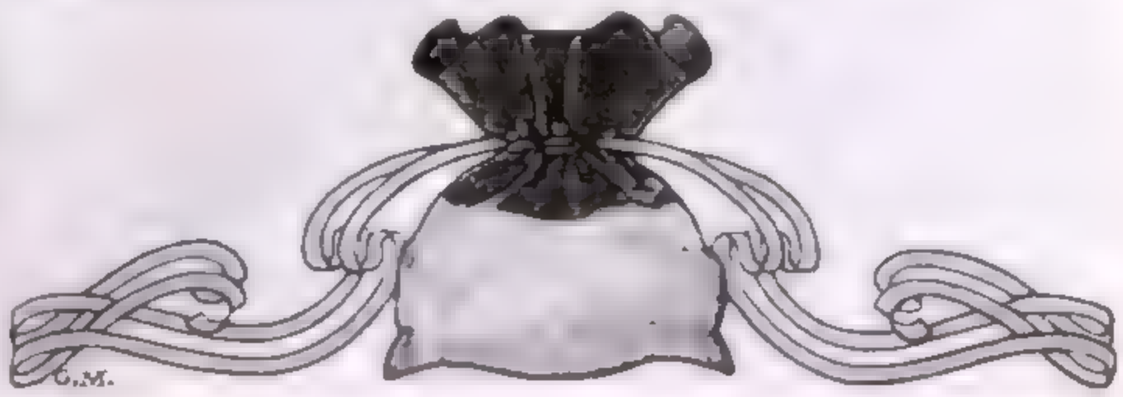
Personal Returns

"How many persons would naturally pass upon a small personal return?" is a question often asked. A small personal return, when received in the personal section, is first recorded by a file clerk and charged to a section unit. The section-unit auditor in charge of such section unit will assign this return to a resident auditor for audit. After he completes the audit and has discovered a probable erroneous deduction he will attach a memorandum to the return and send it to the section-unit auditor for review. If the section-unit auditor agrees with those conclusions he will write a letter to the taxpayer asking for specific information relative to the item in question. The return is then sent to a pending file within the section awaiting a reply from the taxpayer. Upon the receipt of the taxpayer's reply it is assembled with the return and sent to the section-unit auditor who prepared the letter. He, in turn, will refer it to the resident auditor who originally handled the case.

When the resident auditor reaches his conclusions a memorandum covering the same will be sent to the section-unit auditor who, if he approves of the findings of the resident auditor, will prepare a letter to the taxpayer, advising him of the basis of the additional taxes and the amount thereof and how payment shall be made. This letter will be sent to the chief of section for his approval.

The entire file in the case will then be sent to the internal-audit-review section of the technical division where the findings of the personal section will be reviewed. If the internal-audit-review section approves such findings it will so indicate on the return and on the letter. The file is then returned to the personal section and the letter will be signed by the chief of that section, the head of the division, or the deputy commissioner. The signature is governed by the importance of the ruling contained in the letter.

The return will then be sent to the proving section in order that the additional taxes may be assessed. The point of all this is that no one person decides the liability of a taxpayer. The work of the resident auditor, that is, the person who makes the original audit, is subject to review by the section-unit auditor, the section chief and the internal-audit-review section of the technical division.



The Cleaning Tool Which Cuts Out Brooms and Beaters

OWNERS of a Premier never beat upholstery, mattresses or cushions any more than they would rugs and carpets. They have thrown away old-fashioned brooms, brushes and beaters because there is now a simpler, easier and vastly more efficient way to clean. Neither do they raise a horrible dust brushing off window screens, nor try to shake and brush the dust off clothes or hangings. They don't climb on step ladders to dust out of the way places.

Instead they use the handy cleaning tools which come with the Premier attachments. This does, with absolute thoroughness, the work that could at best only be done half way—does it so easily that you won't get tired, does it so neatly that you needn't soil your hands.

Let the Premier do these tasks for you

Use it to get the dust from upholstery, to renovate mattresses and pillows. Use it to clean window screens, to dust woodwork, pictures, chandeliers, radiators.

Use it instead of a push-brush to take up dust and woolies from hardwood floors. Use it instead of a whisk broom to clean curtains, hangings and clothes.

In all, use the Premier and the Premier attachments to take care of every cleaning job. When it is done you hardly need even a dust cloth.

The Premier's biggest job

The Premier does best the most important work of all—the thorough, dustless cleaning of rugs and carpets.

It does such work so thoroughly that no dust is left either in the rug or on the floor beneath. It does it so gently that it cannot harm the rarest, most expensive rug.

Powerful suction the secret

The whole secret of Premier efficiency, the reason of Premier thoroughness is *powerful suction*. The efficient G-E type motor produces a current of air which draws out every grain of dust, freshens nap and texture, but never harms. Instead, it makes rugs and carpets last longer.

Model 19 is equipped with two brushes, one of soft bristles, one made like a flexible rubber comb. They pick up threads and hair, surface litter and lint. They can be changed in a minute or taken out altogether when you clean by suction alone.

Premier owners have no trouble keeping the car clean
A broom doesn't clean like the Premier
The Premier freshens and renovates your clothes

The Premier Vacuum Cleaner is sold with a year's guarantee. With it we offer the same service you command with your new motor car, made possible by 50 Premier service stations.

Have a home demonstration

Every Premier dealer will gladly send a properly accredited representative to your home with a Premier at the hour and on the day you set.

He will explain the use of each attachment, prove to you how the Premier solves the greatest of all modern domestic problems.

The Premier is made in two models, one with motor driven brush, the other with suction driven brush. It is moderate priced and sold on terms which put it within reach of every home. It comes from one of the biggest plants in the country devoted to the exclusive manufacture of vacuum cleaners.

If you don't know your local Premier dealer write us for his name and address.

The New Premier
MODEL 19 ELECTRIC CLEANER

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., Inc., Cleveland, Ohio
(Formerly The Frantz Premier Co.)
Exclusive Canadian Distributors:
Canadian General Electric Company, Toronto, Ontario, and Branches

ALL-WOOL MORRISON

(Continued from Page 27)

"Get out of the way!" yelled Corson.

The officer shook his head.

"General Totten, open that door!"

"No chance!" Rellihan growled.

North wagged his way close to the barring fender and shook an admonitory finger under the policeman's nose.

"I'm the governor of this state! I order you to move away from that door."

"I can't help what ye are! I'm taking me orders on'y fr'm the mayor o' Marion."

"You see, gentlemen," suggested Morrison, "it looks as if we'd be obliged to settle our business right where we are—in this room. Time is short. Won't you come back here to the table?"

There was absolute silence in the executive chamber—a silence that continued. The dignitaries at the door deigned Morrison neither glance nor word; they would not indulge his incredible audacity to that extent. As to Rellihan, they did not feel like stooping so low as to waste words on the impassive giant who personified an ignorant insolence that made no account of personalities. They adventured in no move against that obstacle in their path, either by concerted attack or individual effort to pass. They looked like waking sleepers who were struggling with the problems proposed in a nightmare. It was a situation which seemed beyond solution by the ordinary sensible methods.

After a time Governor North voiced in a coarse manner, inadequately, some expression of the emotion that was dominating the group.

"What in hell is the matter with us anyway?"

Again there was a prolonged silence.

"Seeing that nobody else seems to want to express an opinion on the subject I'll tell you what the matter is, as I look at it," ventured Stewart, chattily matter-of-fact. "We're all native-born Americans in this room. Right down deep in our hearts we're not afraid of our soldiers. We good-naturedly indulge the boys when they are called on to exercise authority. But from the time an American youngster begins to steal apples and junk and throw snowballs and break windows a healthy fear of a regular cop is ingrained in him. It's a fear he doesn't stop to analyze. It's just there, that's all he knows. Even a perfectly law-abiding citizen walking home late feels a little tingle of anxiety in him when he marches past a cop. Puts on an air as much as to say, 'I hope you think I'm all right, officer—tending right to myown business.' So in this case it's only your ingrained American nature talking to you, gentlemen! Nothing is the matter with you. It ought to please you because you feel that way. Proves you are truly American. 'Don't monkey with the cop!' Just as long as we obey that watchword we've got a good government!"

Senator Corson was more infuriated by that bland preachment than he would have been by vitriolic insult. While he marched back to the table he prefaced his arraignment of Morrison by calling him an impudent pup. He dwelt on that subject with all his power of invective for some minutes.

"I agree with you, senator," admitted Morrison when Corson stopped to gather more ammunition of anathema. "But what are you going to do about it?"

He asked the same question after the senator had finished a statement of his opinion on the obstinacy of the lunkhead at the door. The senator kept on in his objurgation. But whenever he looked at the door he found the policeman there, an immovable obstacle.

Whenever Corson looked at Morrison he met everlastingly that hateful query. Both the question and the cop were impossible, impassable. Corson found the thing too outrageously ridiculous to be handled by sane argument; his insanity in declamation was getting him nowhere.

"There's only one subject before the meeting," insisted Stewart.

"We've got to keep this state from being ashamed of itself when it wakes up tomorrow morning!"

Somewhere in some hidden place in the room a subdued buzzing began and continued persistently.

The understanding that passed between Corson and North in the glance which they exchanged was immediate and highly informative, even had the observer been obtuse; but in that crisis Stewart Morrison was not obtuse.

Whether it was deference, one to the other, or caution in general that was dominating the senator and the governor was not clearly revealed by their countenances. At any rate they made no move.

"Pardon me, Senator Corson," said Stewart. "I'm quite sure I know where the other end of that telephone line is. I think your daughter is calling."

His inquisitive eyes were searching the walls of the chamber; the source of the buzzing was not easily to be located by the sound. The governor suddenly dumped himself out of his chair and started across the room.

Morrison strode into His Excellency's path and extended a restraining arm that was as authoritative as Rellihan's club.

"I beg your pardon, too, governor! But that call is undoubtedly for Senator Corson. I happen to know quite a lot about the conveniences in his residence."

"And all the evening you have been using that knowledge to help you in violating my hospitality. Morrison, you're not much else than a sneak!" affirmed Corson.

The governor struck his fist against the rigid arm and spat an oath at Morrison.

"Get out of my way! I'm in my own office—I'll tend to that call!"

"No, you'll not!" was Morrison's quick rejoinder. "Senator Corson, if you want to inform your daughter that you're all safe, if you want to ask her not to worry—you'd better answer. But I must insist that a private line shall not be used to convey out of this room any of our public business!"

Corson then became the only moving figure in the tableau; he went to the wall, pushed aside a huge frame which held the state's coat of arms, and pulled from a niche a telephone on an extension arm. He proceeded to display his utter contempt for commands issuing from the absurd interloper who was presuming in such dictation to dignity.

"Yes! Lana! Call High Sheriff Dalton! As quickly as possible! Tell him to secure a posse. Tell him I'm in the State House, threatened by a lunatic. Tell him ——"

By that time Morrison was at Corson's side and was wresting the instrument from the wall. He broke off the arm and the wires and flung them across the room.

"There's fight enough on the docket as the thing stands, without calling in another bunch to make it three-sided, sir! Rellihan, open the door for Mac Tavish! Andy, run to the public booth in the corridor and call Dalton and tell him to pay no attention to any hullabaloo by hysterical women. Tell him I said so! Ask him to keep that to himself. And rush back!"

He turned on the senator and the governor.

There was no longer apology or compromise in the demeanor of the mayor of Marion.

"I know I'm a rank outsider! You needn't try to tell me what I know myself. I didn't think I'd need to be so rank! But I'm just what you're forcing me to be. I have jumped in here to stop something that there's no more sense in than there is in a dog fight. They may fight in spite of all I can do! But by the gods I'm not going to stand by and see men like you rub their ears! Senator Corson, I advise you and Governor North to go and sit down. You're only making spectacles of yourselves!"

■

AFTER Senator Corson had recovered his poise his dignity asserted itself and he sat down and assumed an attitude that suggested the frigidity of a statue on an ice cake. He checked Governor North with an impatient flap of the hand.

"You have had your innings as a manager, North!"

He proceeded frostily with Morrison.

"There was never a situation in state history like this one you have precipitated, sir, and if I have made an ass of myself I was copying current manners."

"It is a strange situation, I'll admit, senator," Morrison agreed.

"As a newsmonger you say, do you, that minutes are valuable?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, we'd better find out how valuable they are. Will you send General Totten below to investigate?"

Morrison surveyed appraisingly the panoplied adjutant general.

"I'd never think of making General Totten an errand boy, sir, if I'm to imply that I have any say in affairs just now."

"You have assumed all say. You have put gentlemen in a position where they can't help themselves."

The senator scowled in the direction of Rellihan.

"I routed Mac Tavish out of bed and brought him along to attend to errands. He will go and see how matters are below and outside."

The errand boy reëntered the room.

The self-appointed manager gave Mac Tavish his new orders and added: "Inquire, please, if any telegrams have arrived for me. I'm expecting some."

Rellihan had deferentially opened the door for the messenger of the mayor of Marion; Mac Tavish had knocked and given his name. "It's all richt, sir!" he reported.

The exasperated governor viewed that free ingress and muttered. Mac Tavish's unimpeded egress provoked the governor more acutely.

"Morrison, I'm now talking strictly for myself," went on the senator. "I shall use plain words. By your attitude you directly accuse me of being a renegade in politics. To all intents and purposes I am under arrest, as a person dangerous to be at large in the affairs that are pressing."

"Senator Corson, I don't believe you ever did a deliberately wrong or wicked thing in your life, as an individual."

"I thank you!"

"But deliberately political methods can be wicked in their general results, even if those

(Continued on Page 87)

"Judging From All Reports I'm Not Sure Whether You are a Constituent or Not. I'm Considerably Doubtful About Your Politics, Morrison"

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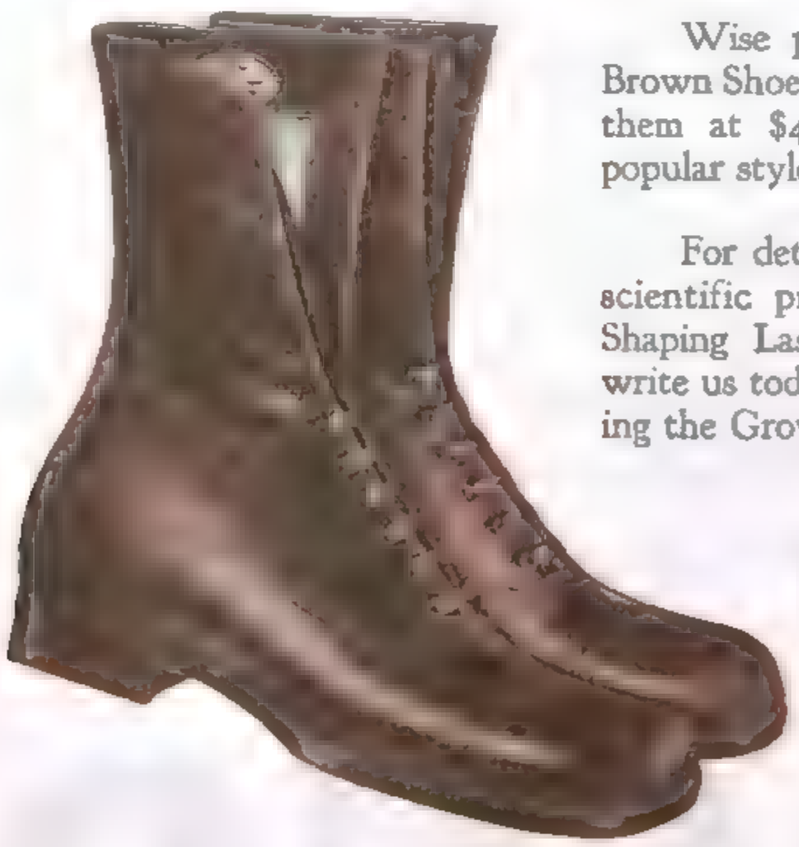

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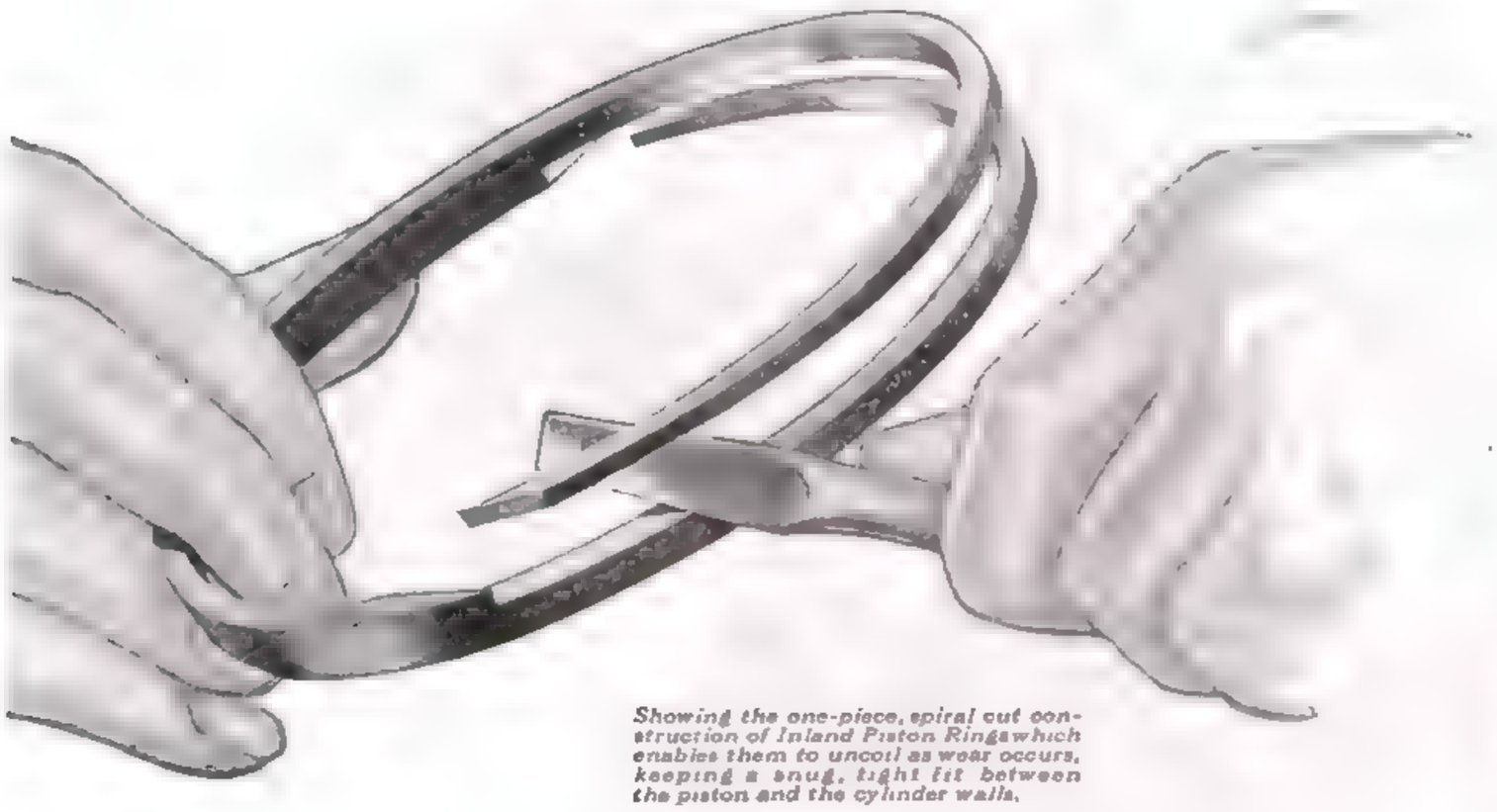

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It is the only piston ring with a spiral cut. This spiral cut gives it the tension of a powerful spring and enables the Inland to form a close, tight fit—overcoming all of the cylinder's variations other than scoring.

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INLAND
ONE-PIECE PISTON RING

(Continued from Page 84)

methods are sanctioned by usage. It's wicked to start a fight here to-night by allowing political misunderstandings to play fast and loose with the people."

"You're a confounded imbecile, that's what you are!" shouted Governor North.

The mayor turned on him.

"Replying in the same sort of language, so that you may understand right where you and I get off in our relations, I'll tell you that you're the kind of man who would use grandmothers in a matched fight to settle a political grudge—if the other fellow had a grandmother, and you could borrow one. Now let me alone, sir! I am talking with Senator Corson!"

The senator squelched the governor with another gesture.

"We have our laws, Morrison. We must abide by 'em. And the political game must be played according to the law."

"I think I have already expressed my opinion to you about that game, sir. I'll say again that in this country politics is no longer a mere game to be played for party advantage and the aggrandizement of individuals. The folks won't stand for that stuff any longer.

"I think you and North, both of you, are overexcited. You're going off half-cocked. You are exaggerating a tempest in a teapot.

"If every community in this country gets right down to business and stops the teapot tempests by good sense in handling them when they start, we'll be able to prevent a general tornado that may sweep us all to Tophet, Senator Corson."

"Legislation on broad lines will remedy our troubles. We are busy in Washington on such matters."

"Good luck to the cure-all, sir! But in the meantime we need specific doses, right at home, in every community, early and often. That's what we ought to be tending to to-night here in Marion. If every city and town does the same thing the country at large won't have to worry."

Senator Corson kept his anxious gaze on the private door.

"Well, let's have it, Morrison! You seem to be bossing matters just as you threatened to do. What's your dose in this case?"

"I wasn't threatening. I was promising."

"Promising what?"

"That the people would get a square deal in this legislative matter."

"You don't underrate your abilities I note!"

"Oh, I was not promising to do it myself. I have no power in state politics. I was promising that Governor North and his executive councilors who canvassed the election returns would give the folks a square deal."

In his rage the governor defying such presumptuous interference was not fortunate in phrasing his declaration that Morrison had no right to promise any such thing. The big millman surveyed His Excellency with a whimsical expression of distress.

"Why, I supposed I had the right to promise that much on behalf of our chief executive. You aren't going to deny 'em a square deal—you don't mean that?"

"Confound your impudence, you have no right to twist my meaning! I'm going by the law—strictly by the statutes! The question will be put up to the court."

"Certainly!" affirmed Senator Corson. "It must go to the court."

Just then Rellihan slammed the private door with a sort of official violence. Mac Tavish had entered. He marched straight to Morrison with the stiff jerkiness of an automaton. He carried a sealed telegram and held it as far in front of himself as possible. Stewart seized upon it and tore the envelope.

"I'm glad to hear you say that about the court, gentlemen. I have taken a liberty this evening. Will you please wait a moment while I glance at this?"

It was plainly, so his manner indicated, something that had a bearing on the issue. They leaned forward and attended eagerly on him when he began to read aloud:

"'My opinion hastily given for use if emergency is such as you mention is that mere technicalities, clerical errors that can be shown to be such or minor irregularities should not be allowed to negative will of voter when same has been shown beyond reasonable doubt. Signed, Davenport, Judge Supreme Judicial Court.'"

Morrison waited a few moments, gazing from face to face. Then he leaned across the table and gave the telegram into the hands of Miss Bunker.

"Make it a part of the record, please," he directed.

"Well, I'll be eternally condemned!" roared the governor. "You're a rank outsider. You don't know what you're talking about. How do you dare to involve the judges? They don't know what they're talking about, either, on a point of law, in this case."

"Perhaps Judge Davenport isn't talking law wholly in that telegram. He may be saying a word as an honest man who doesn't want to see his state disgraced by riot and bloodshed to-night." The mayor addressed Mac Tavish with eager emphasis: "What do you find down below, Andy?"

"Nae pairticular pother within doors. Muckle powwow wi'out," reported the old man tersely.

"Then you got a look outside?"

"Aye! When I took the message frae the telegraph laddie at the door."

"Was Joe Lanigan in sight?"

"Aye!"

"It's all right so far, gentlemen," the mayor assured his involuntary conferees. "Joe is on the job with his American Legion boys, as he promised me he'd be. Now I'm going to be perfectly frank and inform you that I have made a promise of my own in this case. I haven't meant to be presumptuous. I don't want you to feel that I've got a swelled head. I'm merely trying to keep my word and carry out a contract on a business basis. It's only a matter of starting right; then everything can be kept right." He whirled on Mac Tavish. "Trot down again, Andy. I'm expecting more messages. And keep us posted on happenings!"

"Are such humble persons as North and I are entitled to be let in on any details of your contract, Mister Boss in Chief?" inquired the senator.

"I think the main contract is your own, sir—yours and the governor's. I don't like to seem too forward in suggesting what it is."

"Nothing you can say or do from now on will seem forward, Morrison. Even if you should order that Hereford steer there at the door to bang us over our heads with his shillalah it would seem merely like an anticlimax, matched with the rest of your cheek! What's the contract?"

"You and North stated the terms of it yourselves when you were campaigning last election. You said that if you were elected you'd be the servants of the people."

"What in the devil do you claim we are now?"

"I make no assertion. But when I was down with the bunch this evening I was able to get into the spirit of the crowd. I found myself feeling, just as they said they felt, that it's a queer state of affairs when servants barricade themselves in a master's castle and use other paid servants to threaten with rifles and machine guns when the master demands entry."

"I'd be carrying out my contract, would I, by disbanding that militia and opening this State House to the mob?" demanded North.

"This is a peculiar emergency, sir," Morrison insisted. "Outside are massing all the elements of a know-nothing, rough-house mêlée. Even the Legion boys don't know just where they're at till there's a show-down. I can depend on 'em right now while they're waiting for that show-down. They'll fight their finger nails off to hold the plain rowdies in line. Such boys have been showing their mettle in one city in this country, haven't they? But a mere licking, no matter which side wins, doesn't last long enough for any general good unless the licking is based on principle, and the principle is thereby established as right! Now let me tell you, Governor North, you can't fool those Legion boys outside. They have come home with new conceptions of what is a square deal. They're plumb onto the old-fashioned tricks in cheap politics. They're not letting officeholders play checkers with 'em any longer.

"Governor—and you, Senator Corson—this is now a question of to-night—an emergency—an exigency! I have told those boys that they will be shown! You've got to show 'em. Show 'em that this State House is always open to decent citizens. Show 'em that you as officeholders don't need machine guns to back you up in your stand." He emphasized each declaration by a resounding thump of his fist on the table. "Show 'em that it's a square deal and that your cuffs are rolled up when you deal! Show 'em that you're not bluffing honestly elected members of this incoming legislature out of their seats by closing the doors on 'em to-morrow. That's your contract! Are you going to keep it?"

Mac Tavish returned. He brought another telegram.

Morrison ripped the inclosure from the envelope.

"It's the same purport as the other," he reported. "Signed, 'Madigan, Justice Supreme Judicial Court.' Back to the door, Mac Tavish. Here, Miss Bunker, insert this in the record."

"This is simply preposterous!" exploded the senator.

"Rather irregular, certainly," Stewart confessed. "But I didn't ask 'em for red tape! I asked 'em for quick action to prevent bloodshed!"

Senator Corson's fresh fury did not allow him to reason with himself or argue with this interloper, this lunatic who was flailing about in that sanctuary of vested authority, knocking down hallowed procedure, sacred precedents—all the gods of the fane!

"Morrison, no such an outrage as this was ever perpetrated in American politics!"

"It surely does seem to be a new wrinkle, senator! I'll confess that I don't know much about politics. It's all new to me. I apologize for the mistakes I'm making. Probably I'll know more when I've been in politics a little longer."

"You will, sir!"

Governor North agreed with that dictum heartily, irefully.

"I do seem to be finding out new things every minute or so," went on Stewart, making the agreement unanimous. "Taking your opinion as experts, perhaps I may qualify as an expert, too, before the evening is over."

"Where is this infernal folly of yours heading you?" Corson permitted his wrath to dominate him still further. He shook his fist under Morrison's nose.

"Straight toward a bright light, senator! I'm putting no name on it, but I'm keeping my eyes on it. And I can't stop to notice what I'm knocking down or whose feet I'm treading on."

The senator went to Governor North and struck his fist down on His Excellency's shoulder.

"I've been having some doubts about your methods, sir, but now I'm with you, shoulder to shoulder, to save this situation. Pay no attention to those telegrams. There's no telling what that idiot has wired to the justices. This man has not an atom of authority. You cannot legally share your authority with him. To defer to one of his demands will be breaking your oath to preserve order and protect state property."

"Exactly! I don't need that advice, Corson, but I do need your support. I shall go ahead strictly according to the constitution and the statutes."

"I am glad to hear you say that, governor," stated Morrison.

"Did you expect that I was going to join you and your mob of lawbreakers?"

"Your explicit statement pleases me, I say. Shall you follow the constitution absolutely, in every detail?"

"Absolutely! In every detail."

"Right down to the last technical letter of it?"

"Look here, what do you mean by asking me such fool questions?"

"I'm getting a direct statement from you on the point. For the record." He pointed to the stenographer.

"I shall observe the constitution of this state to the last letter of it absolutely, undeviatingly. And now as governor of this state I shall proceed to exert my authority. Put that statement in the record! I order you to leave the State House immediately. Record that, too! Otherwise, I shall prefer charges before the courts that will put you in state prison, Morrison!"

"Do you know exactly the provisions of the constitution relating to your office, sir?"

"I do."

"Don't you realize that according to the technical stand you take you have no more official right in this capitol than I have just now?"

His Excellency's silence—his stupefaction—suggested that his convictions as to Morrison's lunacy were finally clinched.

"The constitution, that you have invoked, expressly provides that a governor's term of office expires at midnight on the day preceding the assembling of the first session of the legislature. You will be governor in the morning at ten-thirty o'clock, when you take your oath before the joint session. But by your own clock up there you ceased to be governor of this state five minutes ago."

Morrison drawled that statement in a very placid manner. His forefinger pointed to the clock on the wall of the executive chamber.

Governor North did know the constitution, even if he did not know the time of night until his attention had been drawn to it. He was disconcerted only for a moment; then he snorted his disgust, roused by this attempt of a tyro to read him a lesson in law.

Senator Corson expressed himself:

"Don't bother us with such nonsense! Such a point has never been raised."

"But this is a night of new wrinkles, as we have already agreed," insisted the mayor of Marion. "I'm right along with the governor, neck and neck, in his observance of the letter of the law."

"Well then, we'll stick to the letter," snapped His Excellency. "I have declared this State House under martial law. The adjutant general here is in command of the troops and the situation."

"I'm glad to know that. I'll talk with General Totten in a moment!"

Again Mac Tavish came trotting past Rellihan.

Morrison snatched away the telegram that his agent proffered; but the master demanded news before proceeding to open the missive.

"There's summat in the air," reported Andrew. "Much blust'ring, the square is crowded! Whilst I was signing the laddie's book Lanigan cried me the word for ye to look sharp and keep the promise, else he wouldna answer for a'!"

"Gentlemen, I'll let you construe your own contracts according to your consciences. I have one of my own to carry out. Mac Tavish has just handed me a jolt on it! Governor North, seeing that your contract with the state is temporarily suspended, I suppose we'll have to excuse you to some extent after all! Mac Tavish, step here, close to me!"

The old man obeyed; the two stood in the full glare of the chandelier. Stewart held up his right hand.

"You're a notary public, Andrew. Administer an oath! Like that one you administered to me when I was sworn in as mayor of Marion. You can remember the gist of it."

"In what capaceety do you serve, Master Morrison?" inquired Mac Tavish stolidly.

Stewart hesitated a moment.

"I'm going to volunteer as a sort of an executive, gentlemen," he explained deferentially. "The exigency seems to need one. I have heard that a good executive is one who acts quickly and is right part of the time! I'm indebted to Senator Corson for a suggestion he made a little while ago. I think, Mac Tavish, you'd better swear me in as Boss of the Job."

XVI

GAYETY'S glaring brilliancy on Corson Hill had been effectually snuffed by the onslaught of the mob. The mansion hid its lights behind shades and shutters. The men of the orchestra had packed their instruments; the dismayed guests put on their wraps and called for their carriages. In the place of lilting violins and merry tongues hammers clattered and saws rasped; the servants were boarding up the broken windows.

Lana Corson, closeted with Mrs. Stanton, found the discord below stairs peculiarly hateful; it suggested so much, replacing music. The rude hand of circumstance had been laid so suddenly on the melody of life!

"And I'll say again ——" pursued Mrs. Stanton, breaking a silence that had lain between the two.

"Don't say it again! Don't! Don't!" It was indignant expostulation instead of supplication, and the matron instantly exhibited relief.

"Thank goodness, Lana! Your symptoms are fine! You're past the crisis and are on the mend. Get angrier! Stay angry! It's a healthy sign in any woman recovering from such a relapse as has been threatening you since you came back home."

"Will you not drop the topic?" demanded Miss Corson, with as much menace as a maiden could display by tone and demeanor.

"As your nurse in this period of convalescence," insisted the imperturbable lady, "I find your temperature encouraging. The higher the better, in a case such as this! But I'd like to register on your chart a

(Continued on Page 89)

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(Continued from Page 87)

hard-and-fast declaration that you'll never again expose yourself to infection from the same quarter!"

Lana did not make that declaration; she did not reply to her friend. The two were in the senator's study. Lana had led the retreat to that apartment; its wainscoted walls and heavy door shut out in some measure the racket of hammers and saws.

She walked to the window and pulled aside the curtain and looked out into the night. Between Corson Hill and Capitol Hill in the broad bowl of a valley most of the structures of the city of Marion were nested. The State House loomed darkly against the radiance of the winter sky.

She was still wondering what that blood-stained intruder had meant when he declaimed about the job waiting on Capitol Hill, and she found disquieting suggestiveness in the gloom which wrapped the distant State House. Even the calm in the neighborhood of the Corson mansion troubled her; the scene of the drama, whatever it was all about, had been shifted; the talk of men had been of prospective happenings at the State House, and that talk was ominous. Her father was there. She was fighting an impulse to hasten to the capitol and she assured herself that the impulse was wholly concerned with her father.

"I'll admit that the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, just as that poet has said they are," Mrs. Stanton went on, one topic engrossing her, "but I'm assuming that there's an end to 'em, just as there is to the much-talked-of long lane. In poems there's a lot of nonsense about marrying one's own first love—and I suppose the thing is done, sometimes. Yes, I'm quite sure of it, because it's written up so often in the divorce cases. If I had married any one of the first five fellows I was engaged to, probably my own case would have been on record in the newspapers before this. Lana, dear, why don't you come here and sit down and confide in a friend and assure her that you're safe and sane from now on?"

Miss Corson, as if suddenly made aware that somebody in the room was talking, snapped herself about face.

"Doris, what are you saying to me?"

"I'm giving you a little soothing dissertation on love—the right kind of love—the sensible kind."

"How do you dare to annoy me with such silliness in a time like this?"

"Why, because this is just the right moment for you to tell me that you are forever done with the silly kind of love. Mushy boy-and-girl love is wholly made up of illusions. This Morrison man isn't leaving you any illusions in regard to himself, is he?"

Miss Corson came away from the window with a rush; her cheeks were danger flags.

"You seem to be absolutely determined to drive me to say something dreadful to you, Doris! I've been trying so hard to remember that you're my guest."

"Your friend, you mean!"

"You listen to me! I'm making my own declarations to myself about the men in this world—the ones I know. If I should say out loud what I think of them—or if I should say what I think of friends who meddle and maunder on about love—love—I'd be ashamed if I were overheard. Now not another word, Doris Stanton." She stamped her foot and beat her hand hard on the table in a manner that smacked considerably of the senator's violence when his emotions were stirred. "I'm ashamed of myself for acting like this. I hate such displays! But I mean to protect myself. And now keep quiet, if you please. I have something of real importance to attend to, even if you haven't."

She went to a niche in the wall and pulled out the private telephone instrument; the pressure of a button was required to put in a call. After the prolonged wait Senator Corson's voice sounded, high-pitched, urgent. His appeal was broken short off.

Lana stared at Mrs. Stanton while making futile efforts to get a reply to frantic questions; fear paled the girl's face and widened her eyes.

"What has happened, Lana?"

"It's father! He asked for help! It's something—some danger—some dreadful thing!"

She clung to the telephone for several minutes, demanding, listening, hoping for further words—the completion of his orders to her. Then abandoning her efforts she made haste to call the sheriff of the county, using the study extension of the regular telephone.

The customary rattle informed her that the line was in use, after she had called for the number, looking it up in the directory. When she finally did succeed in getting the ear of the sheriff she was informed in placatory orotund by that official that all her fears were groundless.

"I had been talking with the State House just before you called me, Miss Corson. I am assured on the best of authority that everything is all right there." He was plainly indulging what he accepted as the vagaries of hysteria—having been apprised by the matter-of-fact Mac Tavish that some nonsensical news might come through an excited female. "I think you must have misconstrued what your father said. My informant is known to me as reliable. . . . Oh, no, Miss Corson, I cannot give you his name. It's a rule of the sheriff's office that individuals who give information have their identities respected. If the senator is at the State House you can undoubtedly reach him by phone in the executive chamber."

He placidly bade her good night.

But Miss Corson was unable to communicate with the executive chamber. After many delays she was informed that central had tried repeatedly and directly through the State House exchange, as was the custom after the departure of the exchange operators for the night; central officially reported "line out of order."

During her efforts to communicate, Coventry Daunt hastened into the study; he had tapped and he obeyed his sister's admonition, "Come in!"

"I tell you something terrible is the matter," Lana declared, giving up her efforts to get news over the wire. "Coventry, your looks tell me that you have heard bad news of some sort!"

"I don't want to be an alarmist," admitted young Daunt, "but all sorts of whip-whap stuff seems to be in the air all of a sudden. I just took a run down to the foot of the hill. The bees are buzzing a little livelier there than they are in the neighborhood of the house. Up here some soldier boys are waving their bayonets and fat cops are swinging clubs. We're all right, ladies, but there are all sorts of stories about what's likely to happen up at the State House. I've come to tell you that if you can do without me I think I'll take a swing over to Capitol Hill. I don't want to miss anything good, and I'll bring back straight news."

"I can't endure to wait here for news, Coventry," Lana said. "Order the car; I'll go along with you."

"It's absolute folly!" declared Mrs. Stanton, aghast. "Haven't you had enough experience with mobs for one evening?"

"I am going to my father, mobs or no mobs! I know his voice and I know he's in trouble, no matter what that idiot of a sheriff tells me!" She hurried to the door. "Order the car, I say! I'll get my wraps."

Mrs. Stanton divided rueful gaze between her own evening gown and Lana's.

"Are you going with that dress on?"

"I certainly am!" Lana called from the corridor, running toward her apartments.

"Well," Mrs. Stanton informed her brother, "this gown has served me all evening during the political rally that somebody tried to pass off as a reception. Probably it will do very well for the mob affair. I'll go for my furs."

"That's a brick!" was her brother's indorsement. "She needs us both. But don't be frightened, sis! It's only a political flurry, and such fusses are usually more fizz than fight. I'll have the car round to the door in a jab of a jiffy!"

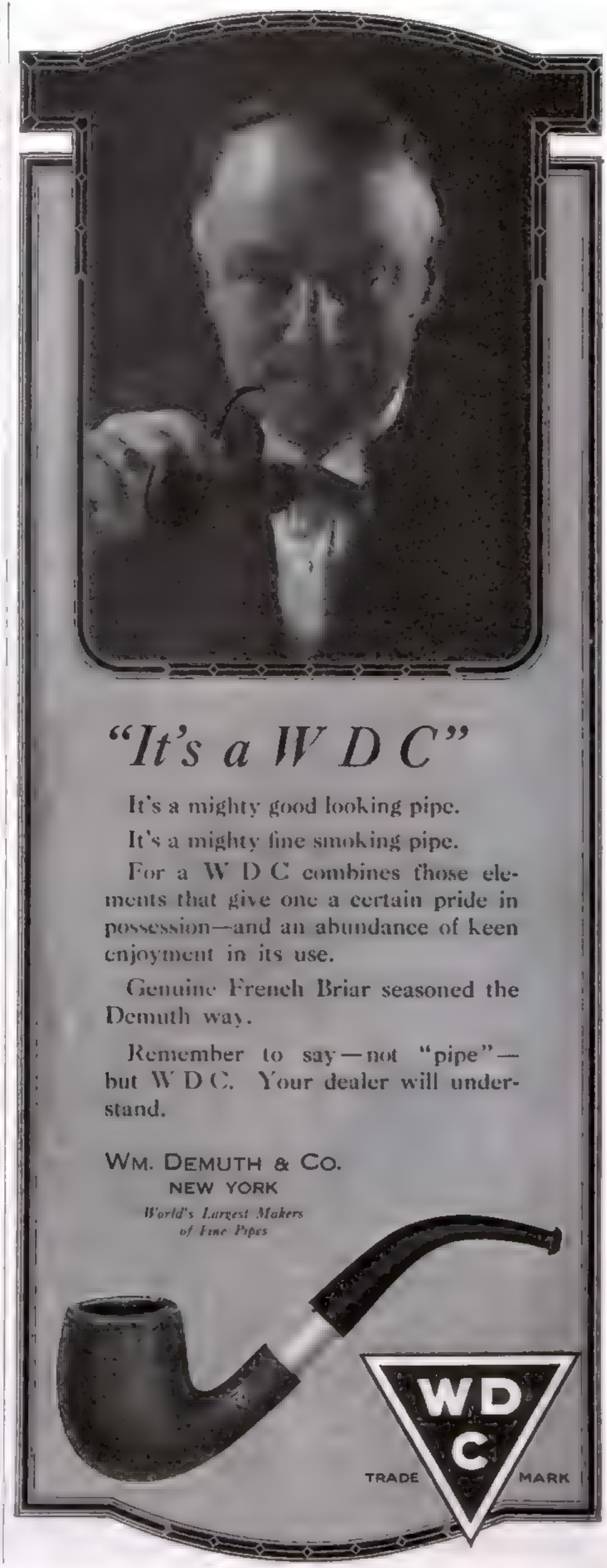
By the time the limousine swung under the porte-cochère Lana was down and waiting; Mrs. Stanton came hurrying after, ready to defy a January midnight in a cocoon of kolinsky. Coventry had ridden from the garage with the chauffeur.

"I have been talking with Wallace. He thinks he'd better drive to the State House by detour through the parkway."

"Go straight down through the city," commanded the mistress. "I'm not afraid of my home-town folks. Besides, I have an errand. Stop at the Marion Monitor office."

The city certainly offered no cause for alarm when they traversed the streets of the business district. Nobody was in sight; they did not see even a patrolman.

"The bees seem to have hived all of a sudden," remarked young Daunt. "All fizz as I told you; and now the fizz has fizzled."



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When the car stopped in front of the newspaper office Lana asked her guests to wait in the automobile.

"That is, if you don't mind." Then Miss Corson revealed a bit of nerve strain; she allowed herself to copy some of the sarcasm that was characteristic of Doris Stanton. "One of those old friends whom we have been discussing so pleasantly, this evening, Doris, is the city editor of the Monitor. Gossipy, of course, from the nature of his business. But I'm sure that he'll gossip more at his ease if there are no strangers present."

Coventry had opened the door of the car. Lana hastened past him and disappeared in the building.

"Dorrie, I'm afraid you are overtraining Lana," the brother complained. "I have never heard her speak like that before."

"I'm giving her special training for a special occasion which will present itself very soon, I hope. When she talks to a certain man I want to feel that my efforts haven't been thrown away."

"Oh, Morrison has botched everything for himself—all round!"

"Thank you! I'm glad to hear you admit that a cave man can be too much of a good thing with his stone hatchet or club or whatever he uses to bang and whack all heads with!"

Mrs. Stanton impatiently invited Coventry to step in and shut the door and make sure that the electric heater was doing business.

City Editor Tasper had a pompadour like a penwiper, round eyes and a wide smile. He trotted out to Lana in the reception room and gave her comradely greeting.

"Any other night but this, Lana Corson, and I'd have been up to your house to pat juba on the side lines even if I couldn't squeeze in one assignment on your dance order. But as a Marionite you know what we're up against in this office the night before an inauguration. Afraid the reception spread will be squeezed? Don't worry. It's a big night, but I'm giving you a first page send-off just the same."

"Billy, I'm not here to talk about the reception—I don't care if there isn't a word about it."

"Oh, I get you! Don't worry about that fracas either! Killing all mention of it. We're not advertising that Marion has Bolshevists. Hurts!"

"But I'm not trying to tell you your business about the paper!" the girl protested. "I'm here after news. What is the trouble at the State House?"

"I don't know," he confessed. "That is to say, I'm not onto the real inside of the proposition. We can't get our boys in and we can't get any news out! Those soldiers won't even admit the telephone crew to restore connection with the executive chamber."

"My father is there! He's there with the governor."

"Well, I should say for a guess that the senator is in the safest place in the city, judging from the way Danny Sweetair and his warriors are on their jobs at those doors."

"Billy, who else is there with the governor?" she questioned anxiously, harrowed by that memory of her father's tone when he shouted the word "lunatic!"

"No know! No can tell!" returned Tasper. "But why all the excitement? There's a crowd outside the State House, but all my reports say that it's still orderly. It's only the old state-steal stuff warmed over by the soreheads. But we're printing a statement from Governor North in the morning.

"The whole matter is going up to the full bench in the usual way. If the opposition starts any rough stuff to-night the gang hasn't got a Pekingese's chance in a bulldog convention. There are three machine guns in that State House!"

A young chap who was trying hard to be professionally blasé bolted into the reception room in search of his chief.

"Excuse me! But four truckloads of men from the Agawam quarries just went through toward the State House. They had crowbars and sledge hammers!"

"So? Warson is making a demonstration, is he? I'll be back in a minute, Jack!" Tasper turned to Lana again. "Warson was turned down by North on the state-prison-wing stone contract. If Warson is setting up stonecutters to be shot as rowdies Warson and his party will be the ones who'll get hurt."

"But our state will be hurt most of all, Billy!" the girl declared with passionate earnestness. "We'll be shamed and disgraced from one end of the country to the other. Just think of our own good state making a hideous exhibition when we're all trying so hard to get back to peace!"

"Must have law and order," Tasper insisted.

"Will Governor North tell those soldiers to shoot to kill?"

"Sure thing! His oath of office obliges him to protect state property. I've just been reading proof of an interview he gave us this afternoon."

Lana walked up and down the room, beating her hands together.

"I'll explain to you, Lana. There's quite a story goes with it. You haven't been in touch with conditions here at home. The election statutes provide that the governor and his council ——"

"I haven't any time to listen to explanations! My father is in that State House! In the name of heaven, Billy Tasper, isn't there some man in this state big enough, broad enough, honest enough to get between the fools who are threatening this thing?"

"He doesn't seem to be in sight, at any rate just now."

She paused in her walk, hesitated and then blurted: "What part is Stewart Morrison playing in all this?"

"I see you have some news about him, too!" Mr. Tasper fenced, eying her with some curiosity.

"Dealing in news is your business, not mine," she said tartly. "But I did hear him declare in public to-night that he would give the people a square deal—or that he would see to it that it is done—or—or something!"

She showed the embarrassment of a person who was dealing with affairs in the details of which she was not well informed.

"All right, I'll give you news as we get it in the office here. Morrison has gone nuts over this people thing. He is bucking the corporations in this water-power dream of his. Playing to the people! I think it's bosh. Holds capital out of the state! But I see you're in a hurry! He made a speech to a hit-or-miss gang downtown to-night. It was snapped as a surprise and we didn't have our men there. But from what we gather he incited feeling against the State House crowd. Told his merry men he'd grab in and fix it for 'em. Bad foozle, Lana! Bad! When a mayor of a city talks like that he is putting a fool notion into the heads of unthinking irresponsibles that there is really something to be fixed. He ought to have told 'em that everything was all right and to go home and go to bed. Your father would have told 'em that. That's good politics. But you and I know Stewart from the ground up! He is about as much a politician as I am a parson—and I'd wreck a well-established parish in less than five minutes by the clock. He's taking a little more time as a wrecker in his line—but he's making a thorough job of it!"

When Tasper mentioned job he suggested a natural question to Miss Corson.

"Where is he right now?"

This time the stare that the city editor gave the girl was distinctly peculiar.

"According to what we can get in the way of reports, Lana, the last time Morrison was seen in public he was talking with you. If he has talked with anybody since then the folks he has talked with are keeping mighty mum about it. Perhaps he has told you where he was going."

Miss Corson exhibited an emotion that was more profound than mere embarrassment.

"Pardon me! But I'd like to know, Lana! It's mighty important to me in the line of my business right now."

"What? Can't you find the mayor of the city in a time like this?"

"He's not at home. He's not at City Hall. The chief of police won't say a word. And he's not in the crowd outside the State House."

Lana did not disclose the fact that she had suggested to the mayor, in a way, the rabble as Morrison's probable destination, and that he had agreed with her.

"And a fine chance he has of being let inside the State House," Tasper went on with conviction, "after the attitude he has taken in regard to the administration!"

"He may be there, nevertheless!"

Whether hope that he was there or fear that he might be there prompted Lana's suggestion was not clear from her manner.

"You'll sooner find a rat down the back of my neck than find Stewart Morrison inside that State House after the brags he has been making round this city in the past few hours," declared Tasper, with the breezy freedom of long friendship with the caller. "He is A Number One in the list of those who can't get in!"

"But Captain Sweetair is his mill student!"

"Captain Sweetair in this new importance of his is leaning so far backward in trying to stand straight that he's scratching the back of his head on his heels. His own brother is one of our reporters, and what Dan did to Dave when Dave made a holler at the door is a matter of record on the emergency-hospital blotter. That's straight! Inch of sword blade. Not dangerous, but painful!"

All through this interview Lana had maintained the demeanor of one who was poised on tiptoes, ready to run. She gathered her coat's broad collar more tightly in its clasp of her throat and started for the door. But she whirled and ran back to Tasper.

"You say that Stewart Morrison is no politician! But I noticed the queer flash in your eyes, Billy Tasper! Do you think he is a coward and has run away?"

"Tut, tut! Not so strong!" The newspaper man put up a protesting palm. "I simply state that His Honor the Mayor is under—somewhere! I never saw any signs of his being a coward—but a lot of us have never been tested by a real crisis, you know!"

"You say he has no power in politics! Could he do anything in a case like this?"

Tasper clawed his hand over his head and the crest of his pompadour bristled more horrently.

"He could at least try to undo some of the trouble he has caused by his tongue. He could be at City Hall, where he belongs. The fact that he isn't there—that he can't be found—speaks a whole lot to the people of this city, Lana Corson! Why, there isn't a policeman to be seen on the streets of Marion to-night. We can't get any explanation from police headquarters. A devil of a mayor, say I!"

She turned and fled to the door.

"Lana!" called the editor. "He has made promises that he can't back up—and he has ducked. That's the story! We're going to say so in the Monitor. We can't say anything else!"

She made no reply. She did not wait for the elevator to take her down the single flight of stairs; she ran, holding her wrap about her.

Coventry Daunt, on the watch for her, opened the limousine's door and she plunged in.

"Wallace! To the State House! Quick!" she commanded.

When Tasper returned to the city room he was told that somebody was waiting on the telephone. It was one of the men assigned to the matter on Capitol Hill; he was calling from a drug-store booth in that neighborhood.

"Boss, it looks as if they're going to mix it. The tough mutts are ready to grab any excuse and they won't listen to men like Commander Lanigan, of the Legion."

"If there's a fight pulled off all we can do is to see that we have a good story. What else?"

"I think I've located the mayor. I can't get anything at all out of those Napoleons at the doors, but Lanigan says that Morrison is in the State House—'on his job,' so Lanigan puts it."

"Lanigan is a liar!" the city editor yelped. "He has been a two-legged Hurrah-for-Morrison ever since his high-school days. I like a good lie when it's told to help a friend! This one isn't good enough! Stewart Morrison is in that State House like tissue-paper napkins are in Tophet."

"But shan't I send in what Lanigan says?"

"We shan't have any room for the joke column in the morning," returned the city editor, hanging up.

XVII

CAPITOL SQUARE was choked with men. The gathering was characteristically a mob made up of diverse elements. It was not swayed by a set purpose and a common motive. It was not welded by coherence of intent. Its eddies rushed here or filtered there, according as arguments or protests gained attention by sharp clamor above the continuous diapason of voices. One who was versed in the natures and the moods of mobs would have found that mass particularly menacing by reason of the lack of unanimity. Too many men of the component elements did not know what it was all about! The arguments pro and con were developing animosities that were new, fresh, of the moment, creating factions, collecting groups that were ready to jump into an affray that would enable them to avoid embarrassing explanations of why they were there. Such a mob is easily stampeded.

Some men who captained the factions did know why they were there. A few of them harangued; others went about, whispering and muttering, inciting malice by their counsel.

The scum of that yeasty gallimaufry was on the outskirts.

When the Corson limousine rolled into the square and sought to part its way through that scum somebody in the crowd made a proposition that was promptly favored so far as the votes by voices went: "Tip the lap-dog kennel upside down!"

Chauffeur Wallace met the emergency with quick tactics. He reversed and drove the car backward. The fingers of the attackers slipped from the smooth varnish and the wheels threatened those who tried to grab the running boards. Men who seized the fender bar were dragged off their feet.

When Coventry Daunt showed a praiseworthy inclination to jump out and whip a few hundred of them, as he declared in his ire, he was pushed back into a corner by his sister.

The chauffeur made a long drive in reverse, circling, and then put the car ahead with a rush, and they escaped into a side street.

"Wallace, get us home as quick as the good Lord will let you!" Mrs. Stanton's command was hysterically shrill.

"Wallace, take the first turn to the left," countermanded the mistress. "Then round the State House to the west portico."

"You crazy girl, what—after that—why—what are you trying to do?" demanded Mrs. Stanton, fear making her furious.

"I'm trying to get into that building—and I'm going to get in!"

"You can't get in! They won't let you in! Lana Corson, you shan't endanger our lives again!"

"Here, Wallace! This turn!"

The driver obeyed.

Doris set rude hands upon Lana and shook her. "There's nothing sensible you can do if you do get in!"

"Perhaps not, but my father is there, he has asked me to help, and I'm going to explain how I did my best. Doris, I must tell him so that he won't get into worse danger by waiting and depending on that idiot of a sheriff."

"You are the idiot!"

"I may be. But I'm going in there!"

"Coventry, you are sitting like a prune glacé! Help me to prevail on this girl to use some common sense!"

"You'll help me very much if you'll do some prevailing with your sister, Coventry," affirmed Miss Corson resentfully, trying to unclasp the chaperon's vigorous hands.

"After what has been happening I don't think Lana needs any more shaking, Dorrie," the brother remonstrated. "Everything having been well shaken it's time to do a little taking. Won't you take some advice, Lana?"

"If it's advice about going home and deserting my father I'll not take it."

"I was afraid you wouldn't. But do you really think you can get into the State House?"

The girl did not disclose the discouraging information given to her by Editor Tasper on the subject of effecting an entrance.

"I'm going to try. And I warn you, Doris, that I'm about at the end of my endurance."

Mrs. Stanton sat back and gritted her teeth. The car traversed a boulevard; the arc lights showed that it was deserted. A narrow street, empty of human kind, led to the west portico. That entrance, Lana knew, was used almost wholly by the State House employees. The door was closed; nobody was in sight.

"If you insist on the venture I'll go with you, of course," offered the young man.

When the car stopped he stepped out.

"I'm afraid you'll only make it harder for me, Coventry. I know the captain of the guard. But it will never do for me to bring a stranger." She hurried into the shadow of the portico. "Get back into the

(Continued on Page 95)

Clock Tonic

Many an old clock that has apparently marked its last hour can be made to give good service for months or years by oiling with 3-in-One.

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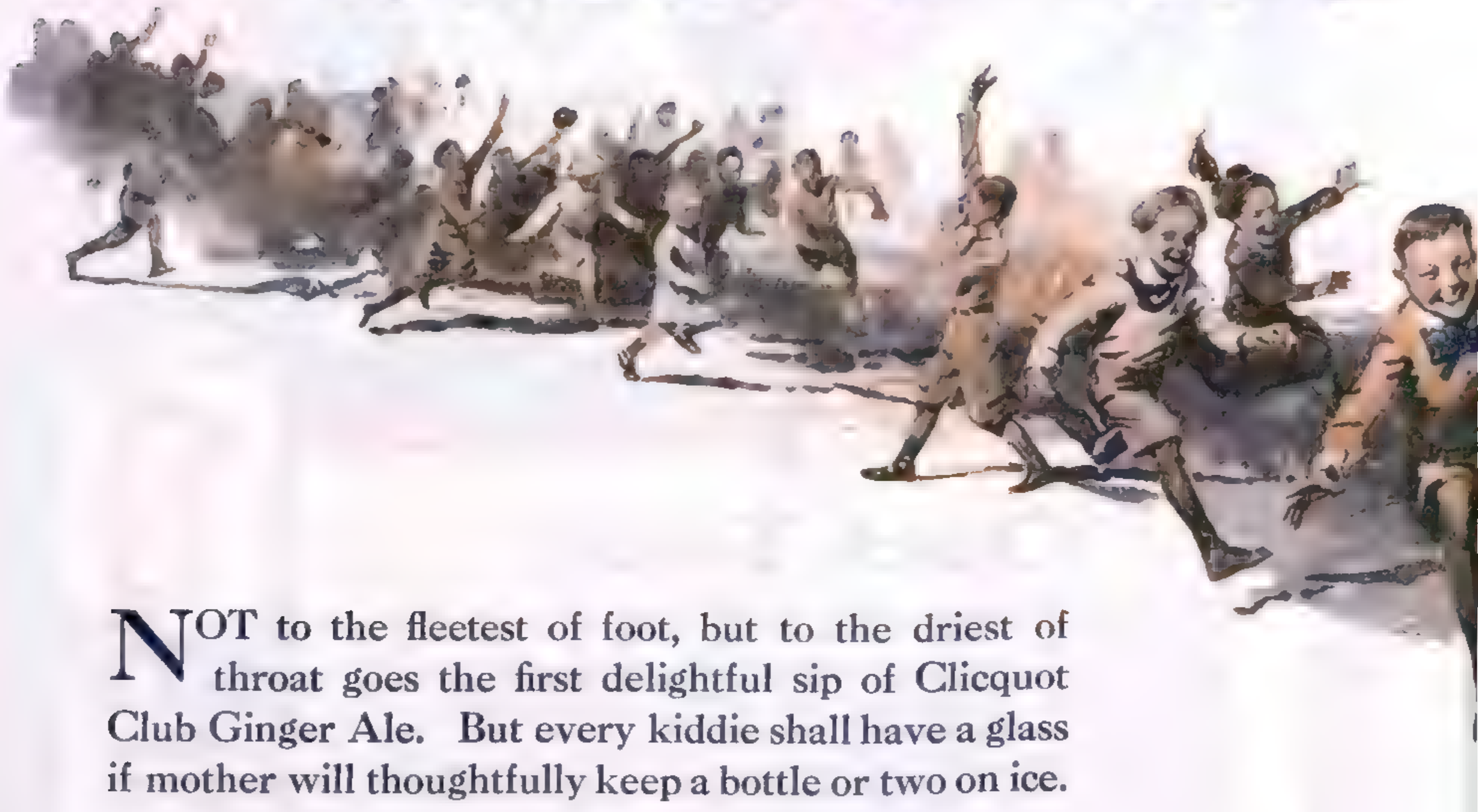

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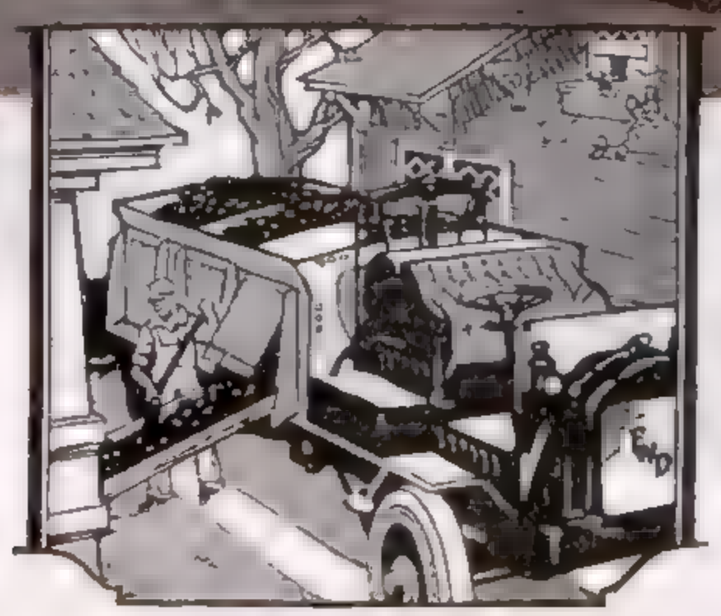


For the three years W. R. Hatch of Goshen, Indiana, has owned an FWD truck his repair bill has been only $100. The original tires are still on the truck.

(Continued from Page 90)

car! You must! Wallace, drive Mrs. Stanton and Mr. Daunt to the house."

When Coventry protested indignantly she broke in: "I haven't any time to argue with you. We may be watched. Wait at the corner yonder with the car. If you see me go in take Doris home and send the car back. Wallace, I'll find you down there at the fountain."

She designated with a toss of her hand the statuary gleaming in the starlight, and when the car moved on she ran up the steps of the State House. The big door had neither bell nor knocker. She turned her back on it and kicked with the heel of her slipper.

The voice that inquired "Who's there?" revealed that the warder was not wholly sure of his nerves.

"I am Senator Corson's daughter."

She received no reply.

"I tell you I am Senator Corson's daughter! I want to come in."

She was answered by a different voice; she recognized it. It was the unmistakable drawl and nasal twang of Perley Wyman. Her girlhood memories of Perley's voice had been freshened very recently because he had been assigned to the Corson mansion by Thompson the florist as her chief aid in decorating for the reception.

"Wal, I should say he was here—and then some! He came in by this door."

"Open it! Open it at once, Perley Wyman!"

"I dunno about that, Miss Corson. We've got orders about politicians and mobbers ——"

"I'm neither. I command you to open this door."

"Who else is there?"

"I'm alone."

Soldier Wyman pulled the bolts and opened.

"I ain't feeling like taking any more chances with the Corson family this evening," he admitted with a grin that set his long jaw awry. "Your father nigh cuffed my head up to a peak when I tried to tell him what my orders were."

Miss Corson was not interested in the troubles of Guard Wyman. He was talking through a narrow crack; she set her hands against the door and pushed her way in.

"Where is my father? What trouble is he in?"

"I reckon it can't be any kind of trouble but what he'll be capable of taking care of himself in it all right," opined the guard, fondling his cheek with the back of his hand. "But there ain't any trouble in here, Miss Corson. It's all serene as a canned sardine that was canned for the siege of Troy, as it said in the opery the High School Cadets put on that year you was in the ——"

"There's a mob in front of the State House!"

"It'll stay there," stated Wyman, remaining as serene as the comestible he had referred to. "The St. Ronan's Rifles can't be backed down by any mob. We have been ordered to shoot, and that kind of a gang in this city might as well learn its lesson to-night as any other night. It's getting high time to do a lot of law-and-order shooting in this country."

The girl, harrowed by her apprehensions, was not in the mood to discuss affairs with this amateur belligerent, but his complacency in his bloodthirsty attitude was peculiarly exasperating in her case. He seemed to typify that unreasonable spirit of slaughter that disdained to employ the facilities of good sense first of all. This florist's clerk, whom she had last seen on a stepladder with his mouth full of tacks, was talking of shooting down his fellow civilians as if there were no alternative.

"My father may be in danger in this State House, but I'm glad he is here. He is not condoning this! He is not allowing this shame! Who is the lunatic who is threatening my father and bringing disgrace on this state?"

She remembered the senator's assertion over the telephone and in her eagerness for news she was willing to start with humble Soldier Wyman. She realized suddenly that her spirit of fiery protest was provoking her into an argument that might seem rather ridiculous if somebody in real authority should overhear her talking to Wyman and his mate. The portico door opened into a remote corridor.

"The only lunatic, up to date, Miss Corson, has been a Canuck who had a knockdown and drag out with a settee and ——"

Lana was not finding Wyman's statement especially convincing in the way of sanity.

"I thank you for letting me in. I must find my father."

The interior of the capitol building was familiar ground to her. It occurred to her sense of discretion that it might be well to avoid Captain Sweetsir in his new exaltation as a military martinet. She found a narrow curving stairway which served employees.

On the second floor, hastening along the dimly lighted corridors, turning several corners, she reached the spacious hall outside the senate lobby. She paused for a moment. From the hall she could look down the broad main stairway which conducted to the rotunda. The rumble of trucks had attracted her attention. Soldiers were moving a machine gun; they lined it up with two others that were already facing the great doors of the main entrance. She had half hoped that her father was in the rotunda, using his influence and his wisdom, now that the mob was threatening the building outside those great doors. She did not understand just how the senator would be able to operate, she admitted to herself, but she felt that his manly advice could prevail in keeping his fellow citizens from murdering each other.

In the gloom below her she saw only soldiers and uniformed capitol watchmen. Across from her, in the upper hall where she waited, there was the entrance to the wing which contained the executive chambers. Two men, one of whom was talking earnestly, came along the corridor from the direction of the chambers. Still mindful of what Tasper had said about the State House rules of that evening, she did not want to take chances with others who might be less amenable than Florist Clerk Wyman. There were high-backed chairs in the corners of the hall; she hid herself behind the nearest chair. Her dark fur coat and the twilight concealed her effectually.

"General Totten, if you don't fully comprehend your plain duty in this crisis you'd better stop right here with me until you do. We can't afford to have those soldiers overhear. Are you going to order them to march out of this State House?" This peremptory gentleman was Stewart Morrison.

Lana choked back what threatened to be an exclamation.

"I refuse to take that responsibility on myself."

"You must! Such a command to state troops must come from you, the adjutant general."

"This is a political exigency, Mister Mayor!"

"It seems so to me."

"It requires martial law."

"But not civil war."

"This building is threatened by a mob."

"That's because you have put it in a state of siege against citizens."

"There's no telling what those men will do if they are allowed to enter."

"They'll do worse if they are kept out by guns."

"It means wreck and rampage if they are permitted to come through those doors."

"Look here, Totten, this State House has stood here for a good many years, with the citizens coming and going in it at will. I don't see any dents!"

"This is an exigency, and it's different, sir. The state must assert its authority."

"I'll not argue against the state and authority with you, Totten, for you're right and there's no time for argument. But when you said political exigency you said a whole lot—and we'll let this particular skunk cabbage go under that name. Don't try that law-and-order and state-authority bluff with me in such a case as this is. You're right in with the bunch and you know just as well as I do what the game is this time. Probably those folks outside there don't know what they want, but they do know that something is wrong! Something is almighty wrong when elected servants are obliged to get behind closed doors to handle public affairs. I'm putting this on a business basis because business is my strong point. These red-tape fellows go to war and use the people for the goats to settle a matter that could be settled peaceably by hard-headed everyday men in five minutes. Now with these few words, and admitting that I'm all that you want to tell me I am—and confessing to a whole lot more that I personally know about my unadulterated brass cheek in the whole thing—we'll close debate. Order those militia boys to march out!"

"I ——"

Morrison held a little sheaf of papers in his hand. He flapped the papers violently under General Totten's nose.

"Do you dare to ignore these telegrams—the opinions of the justices of the supreme judicial court of this state?"

"I don't ——"

The papers flicked the end of the general's nose and he shuffled slowly backward.

"Do you dare, I say?"

"This exigency ——"

"That's the name we've agreed on—for a dirty political trick without an atom of principle behind it. These telegrams will make great reading on the same page with the list of names in the hospitals and the morgue!"

General Totten was retreating more rapidly, but the vibrating papers inexorably kept pace with his nose.

"But to leave this State House unguarded ——"

"I have already shown you what I can do with one single cop. I gave you a little lecture on cops in general back yonder. You fully understand how one cop handled the adjutant general of a state! I'll answer for the guarding of this State House. Send away your militia!"

"I'm afraid to do it!" wailed Totten.

"Then you're afraid of a shadow, sir! But I'll tell you what you may well be afraid of. I'm giving you your chance to save your face and your dignity. Order away those boys or I'll go and stand on the main stairway and tell 'em just how they're being used as tools by political tricksters. And then even your tricksters will land on your back and blame you for forcing an exposure. I'll tell the boys! I swear I'll do it! And I'll bet you gold dust against sawdust that they'll refuse to commit murder. Totten, this exigency is now working under a full head of steam. You can hear that mob now! This thing is getting down to minutes. I'll give you just one of those minutes to tramp down into that rotunda and issue your orders."

"But what ——"

The general's tone unmistakably indicated surrender; the governor had already shifted the onus; Totten knew his brother-in-law's nature; the governor would just as soon shift the odium after such an explosion as this wild Scotchman threatened.

"You needn't bother about the what, sir. You give the order. And as soon as the thing is on a business basis I'll tend to it."

Stewart took the liberty of hooking his arm inside the general's. The officer seemed to be experiencing some difficulty in getting his feet started. The two hurried along and trudged down the main stairway.

Lana followed. She halted at the gallery rail and surveyed the scene below. Even in her absorption in the affair between Stewart and the adjutant general she had been aware of the rising tumult outside. The bellow of voices had settled into a sort of chant of "Time's up—time's up!"

Captain Sweetsir had deployed his men across the rotunda behind the machine guns. When he beheld the mayor and the general on the stairs he saluted nervously.

"They're getting ready to use sledge hammers, sir. Shall I hand 'em the rifle fire first or let loose with the machine guns?"

Stewart still held to the general's arm. Totten hesitated. His face was white and his lips quivered.

"Captain Sweetsir, instruct your men to empty their magazines, assemble accouterments and stand at ease in marching order."

The captain came onto his tiptoes in order to elongate himself as a human interrogation point.

"Captain Sweetsir, order your bugler to sound retreat!"

The officer forced an amazed croak out of his throat by way of a command, and on the hush within the rotunda the clarion of the bugle rang out. It echoed in the high arches. Its sharp notes cut into the clamor outdoors.

Morrison recognized a voice that was keyed to a pitch almost as high as the bugle's strains.

"Hold your yawp! Don't you hear that?" Lanigan screamed. "Don't you know the difference between that and a fish peddler's horn? That's the tune we fellers heard the Huns play just before Armistice Day. That's retreat! Come on, Legion!" he urged frantically. "Ram back those sledge hammers!"

Morrison grinned and released the general's arm.

"You hear that, do you, sir? When you can convince fair men that you're on the right slant the fair men will proceed to show roughnecks where they get off if they go to trying on the wrong thing!"

"There's going to be the devil to pay!" insisted the adjutant general. "You're going to let that mob into the State House, and they'll fight all over the place."

"We'll see what they'll do after the show-down, sir! And you can't make much of a show-down in the dark."

He left General Totten on the stairs, leaped down the remaining steps and ran to a group of watchmen and night employees of the State House who were bulwarking the soldiers.

"I'm beginning to see that it's some advantage, after all, to be the mayor of this city," Stewart informed himself. One of Marion's aldermen was chief electrician of the capitol building and was in the group, very much on duty on a night like that. "Torrey has always backed me in the city-government meetings at any rate!"

The alderman came out of the ranks, obeying the mayor's gesture.

"Alderman, I'm in the minority here right now, but I hope you're going to vote with me for more light on the subject."

Torrey did not understand what this quick shift in all plans signified, and said so, showing deference to the mayor at the same time.

"If we've got to fight that gang we need these soldiers, Mayor Morrison!"

"Our kind of men, alderman, fight best in the light; the cowards like the dark so that they can get in their dirty work. Do you get me? Yes. Thanks. Excuse me for hurrying you. But get to that switchboard! We need quick action. You and I represent the city of Marion right now. Must keep her name clean! I'll explain later. But give 'er the juice! Jam on every switch. Dome to cellar! Lots of it! Put their night-beetle eyes out with it."

He was hustling along with Torrey toward the electrician's room. He was clapping his hand on the alderman's shoulder.

"I'm going outside there, Torrey! Touch up the old dome and give me all the front lights. If the bricks begin to whiz I want to see who's throwing 'em!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Everwear
TRADE MARK
Hosiery
The skilled Silk workers of Japan take as much pride in the production of a skein of beautiful yarn as does the artist in painting a masterpiece. Everwear Silk Hosiery is thus inevitably superior.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 38)

according to the circumstances and the personal ideas of the purchaser. The chief quality in any diamond is brilliancy. A stone without it is undesirable, no matter how perfect its color. By-water stones are yellow, but not sufficiently so to place them in the list of diamonds known as fancy stones. In fact, by-waters when mounted are likely to show no tint at all, and are generally retained among the white stones. I was told, however, that by-waters are worth not more than two-thirds as much as crystals. Large stones and those of exceptional quality weighing two carats or more are speculative in value. Stones that are perfectly matched bring five or ten per cent more each than do singles.

Without stating the questions, which are self-evident, anyway, let me write the answers I received to a number of my queries. The price of diamonds is fixed by the London syndicate. Irrespective of any local fluctuations in various parts of the world, it is stated that there has been no reduction in price during the better part of a generation, and this covers several times of panic and industrial depression in the principal countries of the earth. If the demand for diamonds fell off, or the production exceeded the demand, the producers would curtail production or even close the mines. This policy might be altered if new and important fields were discovered, which is considered unlikely.

Prices taken from the books of one of our largest American importers and cutters appear to indicate that the same weight and quality of stone that sold for two hundred and fifty dollars in 1916, now sells for more than six hundred dollars.

Money invested in diamonds purchases what is purely a pleasure. But the pleasure is permanent and can be handed down from generation to generation. Money invested in flowers gratifies our sense of the beautiful, but the flowers fade and the pleasure is transient. Money invested in a motor car affords us pleasure, but the diamond enthusiast says that the car depreciates each time it runs round the block, and the individual's investment dwindles. Such is the line of argument favoring the purchase of precious stones, and I give the statements for what they are worth.

The owner of diamonds might be affected by the discovery of a process for making imitation stones. So far as I can discover, however, no progress has been made along this line since one European scientist, after years of experimentation, succeeded in producing real diamonds, but which were only of what might be termed microscopic size. A little figuring showed that the cost of making a carat stone by this process would amount to something like two hundred thousand dollars, so it is not likely that many such stones will be placed on the market.

Sapphires of different shades, especially blue and white, and rubies are now made in France by a method which employs an electric furnace. These products are called synthetic stones, and are acknowledged to possess most of the qualities of the real stones. Small rubies and sapphires are also made into larger stones by a similar method. In the case of the emerald no good imitation has yet been produced for the reason that the color burns out in the electric furnace.

The best synthetic stone so far produced is the blue sapphire, and many tests have shown that the artificial sapphire can only be detected from the real sapphire with the greatest difficulty by experts. This synthetic manufacture of gems has now been twenty years in the development, and millions of carats of stones have been produced, mostly in France and Switzerland. The high price of electric current in the United States has kept this new industry out of our country. The Orient is a large buyer of these stones.

In the manufacture of a synthetic stone you take a crystal of purified alum, which resembles common soda, add to it a particle of a coloring oxide, put this combination into a suitable apparatus, where it is subjected to high heat, and the substance transforms into a red or blue crystallized mass, which is nothing more or less than a ruby or sapphire in the rough. The ruby, for example, contains ninety-eight per cent of pure alumina and about two per cent of chromic oxide. It is extremely important that these ingredients should be pure, or the corundum obtained will be faulty. After being calcined in a large oven at a temperature of 1000 degrees Centigrade the substance is reduced to a fine powder. This in turn is placed in the magazine of the furnace, from which point it is forced down on a receiving base in the flame. Once the fusion is properly started, the little stalk, first no larger than a pinhead, grows steadily in the fire. As it becomes taller it broadens out under the manipulation of the operator, forming a pear-shaped object with the point down, and very brilliant in the white flame of the furnace.

Later the gases are shut off, the bulb is allowed to cool and the crystallized mass is ready for the lapidary's art to turn it into a beautiful gem.

Though these synthetic stones possess the color and brilliancy of the real stones, they are not sold by honest dealers for anything other than what they really are Their price is considerably lower than that of the real gems. Let no one gather the idea, however, that these synthetic stones have anything in common with the colored-glass settings found in cheap jewelry.

In closing, let me add just a word about pearls. First, the pearl does not come from an edible oyster. Such an idea is purely a myth. Fresh-water pearls are found in fresh-water mussels, and these latter are common to the tributaries of the Mississippi and other American streams. The fresh-water pearl is brightly and highly colored. The oriental, or salt-water pearl, is pink or white, and does not possess such high colors as the fresh-water product. A pearl is really a calcareous deposit of a sick mollusk. When a parasite gets inside the shell of a mollusk the animal throws a deposit over the parasite, and this is slowly increased until a pearl is formed.

It is often stated that certain people, particularly the Japanese, have perfected plans whereby a minute foreign substance is introduced into the shell of a mollusk, creating an irritation and causing the animal to start its secretory process, thus forming a pearl. Authorities say that this is not impossible, but that the best pearls are not so formed.

It is known that attempts are now being made to increase the supply of pearls from certain fisheries by infecting the beds. In other words, a bed of husky, healthy mollusks is rather a liability, while a bed of sick ones is quite an asset. I also find a few believers in the current stories that pearls will grow in size and numbers if placed in a box or other dark receptacle and a few grains of rice thrown in. Such a story has just come across the water from England, and has been published and widely commented on by many of our pearl experts.

The advice of one expert to the public in the matter of purchasing precious stones seems to possess a wealth of wisdom. He says: "Trust your jeweler and keep your powder dry."

Perpetuating Our Forests

BECAUSE of the shortage of paper and the high prices of lumber for all purposes, the public is commencing to take a real interest in the question of reforestation. The first definite proposals along this line were made by the Forest Service twenty years ago. The start looked good, but effective coöperation on the part of lumber interests was prevented by the long period of depression in lumbering following the panic of 1907.

In most important movements of a national character there is a long period of incubation and then a time of rapid fruition. It looks as if this second period was at hand in the conservation and rebirth of our forests.

Before discussing the present aims and activities of the factions now advancing definite forestry plans, let me briefly lay down a pavement of facts that leads to the heart of the subject.

The original stand of timber in the United States was fifty-two hundred billion feet. The present estimated stand is about twenty-six hundred billion feet. One-third of the depletion was due to losses by forest fires, one-third was cut for lumber and one-third was wasted. The foolish idea that our forests were inexhaustible caused millions of feet to be cut and burned simply to clear the land for agricultural purposes.

(Concluded on Page 98)

Exide BATTERIES

Victor at Indianapolis

Five hundred miles at breakneck speed—twenty-three cars in the race—ten cars finished. Of these ten, seven, including the winner, used Exide Batteries for ignition. Each Exide passed the gruelling test with a perfect score. That is the record of Exide reliability written in the International Motor Sweepstakes last Memorial Day, an achievement in keeping with Exide performance in Tommy Milton's Duesenberg car at Daytona Beach, when it broke all world's records up to five miles with a speed of 156.04 miles an hour.

You have a right to expect something more than the ordinary service from an Exide Battery, for into each Exide is built the experience learned in every battery field by the oldest and largest manufacturers of storage batteries in America. There is an Exide Battery that fits your car.

EXIDE SWEEPSTAKES RECORD

	Car and Driver	Miles per hour	Equipped with Exide Battery
First Place	Monroe, Gaston Chevrolet	88.16	"
Third Place	Duesenberg, Tommy Milton	86 52	"
Fourth Place	Duesenberg, Jimmy Murphy	85 10	"
Sixth Place	Duesenberg, Eddie Hearne	80 15	"
Eighth Place	Monroe, Joe Thomas	78.60	"
Ninth Place	Mulford Spec., R. Mulford	68.33	"
Tenth Place	ReVere, Tom Alley	67 93	"

No matter what kind of battery you have, it will be tested free at any time at any Exide Service Station. If it needs attention it will be given unprejudiced, expert attention and will be made to last as long as possible, until you are ready to replace it with an Exide—*the long life battery*. There is an Exide Service Station near you.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

Service Stations Everywhere — PHILADELPHIA — Branches in 16 Cities

Special Canadian Representatives—Charles E. Goad Engineering Co., Limited, Toronto, Montreal

Oldest and largest manufacturers in America of storage batteries for every purpose

(Concluded from Page 96)

The present timber acreage may be divided as follows: National forests, one hundred and fifty million acres; farm woodlots, two hundred million acres; and private forests, two hundred million acres. Farm woodlots are not a present material source of commercial lumber, but are of future potential importance. In the matter of actual timber ownership, seventy-five per cent is in private forests and twenty-five per cent is government owned. Of the lumber now standing, one-half is on the Pacific Coast, and one-half of this latter supply, or a quarter of all, is Douglas fir, which in the future is likely to be our principal source of supply.

As to our present annual consumption of timber, lumber and manufactured products use up thirty billion feet; fuel, posts, poles and fires, thirty billion; insects and decay, twenty billion—making a total of eighty billion feet consumed yearly. The annual new growth gives us twenty billion feet, so that the yearly depletion of our timber resources amounts to about sixty billion feet. At first glance this situation is rather disquieting, but a reassuring thought is contained in the statement that the west-coast fir forests are growing faster than they are being reduced, and with the encouragement of a sound national-forest policy and adequate fire protection there is good reason to believe that our supply of Douglas fir, which now constitutes twenty per cent of our lumber production, will never be less than it is to-day.

At present there is considerable antagonism between the forester and the timberman. The former appears to believe that the timberman is unwilling to do anything toward reforestation, and the latter seems to think that the forester would require him to bear the entire burden of reforesting and replanting cut-over areas. As a matter of fact, there is no good reason for any serious disagreement between the two interests. The radical forester says that the Government must undertake reforestation, as timbermen won't; the reactionary timberman says the Government must do it, as the timberman can't. But the practical forester and the reasonable timberman are fast coming to believe that forest production can and will be maintained under private ownership. As a matter of economic fact, the user of lumber must bear the cost of timber production, whether done by private or public ownership.

One fundamental truth that must be grasped is that the original timber in the United States is in large part a mine and not a crop. In the determination of a fair and effective forest policy it is necessary to decide which part should be treated as a mine and which as a crop. The business of lumber manufacture is no more the business of growing trees than the business of milling flour is the business of growing wheat. Men who buy timber and operate sawmills are foresters only in the sense in which persons who buy mineral lands and operate mines are geologists.

The business of lumber manufacture is to make boards out of trees and not to make more trees out of which someone else some day may make more boards. The mere ownership of forest land does not place the proprietor under any legal obligation to undertake the growing of trees when to do so would be unprofitable. If it did, then the manufacturer in other lines of business would also be responsible for the perpetuation of the supply of raw materials that he uses.

The public-land policy of the United States years ago permitted private individuals to alienate from the public domain upward of eighty per cent of the original timber standing in the United States. At the present time, when the first pinch of a lumber scarcity is being felt, the folly of our past performance is being realized and many people are demanding that the situation be remedied. Corrective measures are necessary and should be commenced at once, but let us not forget that no law can compel the return of private lands to Federal ownership except for a price. What we need, therefore, is a practicable forestry plan based upon fact and principle rather than an impossible policy founded on opinion and fad.

A safe future for this country in the matter of an adequate timber supply will best be promoted if the forestry policy that is adopted shall be designed to bring about cooperative effort on the part of both timber owners and Federal foresters. Lumbermen are now making money and can afford to lend their help to any reasonable plan which may be adopted. That they are willing to do so is clearly indicated in recent statements made by the officers of the country's most important timber associations. The lumbermen are suggesting the advisability of more rigid laws. At the same time they are calling attention to certain facts that bear heavily on the problem. In carrying forward a policy of reforestation the Government must supply a method of taxation that will carry over the taxes not only to the maturity but to the day of realization from the sale of the new-grown trees and based upon an equitable percentage of the net yield over cost.

The local farmer or small landowner can successfully undertake reforesting, for he lives upon or adjacent to his land and can properly protect it. But it is different with the large nonresident landowner, who cannot protect his young trees from the menace of razorback hogs, grass burners and other destructive agencies. For the large owner there must be police protection; also, as no new forests could be matured during the lifetime of the present generation, or probably the succeeding one, and no revenue whatever can be obtained until the new trees are marketed, and as it would require caretaking during all the years, this drain and tax could not be undertaken or borne under present laws and conditions.

Well-informed timbermen are of the opinion that comprehensive reforesting should be undertaken by the Government. This means that Uncle Sam would have to acquire some of the large areas of cut-over lands suitable for replanting.

Speaking of a permanent timberland policy, one of the leading authorities on the Pacific Coast says: "America is the largest user of timber per capita in the world. If the per capita use decreases it will follow that the general standard of living will also decline. Just as the countries of Europe consume less lumber per capita than we do, so they use less per capita of nearly everything else.

"Timber supply must come from working our forest lands on a continuous-production basis. Nothing can now save the eastern part of the United States from a period of making most of its lumber from six or eight inch trees or less within twenty years. Only an adequate forest policy in the Pacific Northwest will save the East from complete dependence on this class of material.

"We must accept the principle that each timber area organized under continuous-forest production must at all times have standing one-half as much timber as grows during a complete rotation. Applying this rule to our national supply and assuming a seventy-year rotation and a consumption of one hundred billion feet annually, it is evident that we must have thirty-five hundred billion feet of timber standing at all times.

"There is no longer the shadow of a doubt that the public will turn to nationalization in each and every essential industry that fails to function properly in private hands. With the bulk of the commercial forests privately owned, this is a vital question. Though the annual cost of forestry is small, the capital required to purchase for government ownership the one hundred and fifty million acres of privately owned land involved would probably be no less than six to ten billions of dollars. In view of our present financial condition, such a move is not likely to occur in the immediate future.

"Other countries have succeeded in the practice of a rational plan of forestry. In Germany, where forestry has been practiced for centuries, there is still forty-six and a half per cent of the land in private ownership. In France, where forestry has been practiced for generations and many waste places planted to forests, sixty-five per cent of the forest area is privately owned. Sweden, which produces more timber than is needed for home use, is maintaining and increasing its timber growth on all forest lands, though sixty-five per cent is privately owned.

"The most hoary and vicious misconception of all is that which supposes forestry to start after lumbering leaves off. Such a concept places forestry at once in the domain of the impracticable.

"The reclamation of such lands as have been completely devastated by lumbering and fire is, however, the function of the state and at the best the work of centuries. France has probably done more afforestation work than any other country, but in the course of more than a century only about five million acres have been reclaimed.

"The only kind of forestry that can be practiced on a large and adequate scale, either by individuals or states, is forestry that starts while we have forests to start with.

"All the successful forestry in the world started this way. In continuous-production forestry the plan will be to take a tract that is large enough to support a good-sized mill and logging operation, say twenty-five thousand acres, and then limit the annual cutting from this tract to an amount that is approximately equivalent to what the whole tract will grow each year, or an amount such as the tract will yield annually for an indefinite period. The amount of this cut will vary from two to four per cent of the total timber standing.

"The lumbermen of the Northwest are to-day removing annually only about one per cent of the volume of timber standing on private lands and are paying all charges for taxes, interest on borrowed money, fire protection, and so on, with the returns from this one per cent. Is it not clear that a tract organized to cut from two to six per cent of its volume annually will easily pay all taxes, fire protection, interest and some profits from its annual cut?"

An effort is being made at the present time to cause the enactment of legislation to perpetuate the forest resources of the United States. This particular movement appears to be based on the idea that the panacea for economic and social ills is the creation of a vast national organization with power that may be applied when and where desired throughout the length and breadth of the land. The proposed law would provide regional administrative organizations having executives empowered to fix standards and promulgate rules to prevent devastation and provide for the perpetuation of forest growth and the production of forest crops on privately owned timberlands operated for commercial purposes.

Coöperation is always preferable to compulsion in dealing with private interests. Many of our states are now making commendable progress in the solution of their timber problems. For this reason it would seem advisable to have the assistance from the national Government in the working out of the forest program exercised through state agencies. So far as I can discover, practically all lumbermen and most foresters believe it would be unfortunate if any plan were adopted whereby national control would supplant the state organizations. State legislation can unquestionably be made to apply to problems connected with the ownership and use of land when a similar form of control by a national agency is of doubtful legality.

Many steps designed to perpetuate our forests might be undertaken with the unanimous approval of timber owners, foresters and that larger interest, the public. Above all else is an effective plan of fire prevention. Unless fires are better controlled all other efforts will be unavailing. No plan for permanent forest supply can be properly executed in the absence of a general timber survey and land classification. Provision must be made by national and state governments for the purchase from year to year of cut-over lands of the right character and suitably located for the creation of public forests or for additions to Federal or state forests that have already been established. Fair but definite requirements should be made of private timber owners, who in return are given fair taxation and reasonable assistance in fire prevention and forest management. It would be unjust to single the forest owner out for compulsion as to how he shall handle his land, while at the same time the owner of every other kind of land is permitted to use it or abuse it as he sees fit.

For certain species and sizes of timber used for particular purposes forestry is already possible for the private owner and should be increasingly so in the future. But the production of large-sized timber is too long an undertaking, with too great hazards and too low a rate of return, to attract private capital in sufficient amount. The Federal Government and the states, whose primary concern is the welfare of all citizens and industries, can best afford to engage in such an undertaking. In the meantime, if we are to judge by experiences here and abroad, the public will get cheaper lumber if the cutting, milling and distribution operations are left to the energy and ingenuity of private capital.

There is no problem that is of greater intimate interest to the entire American public than that of providing an adequate timber supply for future years. The present high cost of lumber and of news print, which is made from lumber, has largely resulted from our lack of a careful, practical forest policy. Prior to 1900 soft-wood lumber retailed in the Middle West for fifteen to twenty dollars a thousand feet. Now with Western lumber taking over the territory, the price level has advanced to eighty dollars. Practically all other soft-wood markets in the United States reflect similar price advances. Because of our timber depletion we are now importing two-thirds of the news print which the United States requires.

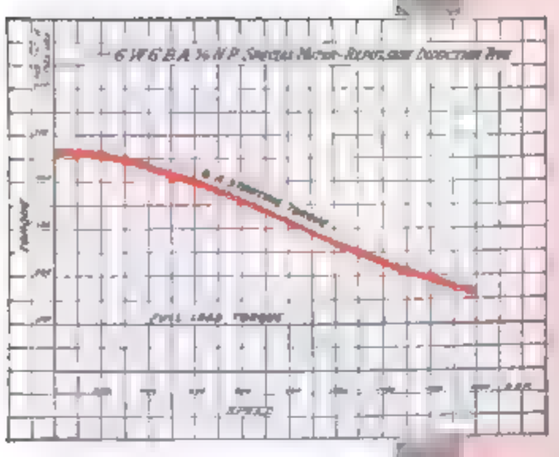
In the words of Secretary Meredith: "Timber depletion has not resulted from the use of our forests, but from their devastation."

He states further that the fundamental need of the moment is to grow trees. The way to attack excessive prices and possible monopolies of lumber or news print is the production of timber as a steady crop on nonagricultural lands in all parts of the country.

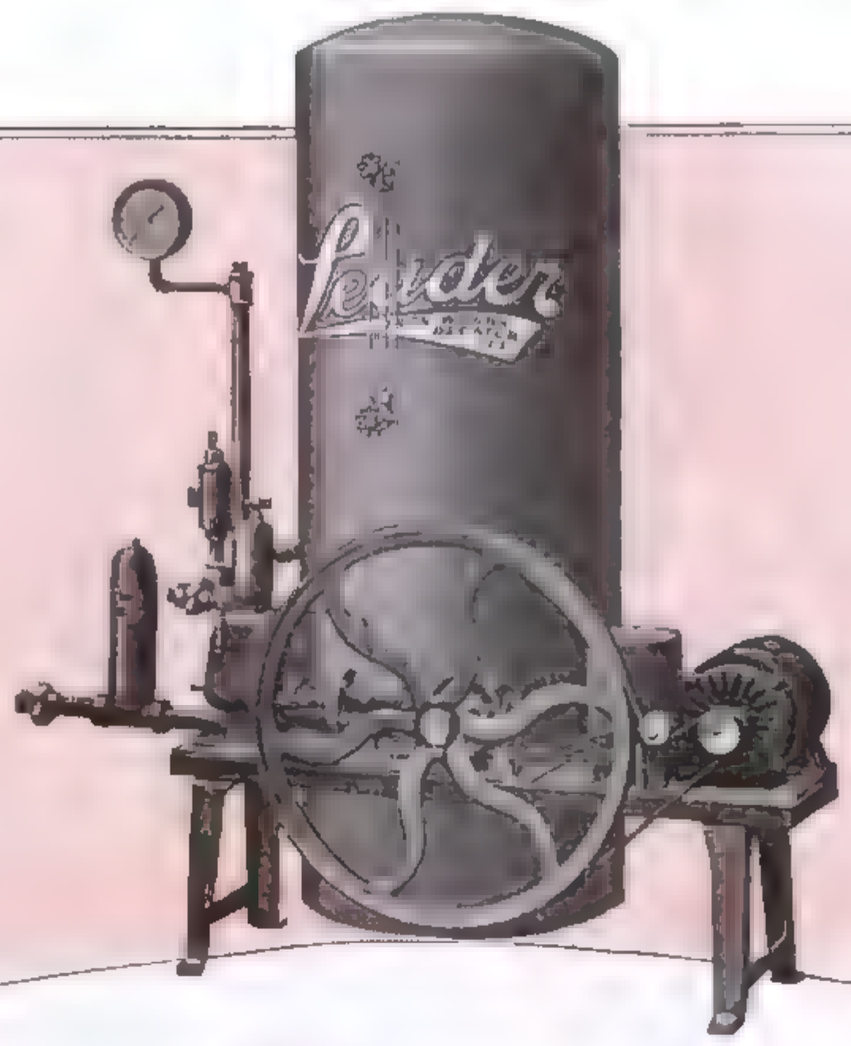
The production of all kinds of paper in the United States in 1919 was approximately six million two hundred thousand tons, or one hundred and fifteen pounds per capita. In news print alone the annual consumption has increased from three pounds per capita in 1880 to about thirty-five pounds in 1920. Increases in the use of other grades of paper have been in similar proportion. The bulk of the raw material for paper now is wood and probably will continue to be wood for years to come. If the question of a sufficient timber supply is not settled soon and satisfactorily, the pulp and paper manufacturers of the United States will be forced to transfer their operations to other localities where there is an abundance of water power and plenty of wood.

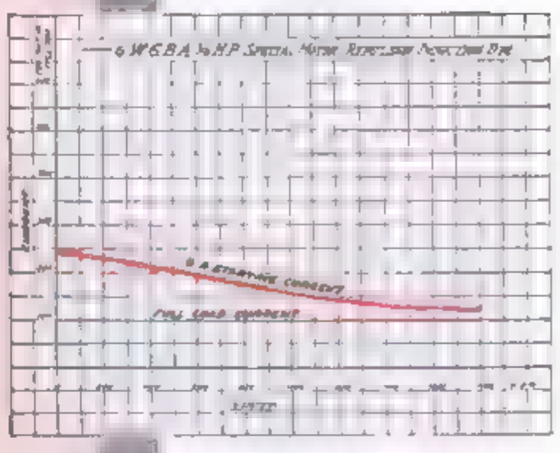
At the present time appropriations which in some states run into the millions of dollars are made annually for the development of agriculture. If it is fundamental that the agricultural lands shall share in the support of the state and therefore be aided by the state in development, it is equally fundamental that the forest land shall bear its share of the support of the state and that the state should develop all land suitable for forest growth.

Owners of timberland and lumbermen generally are now enjoying a period of real prosperity, so there is no reason why they should be given undue concessions. On the other hand, the perpetuation of our forests is such a serious problem that every effort should be made to prevent any treatment so impractical and unjust as to rouse bitter opposition and result in a lack of coöperative effort. It has been our unfortunate experience that the application of radical solutions to great national problems generally brings more ills than benefits to the public, which is most concerned in the matter.



The red curve shows the relatively high starting torque of the one-half horse power, Wagner, Made-to-order Motor, which enables it to start instantly and unfailingly under abnormal pressures, varying voltages and even on dead center.





The red curve shows the low starting current required with the Wagner, Made-to-order Motor, thus preventing the dimming of lights on the line.

Combining Efficiency and Economy With Wagner Made-to-order Motors

How the Leader Iron Works, of Decatur, Illinois, equipped their pumps to meet the varying conditions under which they must operate without resorting to a large, expensive power plant.

The Leader Iron Works desired to equip their pumps with the most efficient and economical motor possible.

This motor must operate the pump unfailingly against the back-pressure peculiar to each installation. It must start under loads seldom the same. It must run on different voltages, for the current used in some localities, while nominally "standard" or 110 volts, is really only 90 volts. In others it is 120.

At the same time they desired a motor whose operating cost would be low—one that would do the required work efficiently at the lowest possible cost to the owner.

Such requirements could best be met by a made-to-order motor—a motor designed especially to meet the needs of the case. So a Wagner engineer was called into consultation.

After careful consideration of all the varying conditions to be met the Wagner engineer ordered a special motor built. This motor was then tested on a pump. It worked perfectly.

The back-pressure against the pump was increased. The Wagner made-to-order motor responded easily. The voltage supplied to the motor was reduced to the lowest which would ever be encountered. The motor continued to work steadily, its power ample for the task.

All possible difficulties with which the pump might be confronted were accurately reproduced. It was even stopped on dead center under a full load. Yet the Wagner made-to-order motor operated efficiently, unfailingly, thru it all.

Such service has come to be expected of a Wagner made-to-order motor. It is so characteristic, in fact, that many have come to look upon the Wagner nameplate as a guarantee of the efficient, trouble-free operation of their motor-driven appliances.

Factory Branches and * Maintenance Stations:

*Atlanta
*Boston
*Buffalo
*Chicago
Cincinnati
*Cleveland
*Denver
*Detroit
*Indianapolis
*Kansas City
*Los Angeles
Milwaukee
*Minneapolis
*New York
*Omaha
*Philadelphia
*Pittsburgh
*San Francisco
*St. Louis
St. Paul
*Seattle
Syracuse
Washington, D. C.

Selling Agencies:
Dallas
New Orleans
Memphis
Salt Lake City

Wagner Electric Manufacturing Company
St. Louis, U. S. A.

Affiliated Company:
Wagner Electric Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Montreal, Que.; Toronto, Ont.

Wagner Quality

MADE-TO-ORDER MOTORS

Un-retouched photographs of the twin trucks, No. 2 on solid tires (upper) and No. 4 on Goodyear Cord Tires (lower) used in the test described on the opposite page; note (lower) two of a group of Goodyear Cord Tires still going after a year and a half in coal hauling service for Elias Lyman Coal Co., Burlington, Vt.

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

The Efficiency of Pneumatics Measured in Miles and Money

During a test period of six months the Elias Lyman Coal Company, of Burlington, Vermont, kept an exact record of the costs of operating twin two-ton trucks, No. 2 on solid tires and No. 4 on Goodyear Cord Tires. While this 46-year-old concern had been specifying these pneumatics on new trucks for some time, the test was used to furnish a concise summary of the increases and savings effected by them over solid-tired operation. This summary, given below, is particularly interesting because it points out advantages of the Goodyear Cord Tires demonstrated under conditions such as quite frequently offer the solid tire its best opportunity: dense, heavy loads, short hauls, fairly good city pavements.

	Difference in favor of pneumatics	Total value of extra work or saving
Miles traveled	38.9% increase	$385.47 (Extra tonnage plus saving)
Miles per gallon of gasoline	23.9% increase	42.08 saved
Miles per gallon of cylinder oil	30 % increase	1.25 saved
Labor cost per mile (drivers)	25.9% saving	256.74 saved
Maintenance and repairs per mile	70.5% saving	49.62 saved
Operating cost per mile	21.9% saving	389.02 saved

The last column represents the difference between the actual cost of the work done by the pneumatic-tired truck and the cost of the same amount of work done according to the average rate of cost shown in the solid-tired truck's record for six months

THIS method of actually measuring the advantages of Goodyear Cord Tires on trucks, in miles and money, makes strikingly apparent their broad and fundamental effect on motor haulage.

The whole efficiency of the service they render has its basis in the vital strength of Goodyear Cord construction developed with the scrupulous care that protects our good name.

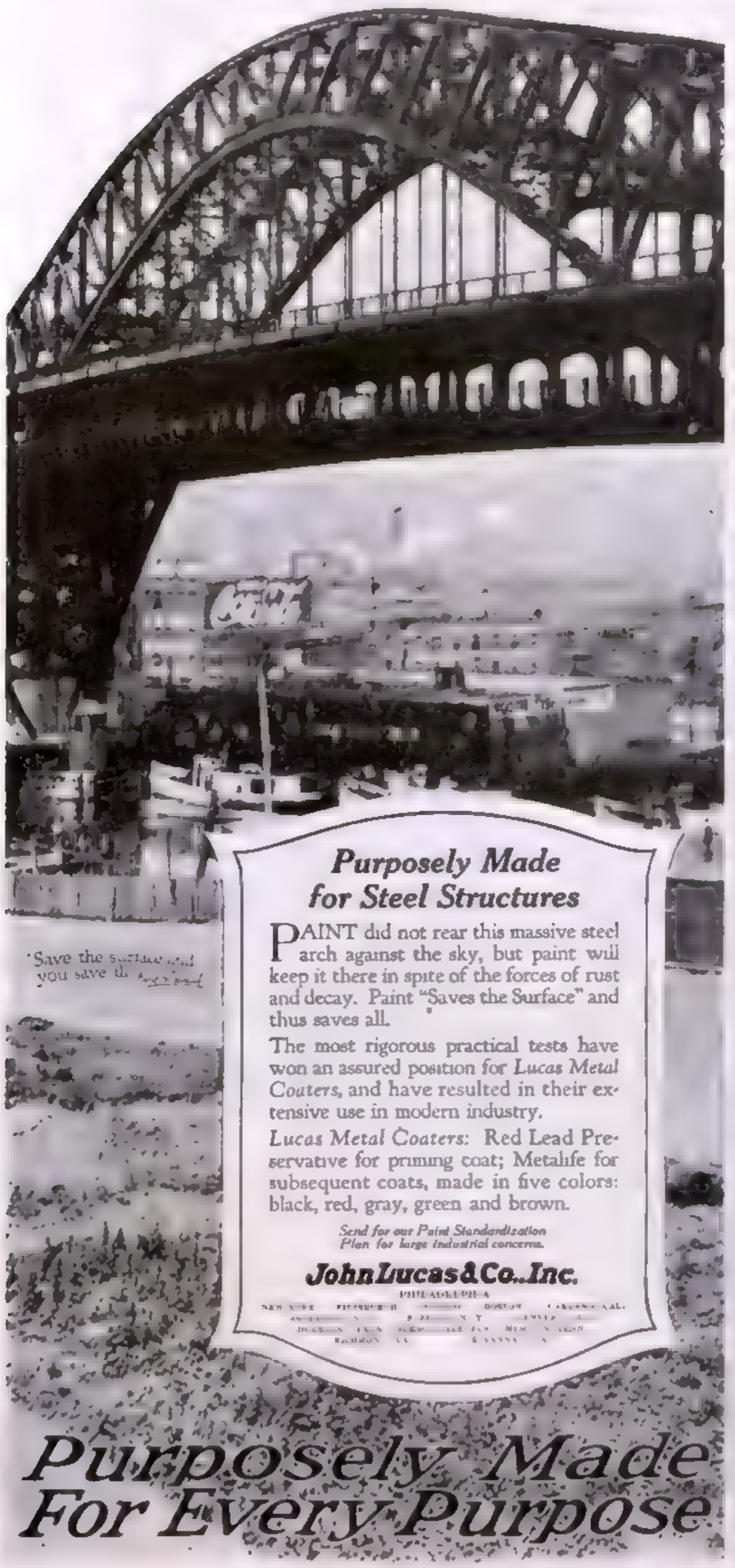
Further cost data accumulated by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company while pioneering the pneumatic truck tire can be secured from the general offices at Akron, Ohio.

Haul on Pneumatics

CORD TIRES

Lucas Paints

Varnishes—Stains—Enamels



Purposely Made for Steel Structures

PAINT did not rear this massive steel arch against the sky, but paint will keep it there in spite of the forces of rust and decay. Paint "Saves the Surface" and thus saves all.

The most rigorous practical tests have won an assured position for *Lucas Metal Coaters*, and have resulted in their extensive use in modern industry.

Lucas Metal Coaters: Red Lead Preservative for priming coat; Metalife for subsequent coats, made in five colors: black, red, gray, green and brown.

Send for our Paint Standardization Plan for large industrial concerns.

John Lucas & Co., Inc.

PHILADELPHIA

Purposely Made For Every Purpose

CAPTURED BY KINDNESS

(Concluded from Page 34)

for his act, because he has a little old white spitz dog, who rides one of the ring horses from the stable to the theater before every performance. It is quite evident from this little animal's carriage and general bearing that he would not swap jobs with the Sultan of Sulu. He barks at everything and everybody, and men and women on the sidewalk laugh back at him and other dogs view his triumphant progress with envy. Incidentally he is advertising Jimmy Dutton's act every step of the way.

Marvelous feats have been accomplished at different times in the training of dumb animals, from mice to the mammoths of the species, but there are some who do not lend themselves to educational excellence. I never saw a giraffe that was trained, and I never met anyone who endeavored to train one. Perhaps it is that the giraffe is the scarcest and most valuable of all wild animals in captivity. When you land one in America, counting the cost of transportation from its native haunts of Abyssinia, you will have to pay a bill of between thirty-five and fifty thousand dollars. Added to this will be the extreme risk of keeping it until it is thoroughly acclimated. As I say, perhaps that is the reason that no one owning them would care to take the risk of having them trained. In any event they are easily frightened, and at best it would be a difficult task.

Then there is the gnu, or horned horse, and you can put it down that you can't tame a gnu, either by kindness or any other means. He is perhaps the only animal I know of that no trainer will take liberties with, and if I am not mistaken Colonel Roosevelt in his book on African hunting stated that the horned horse was the most formidable animal on the veldt and the only one that didn't take backwater from a lion. I cannot remember that I ever saw a fox trained to do tricks, or a hyena, or a sacred ox, or a hippopotamus. You can train a camel to drive, but that's about as far as you can go with him, but I have seen camels that would never even submit to be ridden. And buck? Why, a recalcitrant camel can outbuck all the broncos from Miles City to Denver.

But through it all the consensus of opinion of nearly all animal trainers you meet nowadays is that the establishment of cordial relations and thoughtful kindness between them and their pupils is productive of the best results.

Speaking along these lines a famous old trainer I met the other day said: "When I was a boy there used to be a great deal of objection raised to the manner in which animals were trained. I want to say that the people who lifted their voices in protest were more often than not justified in doing so. A good many of the old-timers had a rough-and-ready way of doing things. One reason was that they didn't have the requisite amount of patience or would not take the time necessary to perfect their acts to the state of excellence we see at the present time.

"Most of the stunts were what we called 'forced,' but, as time went by, men of more intelligence came into the business and by adopting modern and humane methods accomplished more than their predecessors ever could hope to.

"Don't forget that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals did its share toward changing the old order of things; and then I think that as time goes on people have been educated to deal more kindly with animals. If you see a horse or a dog being abused nowadays you will always find plenty of people ready to take up cudgels and defend him."

And so it is that we must leave the grouchy old Egypt back in the shadows of the menagerie, looking out upon the world with pessimistic eyes. The trouble with him is that he has not traveled with the times and doesn't realize that things are entirely different from what he figured they were when old Ali Ben Hassan forced him to his knees in the bazaar at Algiers and bound harsh ropes of hair round his forearms and shins in such a manner that he squatted on the ground trussed up like a Thanksgiving turkey.

THE DUB OF PEACE

(Continued from Page 17)

Buck was tired—or as nearly tired as his tough body ever became. He owed himself some let-down from the day's long official self-repression. It was too late to mar the success of the outing by setting a bad example to other Gentlemen's Sons, and his jangled temper craved egress.

As the dance music ceased, and as the dancers were clapping for an encore, Gil Manton was aware of a large and assertive pair of shoulders which butted roughly between him and the gayly applauding girl. The band leader, his baton poised to signal the encore, dropped his stick and stared. People all round became similarly interested, for Buck's sudden action had but one meaning, and that meaning was as clear as day to the initiated crowd.

Gil took an uncomfortable step backward to give the cleaving shoulders more room. The shoulders resolved themselves into a broader back. The back was toward Gil. Buck was facing the fluttered Kitty.

"Well?" he questioned, his voice bull-like in its rumble.

"Oh, h'llo, Buck!" airily returned Kitty. "Where you been keeping yourself all day?"

"I been working like a dredging machine," he made answer, "so's you c'd have a fine time with this big piece of cheese here. What else'd I be doing? I wasn't good enough to come along with you, so you picked up this thing the cat brang in and took it along instead of me."

Turning from the indignant girl, he spun round on Gil.

"Heard what I called you, didn't you?" he demanded. "Huh? Well, it goes, and some more like it. Anything to say?"

Gil had nothing to say. He shuffled back from the undershot jaw that followed him up. He wished he had never come on the wretched outing. He tried to wish he had never met Kitty Ryle. But he could not quite accomplish that—and vaguely he wondered why.

"You're standing all over your feet," pursued Buck in berserk mirth. "Give 'em a rest a minute. I'll learn you how to do it."

Deftly he drove his elbow into Gil's quaking stomach, and in the same move set his heel behind Manton's. Back went Gil under the stomachic impact. By reason of Buck's heel his feet could not follow the rest of his body, and he sat down extremely hard in the middle of the dancing floor.

A guffaw of Homeric laughter from the Gentlemen's Sons greeted this quaint bit of repartee. One or two of the girls squealed, but there was more of excitement than of fear in the cries. Kitty flamed brick red, then went bone white, and she stared down eagerly at her reclining escort.

Gil noted the tense command in her look. He made as though to scramble to his feet. Buck grinned and stepped merrily toward him. Gil let his muscles relax. Kitty gave a little stifled gasp and turned away. Buck left his victim and ranged alongside her.

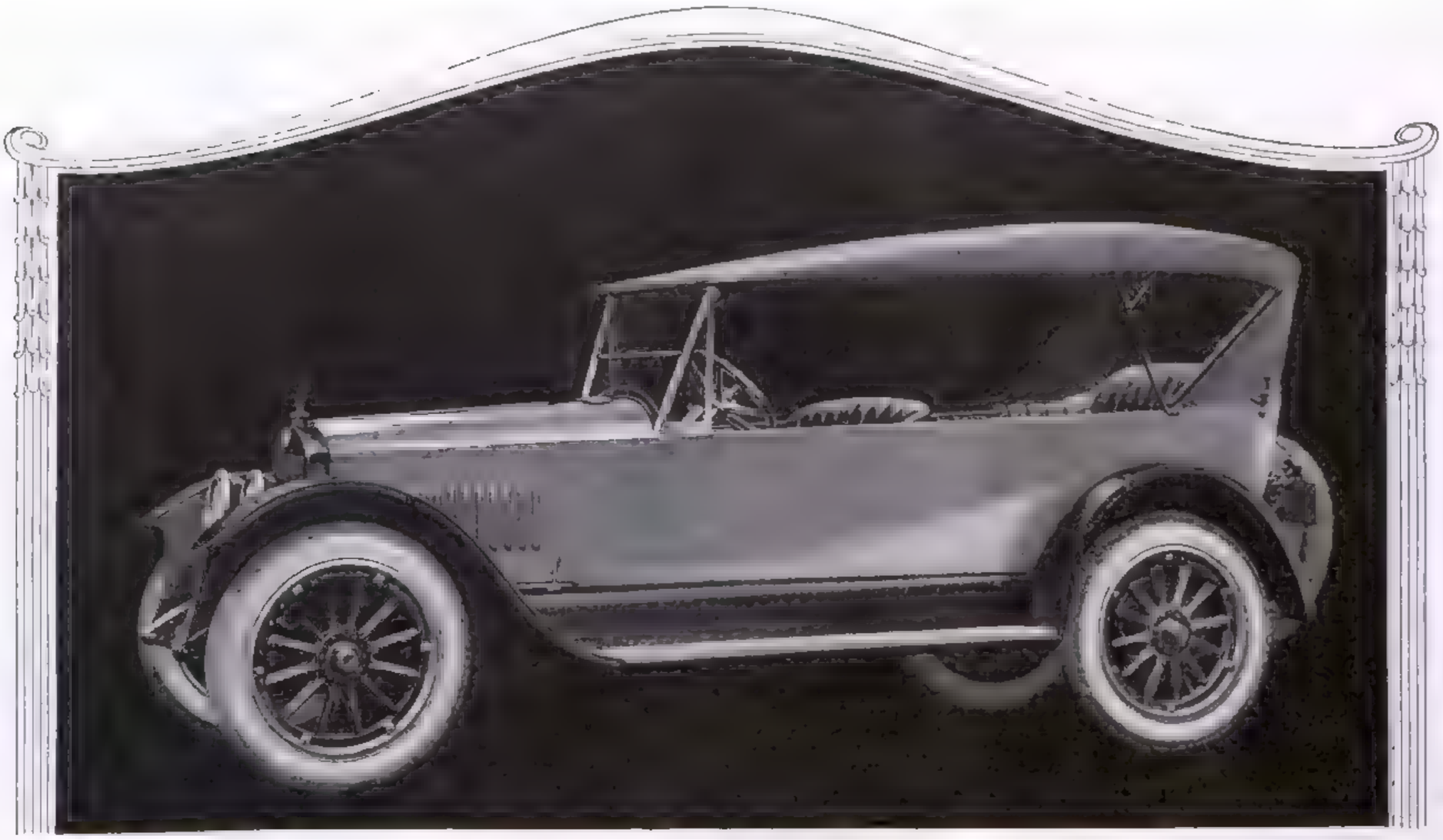
"Hey, there, p'fessor!" he summoned the band leader. "Cut loose with that ongcore spiel of yours! I and this lady friend of mine want to dance. C'm on, Kit!" he added as he caught her arm.

The girl tore free from his loving hold and ran almost sobbing toward the cabin. At the entrance she glanced back for an instant. Gil was still sitting in the middle of the floor. She worked her way to the bow of the lower deck and was one of the first dozen on shore when the boat docked. Nor could the shame-sick Gil or the ardent Buck find her to claim escort rights for the rest of the journey home.

So ended the annual outing and games of the Gentlemen's Sons Association, and so ended Gil Manton's bright dream of love. Yet Gil did one brave thing. He did it the very next evening. He went to call on Kitty. He had much to say, though he had not the remotest idea how to say it. He was saved any trouble of pleading, for Old Man Ryle met him at the door.

"Got onto your poor feet again, hey?" was the host's greeting. "Last I heard about you, you was giving 'em a rest and cluttering up a dance floor with the rest of you. But ——"

(Continued on Page 104)



STANDARD EIGHT

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They believed that they could build an automobile of power which would be a light car and yet would give full riding comfort.

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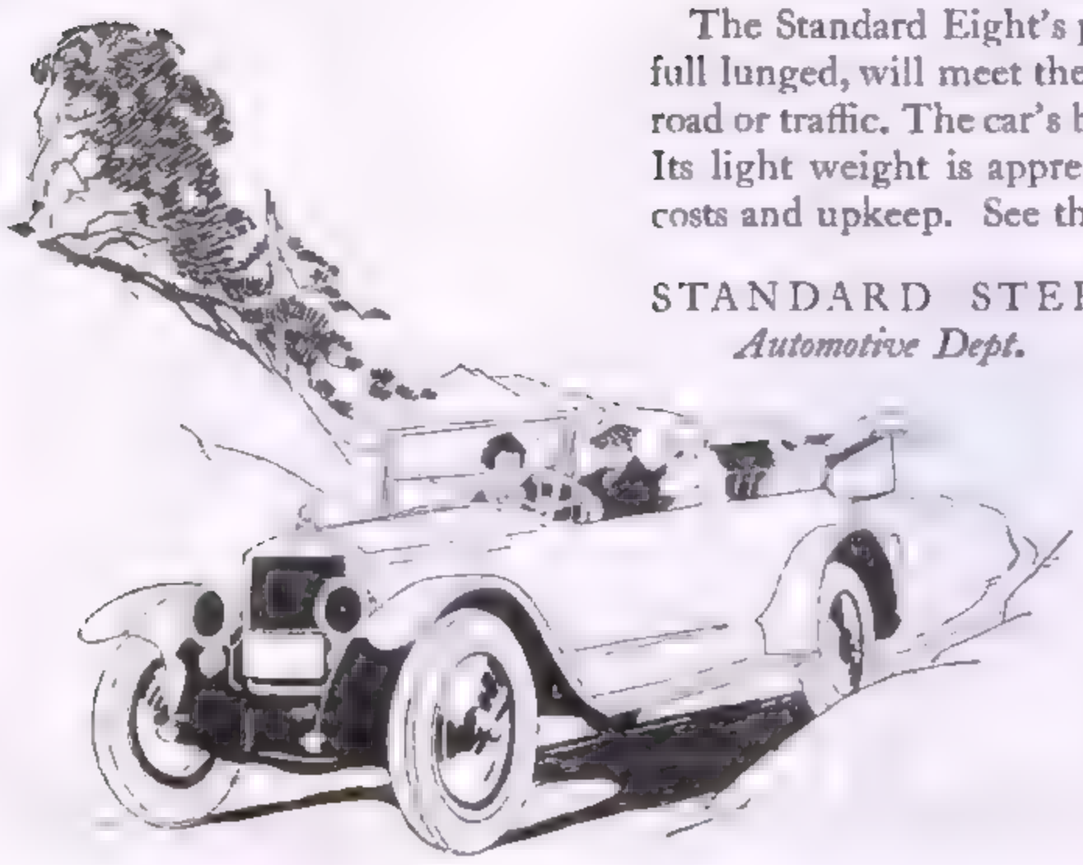

(Continued from Page 102)

"Can I see Kitty, please?" interposed the red and fidgeting Manton.

"Not unless you got X-rays behind them fearless little eyes of yours, you can't," was the calm reply. "Not unless you can see through two walls. Because Kitty said if ever you came here again you wasn't to be let in. That's her say so, not mine. But I'm not saying I blame her none, at that. You sure made plenty small of her, last evening, from all I hear. She ——"

The old man checked himself, struck by the utter misery in the caller's stricken face. He eyed the unhappy Gil, speculatively for an instant, then resumed:

"What the blue blazes are you made of inside, anyhow, sonny? I heard about your looking sick when Pop Glyn asked you to the gym, and how you said you didn't get any fun out of watching folks slug each other, and I thought maybe it might be a joke. When I've heard how you always got out of the way when Buck Kevitt bawled you out at the works I figgered maybe you just wasn't int'rested in rough-house stuff. Lots of he men ain't. So I kept making excuses for you, because I kind of liked you. You got nice pleasant ways with you, and you never shut me up when I got to yarning. Like some does. Then ——"

"Thanks," faltered Gil, humbly grateful for even this tempered meed of praise.

"Then," pursued Old Man Ryle, unheeding, "Kitty come home last night crying. I couldn't get a word out of her. Nor yet her mommer couldn't either, except that if ever you dared come here again you wasn't to be let in. That got me bristling up along the back, and I was figgering on doing a stunt at warpath work—old as I am. But she shut me up, and she said I'd best save my dander for some mouse that might get fresh round the flat, because it'd be wasted on a cuss like you. This morning when I finished at the works I hung round a spell, and I got the right dope. Ev'ryone was making cracks about it, and for once ev'ryone was telling the same story. Gee, but I'd hate to be you—to have to face all that!"

Gil had slumped against the door jamb. He seemed to have lost a foot of stature and fifty pounds in weight.

"Say," lectured Old Man Ryle, "I never was half your size or build, even when I was a youngster. But in them days if a guy had shoved in between me and mommer yonder, and had upsot me and made toad pie of me right where she could see it—well, if he'd been Jim Jeffries and old John L. Sullivan mixed, d'you know what I'd 'a' done? Do you? Do you know? Well, here's what I'd 'a' done—I'd 'a' gone straight up into the air like I was a Rooshan candle, and as I passed by him on the way down I'd 'a' bit his ear off. Then I'd 'a' sailed into that feller with all fours—butting too—and I'd 'a' kep' at him till the undertaker got one of the two of us. That's what I'd 'a' done. I'd 'a' done it, not because I was a bearcat or a soocide—I'd 'a' done it because mommer was sure worth it, and because I'd 'a' knowed she wouldn't ever let me within hailin' distance of her again if I hadn't. It's the same with Kitty. It'd be the same with any girl. She ——"

"But if you'd only let me see Kitty for just five minutes!" pleaded the anguished Manton. "Let mesee her and explain ——"

"'Splain what?" challenged Old Man Ryle. "'Splain you was thinking of something else when Buck stood you on your head and walked off with her? Nothing doing, sonny! I'm not hindering you from seeing her. The good old days when a dad was able to say who should and who shouldn't see his girl—those days is in the d'scard, if they ever happened at all outside of a measly book. It's Kitty that's saying she won't see you, not me.

"When you get to my age, and when the knowledge is too late to be any use to you, you're li'ble to learn one or two things about women. One of 'em is that a woman's got no use for a loser. Another is that a woman's got still less use for a man that makes her look like a fool in public. Another is that she's got the least use of all for a feller who acts l ke a rabbit when he'd ought to act like he was a man-eater. Think all that out, and figger for yourself how much chance you got of keeping comp'ny with Kitty, or even of getting her to look sideways at you. If I was you ——"

Gil Manton drew a deep sigh that sounded more like a gargle, and his wilted stature straightened. His spirit seemed to rise with it from beneath the whiplash of his wordy old mentor's tirade. His eyes were still sick and stricken, but they met Old Man Ryle's for the first time that evening, and they met them with level directness.

"You're right," he said huskily. "I'm all you say. I'm a mouse and a rabbit and all the rest, and I can see you're right about Kitty's not wanting to speak to me again, but she's going to, for all that. She's going to speak to me. Not now, but by and by. I—I guess even a rabbit sometimes runs up against something in life that makes it worth while for him to stop being a rabbit. Kitty's the only thing that makes it worth while for me. Are you going to work now?"

"Not for near an hour yet," answered the puzzled Ryle. "Why? What's that got to do with ——"

"Then put on your hat and come along," adjured Gil, his voice thick, his long hands clenched and quivering. "Come along. It'll interest you, and I want her to get the true story of it from you. Don't go pestering me with questions. I need all the nerve I've got to keep me from running up a tree."

It was a banner evening at the Gentlemen's Sons gym in Number-Eight shed. The desultory bouts and bag punching were shelved in favor of no less than three fights—bred of the outing—which were scheduled for settlement. Wherefore the big shack was jammed, and tobacco smoke and sweat hung heavy.

Buck Kevitt was in his glory. As master of ceremonies he was dictating the order in which the bouts were to occur and was choosing seconds for the six nervously scowling amateur warriors.

"I'm refereeing all three," he concluded his Napoleonic oration, "with Pop Glyn's leave—or without it. He's due to be busy enough with the dead ones, without having to ——"

"If you're refereeing the bouts," spoke up a quavery but blustering voice from near the thronged doorway, "the bouts will have a crook and a fool for referee."

The hum and jostle of the crowd died to instant silence, followed by a multiple gasp and a craning of necks. Then it was that Gil Manton strode unevenly forward from the threshold, with Old Man Ryle pattering in his wake, the wondering athletes parting their ranks to make way for the courter of destruction. At sight of Gil there was a roar of reminiscent laughter. But it ceased at once, choked back by amaze at the poltroon's bellowed insult to the paladin.

Buck had spun about at sound of the affront as whizzingly as though the bumpy concrete flooring had turned to white-hot iron, and his heavy jaw fell ajar as he recognized his insulter. Taking quick advantage of the spell, Gil walked up to the bemused Kevitt, declaiming as he came.

"Before you referee any other fights, are you too much of a coward to put on the gloves with me—or to fight me without 'em? Are you?"

The hush was broken. The room was in a gleeful uproar. That the mouse should be challenging the lion was wholly delightful—as joyous as it was incredible. The Gentlemen's Sons were not psychologists. They did not waste gray matter now in trying to explain the impossible. Time enough for such academic speculations over dinner pail or workbench or forge or desk next day. For the moment it was enough to revel in the unbelievable. Buck Kevitt's blank stare melted to a smile of pure happiness.

"You're on!" he said briefly. "The other bouts can wait. Last I saw you, you was setting on the floor. I s'posed you was there yet. I didn't figger you'd have the sand to get up without me saying you could. Who wants to handle this pile of slag?"

"I'll take his corner," spoke up Old Man Ryle as one deep in a dream. "And I'm telling you to your face, Mister Kevitt, that you'd be a better sport if you'd cut out that line of talk to a lad who's got the gall to fight you. C'm over here, Gil, me boy, while I find you some gym shoes big enough to park them fine roomy feet of yours in."

It was just nine minutes later that Gil Manton bobbed under the single rope and squatted gawkily on a rickety stool in the southerly corner of the ring. He was clad in sneakers and running trunks volunteered loans from two of the gym's regulars. His jaw was set, partly to keep his teeth from chattering with nervous hysteria, partly by the rigidity that somehow had encompassed his whole loose-jointed frame since the sudden reaction of his cowed mind under the tongue lashing of Old Man Ryle.

"Keep your hands limber, son," commanded his second, wrestling to induct the neophyte's stiff and chilly fingers into a work-worn five-ounce glove. "And keep your head cool, so long as you can keep it at all. That course of Y. M. C. A. boxing lessons you was speaking about—they'll have taught you enough to stave him off for the best part of a round anyhow. Don't carry the fight to him. That's his meat. Box him. Use your left lead and your footwork—if you've got any footwork. Keep him off you as long as you can. He can't spar. He always bores in. That's his game—infighting—and that's where he always gets 'em. Don't let him corner you. Don't try to stand up to him. Keep moving. Keep your left out. Don't use your right except for blocking. If you do, or if you try to swing, you'll let him right in at you. Maybe you can land one or two if you do like I say. Maybe—gee, who knows but maybe you'll last out a whole round if you have luck!"

Gil tried to assimilate this cheering counsel, and tried not to look at Buck, who had just vaulted into the ring and was doing a double shuffle on the rosin patch.

Pop Glyn swaggered to the center in dual capacity of referee and timekeeper. He rattled off a condensation of the Queensbury rules, to which no one listened, then glanced at his watch and yelled: "Time!"

He had to hop briskly aside to avoid collision with Buck Kevitt, who came out of his corner with his wonted professional bound. Gil was on his feet almost as quickly, but with a galvanic jerk which spoke of an uncertain brain forcing unwilling muscles.

Gil would not let himself think. He had not let himself think since that unaccountable mad impulse had seized him on learning that Kitty was lost to him by his cowardice. The idea, full grown, had flashed into his mind that there was this one chance in a million to win back his old sweet standing with her. Urged on by it he had made his crazy resolve; since when he had set his teeth and had thrown his thinking apparatus and his imagination out of gear and had prepared to do violence to all his beliefs and desires and nature.

As he faced the shifting and feinting Buck, the novice instinctively threw himself into the first posture learned during his boxing course. He had not been an inept pupil of his Y. M. C. A. master during the few months he had been prevailed on to keep up his sparring.

Buck did not follow his usual custom of beginning the fight with a whirlwind rush. That could wait for a minute while he should try out his queer opponent and show him up for the benefit of the bunch. He had a magnificently developed sense of humor, had Buck. He shuffled, feinted ponderously with his left and then pulled his right quickly aside an inch or two as if for a head swing.

Gil was not drawn out by this double maneuver, either into covering or leading. He continued to stand stock-still in Position A of The Complete Boxer. The crowd chuckled its appreciation of its champion's jest and of his opponent's dull nonresponse.

Buck remarked sweetly: "She must be tickled to pieces to think what a swell scrapper she's landed!"

As he spoke he feinted again and stuck his jaw invitingly forward. The antic was prettily provocative, and for so good a judge of distance was not especially rash. But Buck's mental calculation of the big shipping clerk's loose-jointed reach went wrong by something less than two inches. At the scoff and at its accompanying gesture Gil's long left arm shot forward, and behind the blow he flung his whole weight.

It was a crazily bad bit of boxing. Had Buck side-stepped, Gil must have fallen prone from his own gawky momentum. But Buck was expecting anything rather than such sudden aggression on the part of his stiffly set foe. Indeed, he was thrusting forward his body along with the derisive jaw. And speedily he learned the folly of underestimating even the rankest amateur.

Gil's wild lead smashed full into Buck's wagging jaw. It met the slight forward movement of Buck's shoulders. It sent Kevitt's head snapping back at a breakneck angle and drove his body back with it. Floorward tumbled the unprepared professional under that haphazard blow. His head was the first thing to hit the canvas. It smote with a resounding thump. The redoubtable Buck Kevitt lay there inert and asprawl, while Gil stood dazedly above him, and the crowd milled and muttered and Old Man Ryle did a breakdown of rapture at the ringside and Pop Glyn mechanically began to count off the seconds.

At the count of four Pop Glyn's numerical labors ceased. Buck had sat up, blinked dizzily for an instant, had taken one upward look at the wonderingly elated Gil and was scrambling to his feet. Nor did he wait to recover his balance or to rise to full height before whirling into Gil like a blend of a wildcat and a cyclone. Before Manton fairly realized it, Buck's knees were off ground—the enemy was at him.

Mechanically Gil struck out at the oncoming flash of battling humanity. His left fist was lucky enough to catch Buck on the side of the chin and to stay his charge for the fraction of a second. Gil used that brief moment of grace to follow up with his right and to land a glancing blow under Kevitt's ear.

Both punches had strength behind them, if not science. But both together failed to bring Buck to more than the briefest staggering halt. Then he was inside Manton's windmill guard and all over him. The rest was slaughter. Not that Gil quit. With that odd second consciousness of his he wondered why he didn't quit. He wondered still more why something in him was waking to a crazy zest for this brutal contest. This same something made him hit out wildly and furiously with both fists, disregarding the awful punishment he was enduring. But such of his blows as landed did scant damage, and in the flurry of battle he quite forgot his scarce-learned boxing maxims. Thus despite his fiercest efforts he was turned at once into a chopping block.

Buck was raging to wipe out the knockdown—first of its kind he had incurred in this gathering of his satellites. He could have ended the fight at a blow, but before delivering that knock-out he was minded to make his foe pay for what had just happened. He spent the next two minutes in administering to Gil the most scientifically cruel beating in his power.

Then a second or two before the end of the round he blocked with pitiful ease a swing from the groggy and bleeding boy, set his own broad feet and gauged his distance. He stepped swiftly in and struck. It was a right half hook to the jaw. When the bell rang for the beginning of the second round Gil was still lying limply athwart his stool, mouth open, eyes aquiver. Old Man Ryle was vainly pouring cold water over him and thumbing his supraorbital nerve.

It was fifteen minutes before poor Gil Manton came to his senses. Then after sitting for a few moments with his head in his hands he got groggily into his clothes and refused his second's proffer of an escort home.

Next day Kitty Ryle suborned an office boy to carry a note to the shipping department for her and to deliver it in person to Manton. The note read:

"I think you're just fine. Come round and see me this evening. Dad told me about it. Dad thinks you're just fine too. Come round early."

Presently the office boy brought the note back to her unopened. He brought with it word that Manton was not working to-day and that he had telephoned at nine that morning resigning his job. When Old Man Ryle—urged thereto by Kitty—called at Gil's boarding house that night he was told that Manton had given up his room and had left town. Nor for a long year did West New York hear of him again.

Buck Kevitt, oddly enough, lost little prestige from having been floored by a novice. He had scant difficulty in making most of his devotees believe that the knockdown had been a bit of hippodroming on his part to amuse the spectators and to con the palsied Gil into fighting instead of standing petrified. It was so fully in keeping with the rest of Buck's chronic ring wit that it passed muster with the bulk of the Gentlemen's Sons. Yet Kitty Ryle and her father still cherished a sadly proud belief in Manton's exploit.

In his heart Buck knew he had been knocked down—fairly knocked down—and that for at least two or three seconds he had been in no condition to get up again. The memory bit deep into his vanity. Nor did the knowledge that it had been a fluke and that he had been criminally off guard lessen the sting. The only consolation he could find was in the recollection of the merciless beating he had given the dub for the two minutes following his fall, and that the

(Concluded on Page 107)

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You can have a handsome, substantial roof surfaced with red or green slate, either in individual or strip shingles, or in roll form, by using any one of three styles of Barrett Everlastic Roofings.

They are not only inexpensive to buy, but are easily and cheaply laid and require no painting. They are likewise highly fire-resisting.

Another style, Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing, is a plain-surfaced material that has earned a like reputation for durability, service and economy.

The four styles of Everlastic Roofings described briefly herein meet the roofing needs of every type of steep-roofed structure, whether residence, factory or farm building.

Special booklets descriptive of each style free upon request. Specify which you want when writing us.

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New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	Boston	St. Louis	
Cleveland	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Detroit	New Orleans	
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The newest thing in roofing. Tough and durable. Made of high-grade waterproofing materials and surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. When laid they look exactly like individual shingles and make a roof worthy of the finest buildings. Weather and fire-resisting to a high degree. Need no painting.

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Same material and art-finish (red or green) as the Multi-Shingles, but made in individual shingles; size 8 x 12¾ inches. A finished roof of Everlastic Single Shingles is far more beautiful than an ordinary shingle roof and, in addition, costs less per year of service.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing

The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made. Surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. Very durable; requires no painting. Nails and cement in each roll.

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing

One of our most popular roofings. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable and very low in price. It is easy to lay; no skilled labor required. Nails and cement in each roll.

The Most Important Problem For Parents

THE children of today are the men and women of tomorrow. Somebody's child will some day be president of this country.

Others of today's children will be the governors and the legislators —will be the executives of all manner of business.

Others will be depended upon for the kind of work the future will demand.

The most important question before the fathers and mothers of today is the health of their children.

. . .

The food the children eat is the most important factor in their health.

Healthful, nourishing food makes healthy bodies; healthy bodies mean ready minds.

The first meat you allow your baby to eat is bacon.

You do this because bacon is rich in nourishment, is easily digested and helps the growing little body.

We often wonder at the appetite of the growing boy or girl. We say we "cannot see where they put it all."

But that is Nature's way of supplying the material to make muscle and bone—Nature intends that boy or girl to have an appetite.

Every father and mother bears a great responsibility—the selection of the food their children eat.

. . .

We realize also that our organization shares this responsibility. The meats and meat food products bearing the Certified label must be good enough to be good for your children.

When we look to the future of our business we are also looking to the future of this country; we are realizing that the boys and girls of today will be the citizens of tomorrow.

That is why we do not regard the Wilson label as merely a thing of today. We want it to be of even greater importance as the years pass, and to mean more and more as its reputation increases.

With this knowledge, you may always be sure you are making the right selection when you choose any food bearing the Wilson label.

Thos. E. Wilson
PRESIDENT

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

The Wilson label protects your table

(Concluded from Page 104)

fright of that beating had sent Gil flying to parts unknown rather than to stay and chance future bullying from his conqueror.

As time went on the memory of Gil's fluke knockdown rankled the deeper. The boob had shattered Buck's flawless record by punching him off his feet. Never again could Kevitt find joy in his own proud boast that no opponent had been able to floor him. Thus—he had heard somewhere—did Jim Jeffries brood in growing wrath and shame over his chance knockdown by Jack Munro; until the stain was removed by a later and definite ring victory over this first man who had been able to send the heavyweight champion to earth.

Buck yearned unspeakably to wipe out his own 'scutcheon blot in some such spectacular way, and as he realized the utter futility of such a craving he waxed the angrier. This Manton, this white-collared, mealy-mouthed peace lover, had floored the great Buck Kevitt, and he had got away with no worse punishment than a brief licking. Buck took to scanning street crowds with morbid eagerness in the daily slighter hope of seeing Gil. It was a real pleasure to picture what he would do to the dub if ever he should happen across him.

Buck made a truly cave-man attack on Kitty's heart during the first weeks of Gil's absence, and the reception he met was as of ice mingled with vitriol. Nor did this soften his obsessing hate for the absentee.

The next annual outing and games of the Gentlemen's Sons Association came and went. As before, Buck was the heavy-handed genius who steered the affair to its wonted success. As before, the day's revelry left a choice assortment of grudge fights to be settled the next evening in Number-Eight shed. The ramshackle gym was filled to the walls. Each and every window sill was a reserved seat for at least two spectators. The reputed virulence of the forthcoming bouts had drawn even Old Man Ryle to the works a full hour before his time to go on duty.

As Buck's truculent eye roved over the crowd during his usual announcement of the evening's program his gaze grew fixed and his hectoring voice trailed off into a grunt. From his soap-box dais in the center of the room he caught sight of a face that rose somewhat higher than the ruck round it, and a hot thrill stirred the orator's soul. Breaking off in his announcement he leveled a thick thumb at the man whose presence he had marked. At his gesture scores of glances were turned on the newcomer.

Gil Manton sustained the multiple stare with bashful uneasiness. He shrank back a step as if to get out of range of Kevitt's rigid thumb.

"Along about a year ago," proclaimed Buck gratingly, "a poor white-livered dub went nutty right in here and thought he could handle his fists well enough to keep him warm. It didn't take me more'n a couple of punches to cure him, and he lit out. He was so scared he kep' on running and didn't ever stop. The schoolmarms used to tell us the world is like a orange. Well, this feller kep' on running a whole year, and at the end of the year he's gone clean round the world and got back to where he started from. It's a cinch he ain't going to be let stay here with he men, not even long enough to get his breath back. So, if you'll all just watch me, I'm going to start him round the world on his second lap."

He stepped from the box and bore down upon the unlucky pacifist. The crowd, grinning and expectant, made way for him. Old Man Ryle, from the far end of the gym, sought to shoulder his way to the new arrival. As he wiggled feebly through the press he heard Gil's voice raised in scared pleading.

"You leave me be!" begged Manton, backing away from his advancing tormentor. "I'm not doing you any harm. This gym is open to all the Cavverly employees, isn't it? Well, I got my job again this afternoon. I was lonesome, so I dropped in here to see some of the folks I used to work with. I'm not bothering anyone. Let ——"

"Yes, you are," blithely denied Buck, coming within arm's length. "You're bothering me a whole lot, and when a feller bothers me I'm li'ble to wake up real wide. I ——"

He ended his speech with a sudden grab for Manton's collar. Gil dodged the grasping fingers and cowered as far back as he could among the close-packed Gentlemen's Sons.

"Quit!" he pleaded. "I never did you any harm. I'm lonesome and I came back here to ——"

Buck gained his grip, shutting off further whining entreaty. With a mighty tug he pulled his victim off the ground and brought the wriggling body, face down, across his own quickly bent knee. His free hand hurtled aloft in the preliminary gesture of the oldest form of castigation known to mankind. But the calloused palm did not reach its inviting mark. Even as the first guffaw burst from the onlookers in their reading of Buck's intent, the limp body squirmed free with eel-like speed. In what seemed the same motion Gil was on his feet, and the friendly timidity of his look was lost in a sternness that turned his face to many-angled flint.

Buck, leaping up in pursuit of his elusive prey, was met with a short-arm jab delivered with perfect accuracy and scientific force. Gil's left fist had connected with the head porter's mouth. Down went the unprepared Buck on the broad of his back, with two loosened front teeth as a souvenir of Manton's return.

"I came here again," cried Gil hotly as he stood aside for the dazed man to rise, "I came back here, hoping to get decent treatment. I've always tried to be good friends with everybody. You men looked down on me before because I hated to fight. Then I fought. I fought the best man here. He licked me, but I fought my best. That ought to have given me a square deal. It didn't. He began picking on me the minute he saw me to-night, and you other men egged him on and laughed at me. I came back, hoping for a square deal, but I was ready for a crooked one in case I got it. Have you had enough, Kevitt?"

Buck had regained his feet long before the blurted speech was finished. But he stood still, glaring at Manton instead of attacking. For the second time this dub had floored him by a fluke. It was in Buck's heart to fly at him wild-beast fashion and mess him into ribbons. Then came saner judgment.

A rough-and-tumble scrap here in the middle of a cramping throng would do no manner of justice to his grudge. To wipe out the effect of this second knockdown there must be a definite and drastic punishment, a beating that should pass down into gym history and efface the dual fluke. Once let him get this lucky stiff into the ring!

"Because," continued Gil, somewhat hampered by the vehement pump-handling and back-patting of a gleeful little old man who had just reached his side, "because if you haven't had enough, and if your streak of yellow isn't wide enough for you to hide behind, just strip and get into the ring with me. We'll run off a return match for last year's."

It seemed to Buck far too good to be true. He dared not trust himself to speak lest he might scare the coward into repenting of his suicidal challenge. With a nod he turned and led the way to the lockers.

As Gil stepped out of his clothes Old Man Ryle well nigh dropped the sweat-stained trunks he was proffering. Clearly did the oldster recall the loose meridial flesh and the sagging shoulders and half-flabby muscles of his forlorn-hope principal of yesteryear.

Surely this new-stripped body could not be the same as the ill-developed hulk of that other gym night!

The shoulders and limbs were clean as a statue's, but they had a gaunt ruggedness that could be imparted to no statue made of any lesser stone than granite. The chest span was arched like a massive bow. The arms hung light and alert instead of dangling. Their long muscles were still flowing rather than bunchy. But below the shoulder blades, where the chief power of every blow has its source, the muscles stood in smoothly swelling ridges. The eye was level. The once slackly deprecatory jaw was square. The neck was a rugged column. The torso tapered down to the loins as might a hungry wolf's. The legs were lean and lithe. Every atom of the frame was in perfect coordination with the rest.

Pop Glyn, at sight of the nude athlete, forgot his impartial twin office of timekeeper and referee. Fairly dancing up and down in front of Gil, the ancient pork-and-beaner chortled:

"Ye did it! Ye did it! Ye did it after all! That night when ye came sneakin' to my place, all beat up and bloody from Buck's maulin', and got me to give you the name of the place and the note to him, I'd 'a' bet my pay env'l'p' agin a rusty spike that you was bluffin' or crazy. Even when you lit out ——"

"I don't blame you for not believing me," said Gil with a reminiscent twist of the mouth. "Nobody with eyes open would have done it. The first six months was hell. Maybe you think it's a cinch to act as chopping block for Tom O'Roon's string of pugs, and to work as handy man round the place at the same time. I started to clear out of there a hundred times, but I stuck.

"I don't know why. Yes, I do, too, but it wouldn't interest you. And by and by it began to come easier. I'd been training the same as his reg'lar pugs, and when I quit Tom offered to put me on his string. He tried me out in two prelims over at the Broadway and in a final at the Greenwood. But—but, Lord, how I hate to fight!"

Buck purposely had loitered over his own disrobing—to give his opponent every chance for ring ague by reason of a long wait. Now emerging from the locker angle he vaulted into the ring and seated himself in his corner, studiously and sneeringly refusing to glance across at Manton. Such scornful ignoring of an enemy was a favorite ring ruse in that day.

Thus it was not until he left the corner with his long-practiced bull rush at the call of time that he favored Gil with so much as a glance. And then, intent on his own plan of campaign, he took no stock of the other's make-up.

Buck's line of battle was carefully thought out. He was not going to put this novice to sleep with a single punch. He was not going to put him to sleep at all. He was going to gauge the force of his blows to a nicety—in such way as to keep Gil in the ring as long as possible. In this manner he would be able to administer a truly murderous and spectacular beating, and to continue administering it until Manton should no longer have the strength or the nerve to withstand the unceasing smashes.

Such a thrashing was certain to spell a hospital term to the victim—not a mere few seconds of senselessness. This fight was due to pass down to posterity in the annals of the association and to increase tenfold the terror of the victor's name. It was a sweet thought.

Head down, Buck charged out of his corner and made for his man, preparing to slug him to the ropes in one rush and to keep him hanging to them under a shower of punches until the ever-lax referee should force him to desist. But Gil was not there when Buck arrived. With perfect ease Manton side-stepped, and as Buck lunged past him he drove his left to the wind with a thud that could be heard in every cranny of the long shed.

Buck wheeled and was at him in black fury. Again the shipping clerk's left shot to the wind and the right to the heart, even as Buck was still turning. Dancing back from a second rush, Gil suddenly set himself, and by dint of reach planted a left-hander to the jaw with a fervor that snapped his foe's head back. Buck tore in for the close-quarters work that was his forte. Again Gil was not there, but shifted gracefully to the left and accompanied the move with a ripping right uppercut to the heart.

By the time this sort of thing had continued for the best part of three minutes Buck had wholly cast aside his plan to give Manton a prolonged and spectacular beating. Thus far he had been able to land scarce half a dozen effective blows in all, and none of these had served to slow up Gil's speed. In return Kevitt had received a series of jolts that were doing fearful things to his self-control. Gil had been playing chiefly for the heart and wind—two particularly vulnerable points to a man who is not in the pink of training. A surge of nausea was rife within Buck's cosmos from the repeated shaking up of these indignant centers.

Buck could not understand anything that had happened. It did not make sense. But he did realize that the fellow had picked up somewhere an annoying gift for sparring and for foot work, and was making a fool of him before his leal admirers. It was time to end the farce—high time. With this in view Buck tore in again, disregarding two jarring counters, and drove his left ragingly for the jaw. To his amaze Gil this time did not block or duck. He stood stock-still, his leanly powerful legs braced, his body forward, and let the terrific blow reach its mark.

The impact's sound was like that produced by banging a blown-up paper bag on the table. The force of it sent a shock through Buck's whole body. Gil went backward a full three feet, but landed square on his toes and in perfect balance. He laughed aloud—a genuine, infectious laugh.

"Gee!" he exulted. "That the best you got? And that's the bush-league punch I've been scared of for a year and more! It's a love pat, to the kind Sharkey and the rest used to hand out to me when O'Roon made me take them on for a round or so at the training quarters. If that's your best ——"

The signal for the first round's end cut in on his pæan. He sauntered back to his corner, leaving Buck blinking dully after him in midring. In the corner Gil was met and embraced by an elderly maniac who could not keep both rheumatic feet on the ground for the fraction of a second. Mere spoken words were not for Old Man Ryle in this moment of heavenly bliss. After the manner of the Icelandic skalds in like divine dementia he burst into falsetto squeals of song. He chose by inspiration a London-Prize-Ring saga that had been a loved battle hymn in his own distant and warlike youth:

Slug him in the kisser! Biff him on the jaw!
Slam him to the ropes! Sling him on the floor!
Bust his teeth and eyeballs! Hornpipe on his bones!
Whale him till he ——

"Shut up, you wild Irishman!" laughingly ordered Gil, disengaging himself from the frenzied embrace. "You're singing down my throat! Get busy with that towel, can't you?"

He smiled pleasantly across at Buck. Kevitt had slumped down on his stool and was eying him with blank disbelief in his own senses.

"Time!" hooted Pop Glyn after an agonizingly impatient scanning of his watch.

Buck, his arm still vibrating with the mighty and ineffective jaw punch, plodded stupidly forward—this time to meet an opponent who was everywhere and nowhere. Gil was all over him, slipping past Buck's ever-slower guard, eluding counters or taking them as they came. To heart and and to wind, however eagerly protected, poured his whalebone blows. He was tireless.

As though scorning caution or the saving of energy against so puny a foe, he forced every step of the fighting.

Halfway through the sixth round Manton paused for the first time in his blithe task of undermining Buck's powers. Kevitt stood swaying and reeling in front of him, the knotty arms a-sag, the jaw hanging, the neck too weak to carry the bullet head erect, the lax body swaying to and fro like a hobbled elephant's.

"You're standing all over your feet," said Gil in tender concern. "Give 'em a rest for a minute. I'll learn you how to do it."

He placed his flat palm on the center of Buck's heaving chest and gave the stricken man a playful push. Kevitt's wabbling legs gave way. The beaten fighter sat down hard in midring. Manton, without a backward glance at him, strode to his corner, pulling at the strings of his wet and shapeless gloves as he went.

"Shoo the crowd off!" he begged the tearfully delirious Old Man Ryle. "I want to get into my things in a rush. I've framed up a date. I've been framing it up for a year."

The night watchman risked a fine for reporting late to duty that night, for he insisted on accompanying Gil to the flat, urging that he would stay there only a minute, but that it was necessary for someone to go along who could tell the tale better than Gil would have the pluck to tell it.

The minute was only a bare half hour. Half an hour after that Kitty examined for the twelfth time the purplish lump on Manton's jaw. In order to get a better view of it she was obliged to sit on his knee.

"Promise me," she commanded, tyrannical in her new proprietorship, "promise me you'll never let anyone wheedle you into a fight again as long as you live! It's—it's horrible! Promise!"

"Sure!" assented Manton with a sigh of pure relief. "Only—only what a hit you could have made with me, girl of mine, if you'd just happened to ask me for that promise a year earlier!"

Why Hudson Staked All

on Super-Six Endurance

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For no manufacturer can give a sign of greater belief in his car than to submit it to tests of unequalled violence, in the open lists watched by the world.

The risks of such a course are graphically pictured by "Automotive Industries," one of the most authoritative magazines devoted to motor interests, in editorial discussion of Hudson and Essex noted records.

"Courage of Conviction," Says Authority

Under the caption, "Courage of Conviction," the editor says:

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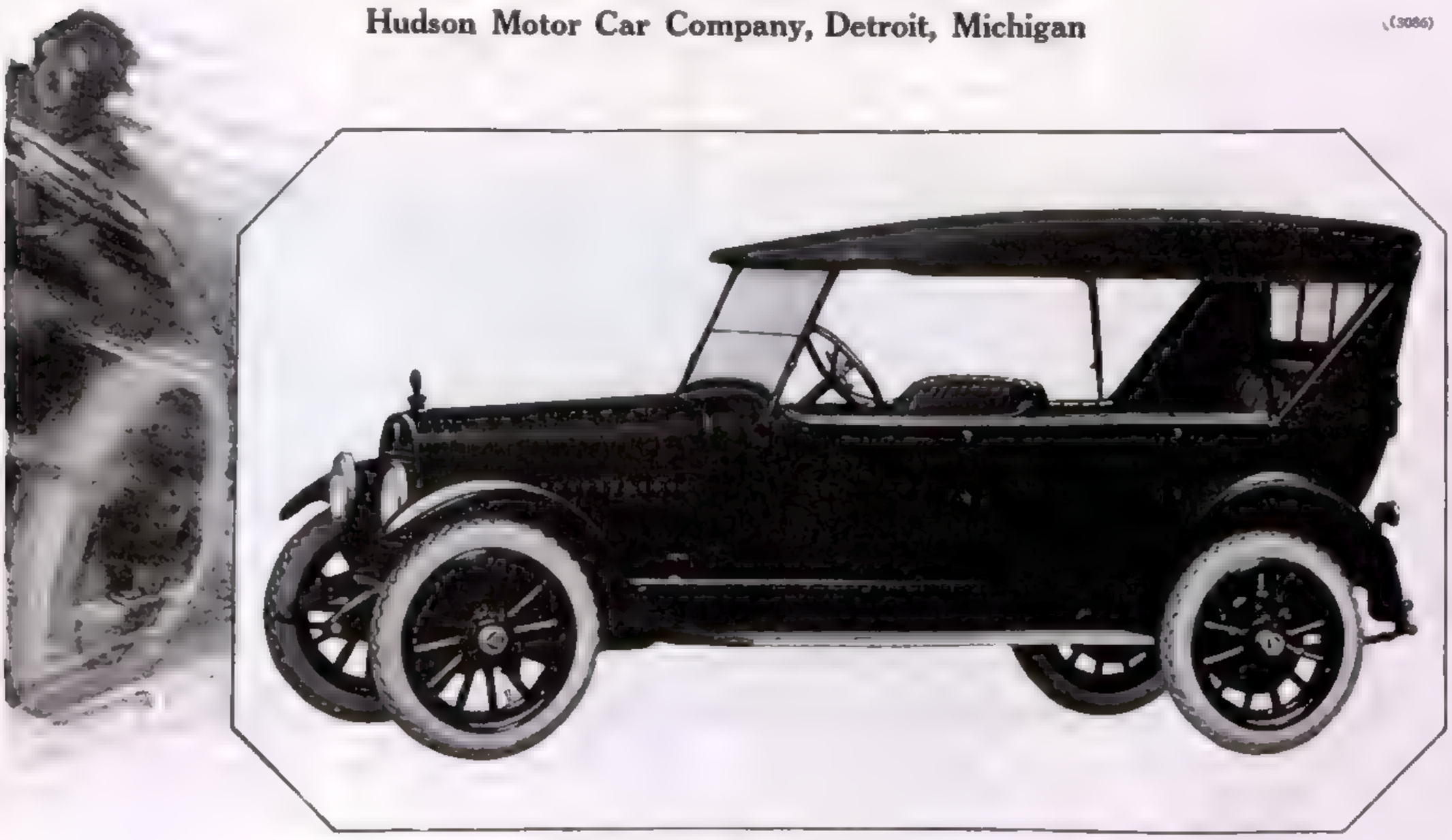
Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

(3086)



CHARM

(Continued from Page 9)

"That's My Entire Fortune. Except for Twenty Dollars and the Waiter's Tip I'm Stony Broke"

In five minutes she had the whole story.

"The ungrateful old geezer!" was her first comment. Her second was in the form of a long, thoughtful look at Jenny Miller.

Jenny, looking up, caught this glance. She pushed her plate to one side and leaned across the table.

"Sally, what is the matter with me?" she asked. There were despair and humiliation in her eyes. She made a little desperate gesture. "I've worked—you know how hard! The store has always been first with me. Overtime, year in and year out, taking the places of employees that fell down on us. I've never taken time off to play or to take care of myself. I've never thought about myself, except to think that I must economize for my old age. And now I have it thrown in my teeth that I don't do my hair stylishly and that I buy my clothes at Carey's! It's so unjust, Sally! I—it—has hurt me—hurt me——"

She could not go on, so she sat silent, pressing her lips together to conceal their trembling and pleating her napkin nervously.

"Jenny, old dear, you're up against the nicest little problem the business woman has to solve," said Sally suddenly. "And a mighty good thing it has come along right now instead of when you're forty. You've had a bad bump, but instead of putting a poultice on it I'm afraid I'm going to jar you again. Look here, Jenny! Has it occurred to you any time during this afternoon that A. J. may be right?"

Jenny winced and considered this.

"There was a moment, when I looked at myself in the mirror——"

"Sure! You're too shrewd to fool yourself all the time."

"But, Sally, surely you know that he was unjust and illogical——"

"Unjust, sure!" Sally laughed. "Where women are concerned most men are constitutionally incapable of justice. But heavens, they're as logical as the seasons! They carry their logic straight down from Adam. I don't believe they've changed a hair since Adam's day. The way I figure it out, when the Lord made woman he said to himself that earth was going to be a drab sort of place at best and he'd do what he could to brighten it up. So having had some practice making Adam he improved in his technic and turned out something really decorative. And that's where the trouble began for us women. He taught Adam a high standard, and Adam handed it down to his brothers, even unto the present day. And even A. J. got his share of the inheritance of taste. When he snarled at you this afternoon he was just being logical. Probably you've been getting on his nerves for a long time, Jenny; but you mustn't blame him; you must blame yourself. You must blame your unnatural virtues, old dear."

Jenny stared. "My unnatural virtues!" she gasped.

"Sure—thrift and self-neglect. I'll bet that first woman that God made spent her second hour on earth locating a pool that would make a good mirror. And she was quite right. She had a mission—no, I think she had several, but one of the most important of them was to be charming. That's probably the last commandment God whispered in her ear. Do you get me?"

Jenny sat very still, staring intently.

"You mean that I haven't any charm, and that's why A. J. can't stand me any longer?"

"Don't look so white, child! I don't mean you haven't any charm. I mean you haven't used what you've got. Why, with your eyes and hair——"

Jenny suddenly brought her fist down upon the table. There was passionate scorn in her face.

"I hate that sort of thing! Why should I be expected to be a—a lure, as well as an efficient machine? Does anybody expect A. J. to be charming? If I do my work perfectly it shouldn't matter about me personally. I tell you, it seems to me degrading to have to think about myself in that way."

"Oh, Jenny—Victorian stuff! Come up to date, dearie! If to make the best of all your potentialities is degrading—why, all right! But no matter how you've persuaded yourself you feel about it, certain facts are with us, and we've got to take them into account. In the first place A. J. isn't just the boss, he's the boss plus Adam. I'll bet you never thought of him that way, did you?"

"It seems to me very foolish," muttered Jenny angrily.

"It may be foolish, but it's the Adam in A. J. that fired you this afternoon," Sally grinned. "You say you've been with him eleven years?"

"Yes."

Sally considered her well-kept finger nails for a long moment. "I'll bet it's a good deal like a man who's been married for eleven years to a woman who has made him a good wife but whom he's never been in love with. Especially if she's intelligent and knows all about him. All of a sudden, some day when his liver is a bit off and he realizes that good-looking girls don't give him the eye like they used to, he blows up. When he looks across the table at her and knows that there's no mystery, no romance, and never has been any, he feels an all-fired grievance. He doesn't know what's the matter with him, but he feels as if she has affronted him in some tender spot. He feels cheated, somehow——"

"We're talking about a business relation, not marriage," cut in Jenny stiffly.

"There's a good deal of resemblance between them. Each is a ticklish and delicately balanced thing. And there's one sure thing: If a woman is going to work beside a man either in business or marriage there's one quality she's got to have, or sooner or later she irritates him unbearably. And that one quality is charm."

There ensued a long silence. Jenny sat rigidly still, her eyes fixed upon a spot of iron rust on the tablecloth.

"It isn't right," she whispered presently as if to herself. "We ought to change it."

Sally stirred impatiently. "It may not be right, but it is, now. Have you ever watched a man pick out a stenographer from a roomful of applicants? Does he snap up the frowsy one with the good references? Not at all! He takes the little girl with the white organdie ruffles and the pink cheeks. He just naturally shies away from the durable woman. He can't help it; it was handed down to him from Adam. You see, Jenny, very few men ever grow up really, all the way through, and when you're in business with 'em you take that into account if you're wise."

But Jenny was not listening now. She sat staring past Sally as if her mind were groping painfully in a new field that was at once fascinating and distasteful to her.

"Charm!" she said more to herself than to Sally. "What is it? Does anybody know?"

"Blessed if I do!" admitted Sally. "It isn't a matter of the right kind of face powder and a marcel wave, I'm sure of that; for I've known girls that spent half their time primping and hadn't a particle of charm. On the other hand I've known plain women of sixty who had it to throw away. But I've never known a woman to have it who was frowzy or indifferent to herself. Sometimes I think it's a kind of electricity that has got wireless beaten fifty ways for subtlety and power. And if that's so it's in the air for any woman to use. First she's got to have a sort of spiritual self-confidence, and then a kind of physical rightness that extends even to her clothes, so that she is sustained all the time by them, instead of being harassed and cast down by them——"

"Then it is clothes!" Jenny suddenly cried. There was a note of despair in her voice.

"No," said Sally slowly; "no. Clothes, if they're right, free you so that you can come into that queer kind of confidence deep inside of you. And if you don't get that confidence your spiritual sender doesn't work. Do you get me at all, Jenny, or do I just sound to you sort of batty?"

"Go on," was all that Jenny said.

But Sally was silent for several minutes, during which she contemplated with a little half smile the down-bent ash-blond head and the tragic bewildered face of Jenny Miller. There flooded over her a sense of the pathos of the Jenny Millers of the world—hard working, faithful, pathetically denying their birthright, trying to copy the nearest successful male.

"Jenny, didn't you ever think about romance?" she cried. "Didn't it ever occur to you to try to make A. J. fall in love with you?"

Jenny produced a beautiful vivid blush. She looked distressed.

"I don't believe Mr. Altheim ever thought about such a thing where I was concerned!" she faltered.

"That's because you never gave him the signal!" Sally's grin was audacious. "Oh, you know what I mean! There would be mighty few romances in the world if no woman ever gave the signal. We do it with varying degrees of subtlety, but we do it!"

"Oh!"

Jenny made a queer sound. Sally discovered that a fascinating change was coming over her eyes. They were normally a fine clear slate gray, but suddenly they became almost violet with full brilliant pupils, as if a flame had flared behind them. It was the first evidence of temperament anyone had ever observed in Jenny Miller.

But suddenly she dropped her lids over the telltale eyes and hastily stood up, looking about half blindly for her hat and coat.

Sally pressed to know what she was going to do. Of course she could get another job easily, with her good record. Jenny came back with an effort from some far-off space where she had been groping.

"I'm finished for the big positions," she replied with a dreary finality. "If I had walked out of my own accord, that would be different. But you know how gossip spreads from one firm to another. By this time to-morrow most of them will know that Altheim's outgrew me. What chance will I have? I've never learned, as A. J. said, to put up a front. It seems as if that's all they want—youth and a front!"

She moved toward the door, her shoulders sagging forward, her hat, which she had put on without a glance into the mirror, set a trifle too far back on her head.

"Look here, old dear!" Sally cried. "Have you got any money? Be glad to lend you some if you need it."

"Thanks, I've saved six thousand." Then Jenny Miller made an incongruously passionate gesture. "And I wish I had spent it all! For eleven years I've lived in a boarding house and washed my own hair and bought my clothes at cheap department stores and eaten my meals in cafeterias, so as to save. And what has it brought me? The chance to begin all over again. That's what I've got to do—begin at the beginning."

She turned away brusquely, but she flung one last remark over her shoulder:

"My Lord! What a world for women!"

II

JENNY MILLER went back to her boarding house, to an old brownstone front, the pattern of whose stair carpet she had detested for years. What should happen to her soul and body was a matter of mere touch and go for a few weeks. She tried to fold her hands and tell herself what a good rest she was having. But mostly she walked the streets, avoiding when she had the will power, which was not often, the beautiful windows of the Altheim store. If she had been a man out of a job she would probably have had a family to console or harass her, or she could have sat about in a club or a saloon and told her grievance over and over. But Jenny hadn't a vice; nor so much as a canary.

And so she sat in her room or she walked, and all the time she looked at herself. The shock of the remarks that A. J. in his tantrum had said to her seemed to have quickened her perceptions in an uncanny sort of way. Now that she had recovered from her first depression, where another person would have gone blind with rage, Jenny suffered a sort of cold clarity. She looked at herself, she sized herself up, and weighed and pondered her own case from

(Continued on Page 113)

REO

If It Isn't a Reo—
It Isn't a "Speed-Wagon"

¶ If reputation counts; if experience counts; if sound engineering in the past is a fair indication of sound engineering in the present product;— ¶ If, in a word, the original of anything must be better than any copy, then it is important that you know this Reo "Speed-Wagon" was the original both of its type and of its title. ¶ Reo was the first to prove the superiority of the pneumatic-tired motor truck. ¶ Reo was the first to make exhaustive experiments along this line—and as a result of the lessons then learned, to make and sell such a vehicle. ¶ That first Reo was also equipped with electric starter and electric lights—a thing unheard of up to that time. ¶ And that Reo motor truck we designated in our advertisements a "Speed-Wagon." ¶ As a result of the wonderful performance of that Reo there are now more than 38,000 "Speed-Wagons" in service. ¶ And the demand has always exceeded the possible supply. ¶ Naturally imitators are springing up everywhere. ¶ So we warn that, "If it isn't a Reo, it isn't a 'Speed-Wagon.'"

Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Michigan

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Do justice to your out-door appetite. Make your sandwiches with *good* bread—bread made with Pillsbury's Best Flour. Pillsbury's Best gives your bread a splendid flavor, a creamy-white color and a fine close texture.

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Pillsbury's Best Flour
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Rye, Graham and Macaroni Flours

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 110)

the time she was sixteen and A. J. had given her a job at four dollars a week.

She recalled the whole of those eleven years as if they were a pageant, gray and sordid to another, but to her full and packed with intense life. She knew, now that she had time and her soul had been quickened, that always underneath her surface astonishing dreams and thoughts had flowed. She had never had time to take them out and look at them, but now she had time. She saw that underneath her quiet drab surface had been another self, which often sang and thrilled. And she had taken this self and held it under lest it should interfere with work and efficiency. And finally it had ceased to sing or thrill. She had become a machine.

After she had looked at herself until she was saturated, Jenny Miller knew that her back was to the wall. She must either fight or go under. And slowly, day by day, a determination began to form in her that burned like a white flame. Very quietly but with increasing intensity it burned—the will to raise up from the ground that something priceless, which she could not live without, upon which A. J. had trampled. She said to herself that she must get even with A. J. or die.

A few days later she went to her safe-deposit box, took out her securities, went to her bank and drew out her balance. A frightened qualm shook her as she did this, but she knew now what she wanted.

It was the first spring after the war and there was a passport to attend to, and then one morning, without a farewell to anyone, she went on board a steamer bound for France. And somewhere in midocean the Jenny Miller that A. J. Altheim had always known went overboard. The young woman who remained leaning over the rail looked the same—the same inexpensive blue serge suit, orthopedic shoes and ready-trimmed hat—but the expression in her gray-violet eyes was quite different.

III

SALLY often said to herself during that year: "I wonder what under the sun has become of Jenny Miller?" She called up her boarding house and was told that Miss Miller had left New York. It was believed she had gone West to live with relatives. As editor of The Merchant Sally was in a position to know that Jenny had not taken another position with any New York firm she was in touch with. She sometimes had an uneasy feeling that perhaps in that last talk with Jenny she had started something that had ended in disaster. With the quiet type of woman you couldn't always tell, and Jenny's eyes haunted her.

It happened that one afternoon—a spring day very much like that day when she and Jenny had had their last dinner together—she found herself walking down Fifth Avenue, lured by the first balm in the air. As she neared A. J. Altheim's she slowed up, her eyes on the smart show windows. As usual when she loitered here she was reminded of Jenny. Poor old Jenny, what had become of her?

There was another woman at the next window, and with that gift women possess of getting a definite impression with the merest fraction of an eye Sally was aware that the other woman had a most marked amount of what was known in Altheim's as *chic*. Her slender beautifully poised figure was clothed in a black street costume whose lines conveyed that effect of simplicity which is the most expensive and difficult of all effects to achieve. From the bit of filmy white ruffle at her throat to the dull-black buckles on her low shoes she was perfect. She had that look of expert grooming that causes other less fortunate women to glance round involuntarily for a limousine. Everything about her was marked by that supple, subtle sort of crushability, that soft crispness, that impeccable rightness of line which one associates with an aristocracy that has also taste and unlimited credit. She looked pampered but not vulgar.

Sally fetched an involuntary sigh. Her eyes traveling upward noted how perfectly the wide black hat framed the wearer's face and yet what a spirited air it had.

And then she suddenly gasped, started forward and cried, "Why, Jenny Miller!"

The woman at the other window started also, turned. Then, to Sally's intense amazement, she laid a white-gloved finger quickly to her lip and said with just a trace of a deliciously delicate accent: "*Mais non, Sallee!* Not Jenny Miller, but *Jeanne Meunier, s'il vous plait!*"

A gesture went with this, a movement of the shoulders, quick and quite authentically Gallic. Then a radiant smile flashed over her face, she darted forward, seized Sally's limp hands and murmured: "It's all right, Sally, dear! Only let's get away from this vicinity. Come on and have tea with me. I'm not crazy, and I'm tickled to death to see you, old dear. How do you think I look?"

For the space of the first block Sally merely gazed at the miracle walking beside her. It wasn't merely that Jenny had somehow, somewhere acquired some really perfect raiment. No, there was more to it than that; something had happened to her spirit. It seemed as if she floated buoyantly on some inner sustaining confidence. It radiated from her, a serene vitality, nothing so vulgar as an aura of success, but a sort of delicately healthy sense of power.

"I know what it is!" Sally abruptly exclaimed. "You've fallen in love and married a millionaire!"

Jenny shook her head smilingly, and Sally noticed that half the men they passed glanced at her wistfully. Not so had she ever seen any man look at Jenny Miller. As they went into the hotel the head waiter's alacrity was an even greater tribute.

The instant their waiter had taken Jenny's order Sally leaned forward.

"Jenny Miller, you've been playing the market on the right side, or somebody has left you a fortune. Which is it?"

For answer Jenny glanced about her. Then she opened a distinguished little wrist bag, took from it two ten-dollar bills, some silver and a five-centime piece. The French piece she put back into the wrist bag.

"That's for luck." She touched the American money. "That's my entire fortune. Except for twenty dollars and the waiter's tip I'm stony broke."

Sally could only emit a gurgle. Jenny smiled serenely. She put the thin pile back into her wrist bag with a cheerful shrug.

"But—but you had six thousand dollars!" Sally cried. "Where is it?"

"Spent," smiled Jenny. She touched her breast with airy finger tips. "On myself."

"Do you mean to say you've spent six thousand dollars and one year making yourself like—like a lily?"

"I have. But I've got what I went out for, haven't I? Charm!"

Sally sank back in her chair, staring. She saw that Jenny Miller's violet-gray eyes had a light in them under the mysterious shadow of the wide black hat. Her cheeks, which she remembered as being always a little sallow from too little air and cafeteria food, had a lovely delicate color. Her throat under the cobwebby ruffles was rounded and white. But above and beyond every other detail was her aliveness. It was in her bright eyes, in the scarlet of her lips, in the sheen and softness of her ash-blond hair, which Sally remembered as inclined to be limp and stringy.

And suddenly Sally knew that she had got it, indeed—charm, that mysterious thing, the charm of a woman whose soul and body are in healthy harmony, both of them angelically fit.

"For the love of Pete!" murmured Sally inelegantly. "How did you do it?"

After all, in Jenny's answer to this question there was nothing of strangeness or of the miraculous—that is, nothing on the physical side. What Jenny had done on the material side could have been done by any woman whose will power was not atrophied. What stood out in her recital was a note of wondering exultation at the thing that had happened to her mind and spirit. That seemed to her the real miracle, as indeed it was.

"When I got on that boat to leave America," she said, "it would have taken very little to send me overboard. I seemed to have nothing left inside of myself to believe in. The poison of self-distrust and humiliation was all through me. But I kept saying to myself 'One year to make yourself over in. One year.' That was the only idea I had to go on—to make myself over. And I went through a little corner of hell doing it," said Jenny Miller with a smile.

"I think it must have been a sort of desperate instinct that sent me to Paris, for I wasn't so confused I couldn't see that in making myself over personally I'd have to make myself into a better business asset at the same time. And my business having always been concerned with what women wear I naturally went to Paris. And in Paris I went to the very top source. Sally, you see before you a product of the great Roxanne Dupont."

"Jenny! You don't mean it! How did you have the nerve?"

"It wasn't nerve—it was despair. Somewhere, years ago, I heard that she was once the ugly duckling of her family and that she was self-made. Something told me that she would understand if I could once get her ear. I got a letter to her from Amanda Foster, who is Prince & Blackman's representative over there. The good Lord himself must have prompted me to tell her the whole story, and just why I had come. She's a marvel, you know, Sally. A tall gaunt woman with a distinguished ugliness. I think she's really English, but she speaks her own tongue with a perfectly fascinating accent—which I carefully studied. I think I've got it rather well now. Well, she didn't turn me out, I think, for two reasons. For one thing, I believe I amused her, in her ironical sort of way. And for another, she despises A. J. You know, we never handled her models much—too exclusive and too expensive. But she claims that A. J. once copied a cloak of hers atrociously and sold it for genuine. Anyway the upshot was that after she had looked at me from under her eyelids for a long time she suddenly lifted her upper lip and said that I might come to work for her—for one thousand dollars!"

"Thrifty old thing, isn't she?" Sally gasped. "You didn't let her hold you up like that, did you?"

Jenny nodded. Her one glimpse of the Maison Dupont had convinced her that the experience would be worth the price. She had never dreamed of anything like the perfection of that establishment. It was more than a great dressmaking house—it was a shrine to which came the women who really knew clothes from all over the world. Madame's manikins were Delphic sibyls, exquisitely tending the sacred sartorial flame. And madame herself was a prophetess, a genius, and even at times a human being, as Jenny came to know.

But not for a long time. She was not exaggerating when she used the phrase "a little corner of hell" to describe her first few months. The lonesomeness, the uncertainty and the fear she suffered as she saw her hard-saved capital melting away were like so many enemies she had to fight night and day. She lived with the family of one of madame's girls, for the sake of her French. Evenings she worked with a French tutor, Sundays she roamed Paris and the art galleries, she went to the theaters, she fought with her thrift and made herself hire a carriage to ride in the Bois. For she was trying to pack into this one year the education she had denied herself through all the years. And during the day she slaved at the Maison Dupont.

To watch madame and her manikins and saleswomen manipulating a customer was an education in an exquisite art. To see them take a woman minus all individuality and turn her into the semblance of a personality was a revelation. Jenny Miller looked on from various humble positions in the great establishment and let various lessons sink into her heart. Sometimes she had glimpses of enchanting possibilities, but mostly she was a miserable, homesick human being.

Then one day something quite remarkable happened to her. Madame Roxanne herself was in one of the small exhibition salons, planning a trousseau with a young member of the Norwegian aristocracy. The manikins were French, which meant they had dark hair and abundant curves, and the lady from Norway was slim and blond. Madame whipped out an impatient order. Jenny Miller was hustled into the dressing room, and before she knew what had happened to her she was being arrayed in a black velvet gown. Also she was being made up by one of the most subtle artists in that interesting line.

Very self-conscious, feeling that somewhere a mistake had been made, Jenny walked in among the mirrors of the salon. And in the middle of the room the miracle happened. She saw walking toward herself a graceful, distinguished, almost beautiful woman. This woman bore a remote resemblance to Jenny Miller, but Jenny could not believe that this could be herself. For in that moment of self-forgetfulness, aided by a perfect gown and hat, Jenny saw for a fleeting instant her own realized potentialities. Then the thrill was gone, she was back in her gray rôle again. But as she turned she saw in the eyes of Madame Roxanne an ironical musing smile.

That afternoon she was sent for to come to madame's private office. Madame, stretched on her couch, was having her daily massage. She waved the wondering Jenny Miller to a seat.

"Mademoiselle," she began abruptly, "has anyone ever told you that you have—er—possibilities; a certain something that is at present nothing, but may become quite charming?"

Jenny reddened painfully and then paled. "No, madame," she replied. Then she smiled grimly. "Quite the contrary."

"So I thought," said madame. "Very well! To-night before you go to sleep you are to say aloud: 'I am a personality. I have charm. I am beautiful!' In the morning the same. Say it now!"

Jenny winced and reddened again. "Oh, madame, I can't. It—it is such an awful lie!"

At this madame rose on an outraged elbow. She beat her breast with an angry fist. "What am I? Do not women come to me from all over the world because I know beauty when I see it? Have I no perception, no genius? And you dare to tell me—me!—that what I say about you is a lie!"

Jenny just sat staring while the storm flowed over her. And all at once in the hitherto unwatered garden of her soul a little flower sprang miraculously up from the seed that madame planted. It was a little flower of self-confidence, abashed and slender, but a flower none the less. Jenny Miller found herself on her feet, her eyes clinging desperately to the hypnotic eyes of Madame Roxanne.

"I'll say it if you—if you want me to!" she gasped. "'I am a personality—I have ch-charm—I—am—beautiful!'"

She stood there, blushing, shamefaced. But her eyes still clung to the eyes of madame, as if she were drowning and madame's eyes were a spar.

"Very good," said madame, sinking back and motioning the masseuse to proceed. "But there is much to be done. How much money have you?"

Jenny told her.

"It will take it all," said madame calmly. "However, it will be worth it. Take down these addresses."

The addresses were those of a famous gymnasium, hair specialists, skin specialists, fencing master, corsetière, an actress who knew how to walk!

Jenny staggered out with these in her hand, and in her soul madame's last word: "But remember, no matter what they do to your outside, it will all be in vain without the little litany night and morning!"

Jenny Miller looked across the table at her friend with a radiant smile. "Sally, have you ever known what it is to be perfectly well? To feel your muscles flowing, strong and smooth, under your skin, to feel light as a feather and strong as a horse? And I can say that incantation night and morning without a blush. I know I am not beautiful and never shall be, but I'm so fit that I don't need beauty. I feel like a young giant all girded up for a race."

"What are you going to do?" Sally inquired eagerly. "Now you've got it?" she added. "Oh, Jenny, take me along when you go to see A. J."

"I'm not going to see him," Jenny replied calmly. "Not just yet. I rather think I shall dawn upon him gradually. Sally, what do you know about Carey and Son?"

"Carey's! You don't think of applying to them for a job, do you? When you were with Altheim's you looked down on Carey's, didn't you?"

"Yes, but times have changed." Jenny's face had lighted and her eyes were eager. "I've been studying Carey's the last few days since I landed. It's middle-class, to be sure, but it's the strongest and it is going to be the biggest department store in the world very soon. It draws the class that just now has most of the money. When it gets in the other class, too, nothing in this town can beat it."

"I hear that they've started an imported-gown department," said Sally. "That must be Richard Carey's doing. The old man would never have had the imagination."

"Yes, they've started one, but it hasn't gone well. The women who go to Carey's haven't got the imported-frock habit yet. And the rich-overnight wives who are crowding New York think that Carey's can't be smart enough for them. I met Carey Junior at Madame Roxanne's. It's a big disappointment to him that he

(Concluded on Page 116)

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(Concluded from Page 113)

hasn't been able to sell French gowns as well as serge suits at $49.75."

Jenny rose and stood fitting her long gloves carefully to her slender wrists. "He has a big dream," she murmured. "I've got one too. If I can make him see that my dream will help his to work out —— Well, shall we go?"

But as they walked toward the door she pursued her confidences further, though her next remark had no apparent connection.

"By the way, Sally, a man proposed to me in Paris."

Sally expressed vivid interest. "Who was he, Jenny?"

"A wealthy South American buying his daughter's coming-out things. Madame rather pushed me on him. And—Sally, do you remember telling me something about a signal once? You were right—it works! I just wondered whether it would. It helped a good deal to know that I could if I wanted to."

Sally seemed to understand this hazy remark perfectly.

"Why didn't you accept him?" she demanded.

"Oh, that wasn't what I was after!" returned Jenny simply.

She went on toward the door, but just as they were going out to the street she turned and whispered: "I'll bet the maid at the Waldorf is wondering why I don't unpack my trunk. I can't. There's practically nothing in it. It's all on my back."

"Heavenly day! Do you mean to say that get-up is ——"

"*Mais oui!*" smiled Jenny. "A front!"

"Then why didn't you go to a cheaper place, Jenny? My word!"

"You don't get the idea, Sally. The big, fashionable hotels are full of women whose husbands have struck oil overnight. They want to dress smartly but they don't know exactly where to start in. Well, I can start them. Don't you think Richard Carey, Junior, will appreciate that little detail?"

IV

A. J. ALTHEIM stood before the window in one of the small fitting rooms on the second floor of his shop. The glass of this window was covered with heavy and expensive lace, but it sagged at one side where A. J. had tugged it back so that he could look out. He had formed quite a habit of doing this when no one was watching, and the thing he gazed at was always the same—a shop front directly opposite his own, a narrow shop but with something about it very haughty, very exclusive, even for that section of Fifth Avenue.

At the left of the beautifully clear plate-glass window, thrown up well by the very good lace behind it, were merely five words:

Mlle. Jeanne Meunier, Paris.
Modes.

It was a simple collection of words, but it had taken to haunting his sleep. When these words first appeared there two months before, he had regarded them indulgently; then as he saw that limousines and cabs stopped in front of them with increasing frequency he became slightly irritated, and on a day when he beheld one of his own oldest customers coming out of the aristocratic and mysterious shop, followed by a trim little maid in black satin carrying a long box, his symptoms became acute.

When, a few days later, he contrived to lure the aforesaid oldest customer into his shop, he had ready a roundabout approach to the subject that had been occupying his thoughts.

But he might have spared himself the trouble, for the oldest customer amazed him by saying: "You're not running an opposition show to yourself across the way, are you? If so you're doing it better over there than here."

She was a blunt lady, and A. J. was used to her, but now he looked painfully puzzled. He demanded to know what she meant.

"Do you mean to deny," she cried, "that the place is being run by one of your former employees?"

"I haven't the slightest idea what you're getting at!"

The lady crowed with laughter. She had a keen enjoyment of a joke on someone else.

"This is lovely! Do you mean to say that you didn't know that Jeanne Meunier is French for Jenny Miller?"

It took A. J. twenty-four hours to get over looking dazed. At the end of that time, after gazing through the fitting-room window in silent thought for fifteen minutes, he clapped on his hat and strode energetically across the Avenue.

As he opened the door of Mlle. Jeanne Meunier's shop he was met by a tall statuesque beauty in black satin, beautifully fitted, who looked at him inquiringly.

"I want to see Jenny Miller," he said brusquely.

The tall girl lifted her brows coldly. "Sir?"

"Well, then," he amended crossly, "this Mademoiselle Meunier."

The tall girl indicated a chair and swam away. After quite a wait, during which no detail of the narrow, quiet, gray room escaped his eye, the girl came back and waved him into a little electric elevator. From this he was led to a small formal room with an exquisite rug on the floor and a graceful Sheraton settee with a blue-and-rose tapestry. Through the open door he could see four or five slender girls in gray chiffon. They all appeared to be busy, crossing the room and going into the small boudoirs adjoining with alluring-looking wearing apparel over their arms. He made a mental note of their clever uniform and their gray silken ankles. And as he did so he listened with his ears pricked to a vivacious murmur of conversation going on in the most delicious of French accents just outside the door.

He slightly started, then changed his chair for one nearer the door, for this voice was familiar to him, if the accent was not.

"*Mais non! Madame, je vous assure*, the mo-del has arrive' thees morning only. It will be seen by no one but yourself. I will show you the let-taire from Madame Roxanne which come with it."

An expression of bewilderment, followed by a cynical smile which seemed to say that he knew the patter but she couldn't keep it up, played over his face. It was still there when a figure moved lightly in front of the door, came in and closed the door.

It was Jenny Miller all right, but not the patient Jenny to whom he had given more or less contradictory orders for eleven years. This Jenny was dressed in a very subtle black frock, quite short above her buckled shoes and gossamer stockings. To his eyes, expectant of a stoop-shouldered, probably flurried Jenny, she looked as if she had grown several inches, and somehow had become her own younger, better-nourished sister. There was an amazing serenity about her.

"Good morning!" she smiled, offering her hand. "Nice of you to come over."

He groped for his lines. He had meant to be gruffly hearty, but to his annoyance he found himself sneering: "You've forgot your French accent, hain't you, Jenny?"

"I only use it when necessary. Won't you sit down? Or would you like me to show you the place? Rather attractive, don't you think? I have some original Roxanne Duponts that are lovely."

A. J. sat down heavily. "I think you might have consulted me before you went to work for someone else, Jenny, especially like this, right across the street."

"Why should I have consulted you?" she inquired equably. "You severed our business connection a year and a half ago—severed it rather abruptly, in fact."

"But after eleven years I should think you'd have some loyalty. Some—some sense of ——"

"Gratitude?" Jenny smiled, but her eyes were steely. "I gave you more than your wages ever paid me for, A. J. However, I do owe you some gratitude for making it impossible for me to stay with you. You waked me up to what a fool I had been to think of your business night and day and never of my own."

"Humph! And I could have left you behind when we moved from Twenty-third Street ——"

"You could have left the office safe behind, but you didn't! You needed us both, didn't you?"

Before A. J. could answer this there came a respectful knock at the door and a girl put her head in to say that Mrs. Carter had arrived and was asking for Mademoiselle Meunier.

"Tell her I'll be there in a moment or two—and oh, Greta! Show her the white charmeuse she was interested in." As the door closed Jenny smiled at A. J. "Mrs. Carter has never forgotten that model you sold to her and to Blendell's at the same time."

It was the touch of a claw that lost A. J. his self-control. He turned a dark red and made the familiar gesture with both arms over his head. In his subsequent remarks there was much about the treachery of a woman who could entice away a man's customers after he had taught her all she knew, paid her a munificent salary and regarded her as almost a partner in the firm.

Jenny's eyes flashed. She made a gesture that stemmed the tide of words.

"Yes, you paid me not quite enough to live on decently for five years, and for six enough to go to an old ladies' home with if I was very economical. Never can I remember your giving me a word of appreciation. And did you ever say anything to me about regarding me as almost a partner? No! I should say not! And then one day when you didn't dare to blow off before a customer you took it out on me. Perhaps you've forgotten that you told me you were sick of the sight of me and my bargain-counter clothes? Well, I remember—it's the sort of thing an American woman doesn't forget—and I am going to take away from you every customer I can; going to do it straight, too, by giving them the most beautiful imported things in this town, and by never telling them a frock is an original when it was made in my own workroom. And my prices are going to be right too. No one will be robbed in this shop, for that isn't our policy!"

The eyes of A. J. were protruding with mingled anger and curiosity. "You can't do it!" he bellowed. "You ain't got the capital or the experience."

"We have them both," said Jenny, smiling. "I've got the experience and Carey and Son have the capital."

At the mention of this firm, which had for years been to him at once a vague gigantic menace and a derision, A. J.'s jaw frankly dropped.

"So that's it, is it? So old Carey's got on to the Avenue, has he?"

"Carey Junior has," said Jenny. "And he's going to stick—he's that kind."

And as she said this there was an unconscious proud note in her voice, the merest touch of tenderness, gone in an instant, in her face. A. J. glared at her morosely and suspiciously. There was something new in her he could not understand, something that seemed to take her, without any effort of her own, right out of his class.

He turned toward the door, settling his hat on his head before he had reached it. He felt at a loss for a further sneer, but just at the door a rather feeble one occurred to him:

"I should bet you never told Richard Carey that you worked for me once and got fired—eh?"

There was an instant's pause. Jenny turned away and smiled into her own eyes in the mirror—a very wise and tender smile.

"Oh, yes; I told him," she murmured. "Everything. He says"—but what Richard Carey said came in so low a whisper that A. J. never heard it—"he says I—am—charming!"

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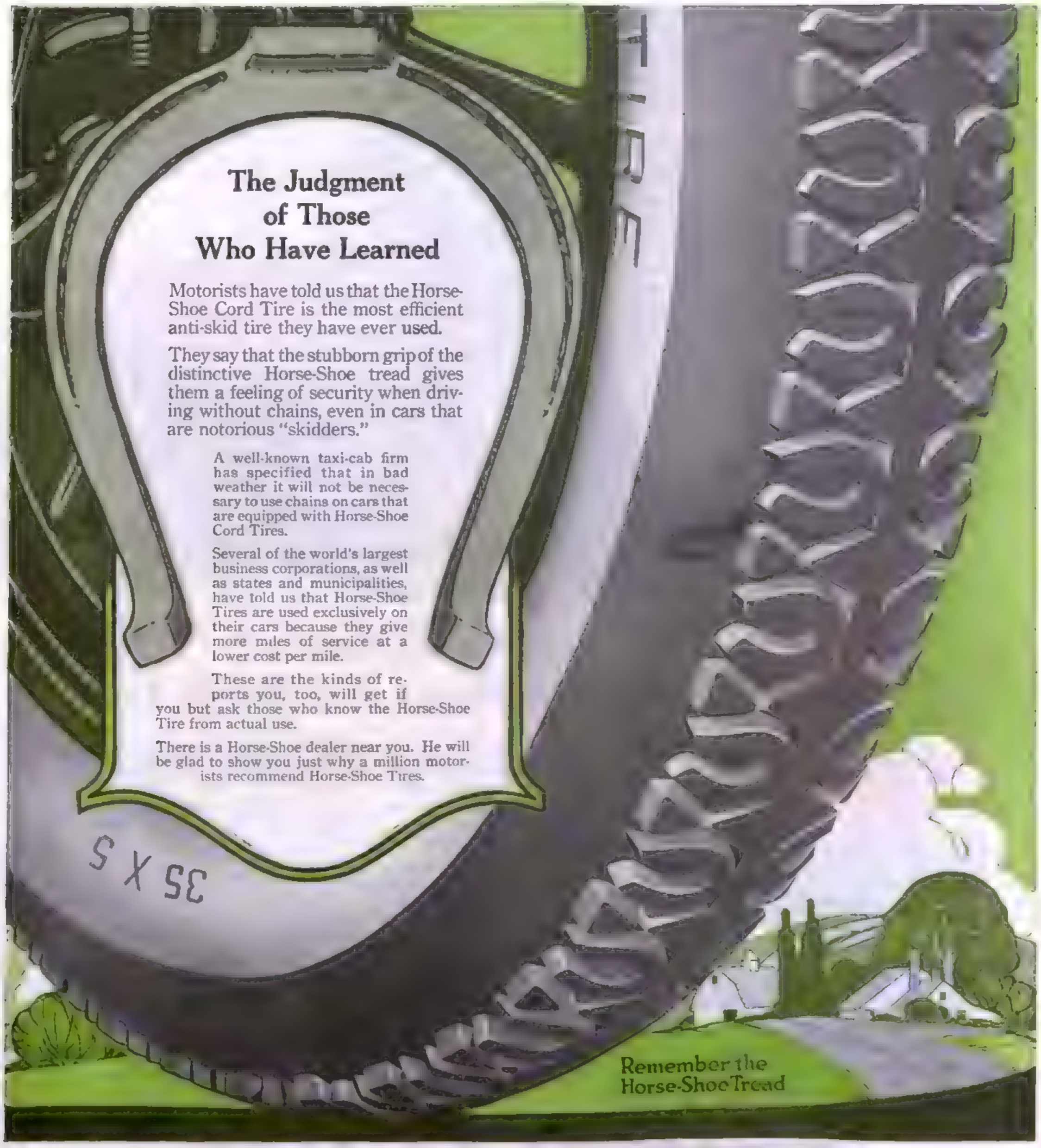
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STEEL

(Continued from Page 25)

It stopped as abruptly as it had begun, and he stood gazing down with a moody, somber face, marked by the spasmodic raising of his eyebrows. Sophie without speaking again left the dining room, and after a moment Charlotte disappeared. Suddenly, in the flood of his sustained conviction of the rottenness of life, Howard thought of Lapigne, Lapigne gravely at attention, alert, faithful, steady. He saw him again with the dusty pallor and cough of his gas poisoning; and his old difficulty, the mystery lying back of such deception as had overtaken him, choked him with the passion of his desire for comprehension.

Major Moreland was obviously at the point of leaving, yet he paused awkwardly, as though he were contemplating the propriety of bidding his host good evening. His bearing was again upright, military, and Howard could see that he regarded him cheaply. It was evidently Moreland's belief that he had triumphed, exposed Howard's impotence. It almost amounted to a smirk; and as he turned, departing, he took out a thin green-gold cigarette case that had once lain habitually on Sophie's dressing table.

A servant appeared and gathered up the ash trays and empty cups; he returned some bottles to a compartment of the sideboard, securing them with a key, and took the cocktail mixer out to the pantry.

The sound of a motor died away.

Howard walked aimlessly out to the glass inclosure. The moon, at its full, had risen and the lawn was bright with a subgreen radiance; the patches of snow were like quicksilver, a most deathly vision of an earth that resembled a luminous corpse. He placed a hand on a window and found that it was surprisingly cold, so cold that it numbed his fingers; his breath lingered in a film on the pane, then it vanished. Less than six months ago the lawn and gardens had been a miracle of loveliness, as perfect in their way as Sophie had been in hers; while this—winter—had lurked in each; the turn of a season, an emotion, had stripped them of petals and scent and shown their impermanence and sterility.

Still, about the frozen pool, the pines were unchanged in their serious greenery, straight and tonic and patient. But he was sick of analogies, of troubling the weariness of his mind. He stopped on his way upstairs at the decanter of sherry.

Sophie's bed was heaped with a soft confusion of clothes; her bureau drawers stood open and a trunk had appeared in the middle of the floor. She glanced at him as he entered and then resumed the labor of packing.

"I didn't want to ask a maid, and have all that talk, to-night," she explained, with a heightened color from her unaccustomed exertions.

He nodded without other reply and found an empty chair. From time to time Sophie looked at him, first speculatively, then with impatience and finally with positive aggravation.

"I must say you're not very much upset!" she observed acidly, with her arms full of a light, expensive burden. There was in her manner, as there had been in Moreland's, the implication that he was made of poor stuff. "In Georgia either you or Dudley, and perhaps both, would be dead by now. But there they have a very different idea of honor. In the South women are appreciated. I have been miserable ever since I came here. There is one thing you mustn't mistake." She faced him tensely. "I love Dudley, but I am not a wicked woman. No one can say that I've been really bad."

He believed her—within the scope of her meaning—entirely and said so at once. A generosity of emotion was the last thing of which he would suspect her.

XXI

YET after Sophie had gone, his room, with its dismantled bed, was very empty and silent; the mirrors that had so often reflected the perfection of her features, her charming body and clothes, now showed only his own discontent. He didn't miss Sophie, except superficially, but the total annihilation of his early hopes and impressions of her. The bond of marriage, he discovered, even of such a failure as his, was more than a spoken form, a material convenience. He was glad that she was gone; and still the severance had been serious; it had left him depleted, perhaps maimed. His feeling, however, had no aspect of sentimentality, no vain regret; absence had no magic to influence his knowledge, his opinion of Sophie. She had never been a part of his essential life as Fanny had been a part of Dan's; she could never be his life.

Charlotte, he thought, had returned completely to her earlier state of light mockery; no, not completely, for her satire had largely lost its quality of humor. It was now very much indeed like his. In the meanwhile, exterior events seemed to have come to a pause; the sale of the Gage Steel and Iron Works to the Briar Steel Corporation had been deferred by the sudden trip to Europe of one of the persons important to its accomplishment. The transaction could be consummated at once, Howard had been informed, but since he was in no hurry a short delay would bring a more satisfactory conclusion. The Gage plant, so compactly organized, continued to make castings of steel and iron without interruption.

The weather now had lost the decisive performances of winter and degenerated into unaccountable downpours of rain, sharp flurries of snow or blustering winds and short but tangible evidences of spring. The bricks of the walks were raised in elaborate floriations of frost and subsided muddily to the passage of feet. The sparrows were loud in their triumph at having survived winter; bluebirds had arrived; and there was the occasional liquid melody of a robin.

The material life at Bagatelle progressed smoothly. Howard saw Charlotte moving about the house obviously on practical errands, and the gardener tentatively surveyed his borders and littered beds. Howard had had some discussion with Charlotte about the near future, but until a general settlement was effected no absolute decisions could be reached. Her bearing toward him was superficially open, based with good sense on the necessities of their companionship and position; yet Howard recognized that Charlotte, at bottom, hated him. She never required his advice, and when they sat together in the evening she infinitely preferred reading to talking. He didn't resent this or try to bring about a change; but whenever he had an opportunity, principally at the table, from behind the bottle of Scotch whisky, he prodded her cynicism into activity.

"I wonder if you know that you are growing more detestable all the time," she remarked casually. It was, he said, highly probable. "It's strange that you and father were connected—oh, for many reasons. Then you are the first Gage man to drink too much; none of the others did; and you'll be the first to end in nothing."

Charlotte, he reflected, had always been able to express herself with splendid fluency; she had an adroit tongue and a talent of wit.

"Good enough men," he observed of his family, "but with conventional minds, narrow in their standards and judgments."

"They couldn't compare with you, of course, in your own thoughts. It's impossible to make anyone else agree with you, though; I realize you're not properly appreciated, not even by my friends who were with your regiment in France; and I can't get it through their heads that it was because you were so superior to the colonels and generals and chiefs of staff."

She turned from him impolitely to the piano and played fragments of song, serious and gay. Then she fell silent, staring into nothingness, her arms on the keys and her chin elevated. Her throat was long, its contours without any color whatever; but the dark redness of her hair held dull rich gleams. The severity of her black dress invested her youth with a pointed fascination. Yet her charm for him was damaged by the memory of Moreland. He thought of her in his arms, kissing him; of Charlotte with Moreland's image in her heart. She was young without the principal charm of her years, merely sophisticated; and a phrase flashed into his mind and hung there—love, the untender. What would become of her? As he asked himself this question he was conscious of a swift, impersonal pity. Charlotte had come, quite appealingly, into the world, and already the world had irrevocably harmed her.

Desire had been born in her and then ruthlessly denied; her traits of superiority were combining to betray her. Intelligence, he thought on, was dangerous for a man but almost fatal for a girl in Charlotte's position; for intelligence was a great liberator; and to possess it partially, as Charlotte did, and to be at the same time the victim of emotional crises, brought about a liberty that could end only in disaster.

Yes, the fortunate were the dull and the conventional, such as Moreland; society was theirs, its standards their making; and they showed a united, unassailable front to any attack. Sophie's assurance that she was not a wicked woman was the voice, the range, of decent opinion. Charlotte, vivid with emotion and contempt, faced impossible alternatives—either she might drift into the indeterminate region of women known as gay, where the shrill arraignment by other more fortunate or emptier women was less objectionable than the hypocrisy of men; or grow hard and barren, her wit degenerate to mere sharpness, a materialistic travesty of lost life.

Still, he added, probably it couldn't be helped; there was nothing that he could do; that, even, he was willing to try. He had no intention of undertaking the salvation of Charlotte or anyone else; in the first place it was hopeless, and in the second his interest was not engaged. It was enough to get some entertainment from the Charlotte sitting now relaxed before him on the piano stool. Attentive, he had watched her react to the stimulants of different drinks. She didn't like whisky, but after cocktails she was voluble and daring; sherry immediately immersed her in dreary inattention; champagne usually brought a vivaciously tuneful stream from the piano. They had had champagne to-night, but its sparkle had evaporated from her; she rose listlessly. Howard was seated on a divan with his legs thrust out and his hands clasped behind his head.

"You look absolutely contented," she complained. "Isn't there anything inside of you at all? I insult you every time I have a chance, hoping you'll get enraged, but you just sit and sit with the absurd expression of a chow dog." Except for a slight smile he disregarded her query. "I think at times I'll throw a tumbler or a picture frame at you, just for the excitement," she continued, at the door. "What would you do?"

"Spank you."

That, he saw, had more success than was usual. Anger swept over her face and

(Continued on Page 122)

"I Saw Major Moreland in Washington Yesterday," Tingey Admitted; "and if He Wasn't a Nincompoop He'd be a Scoundrel"

USG

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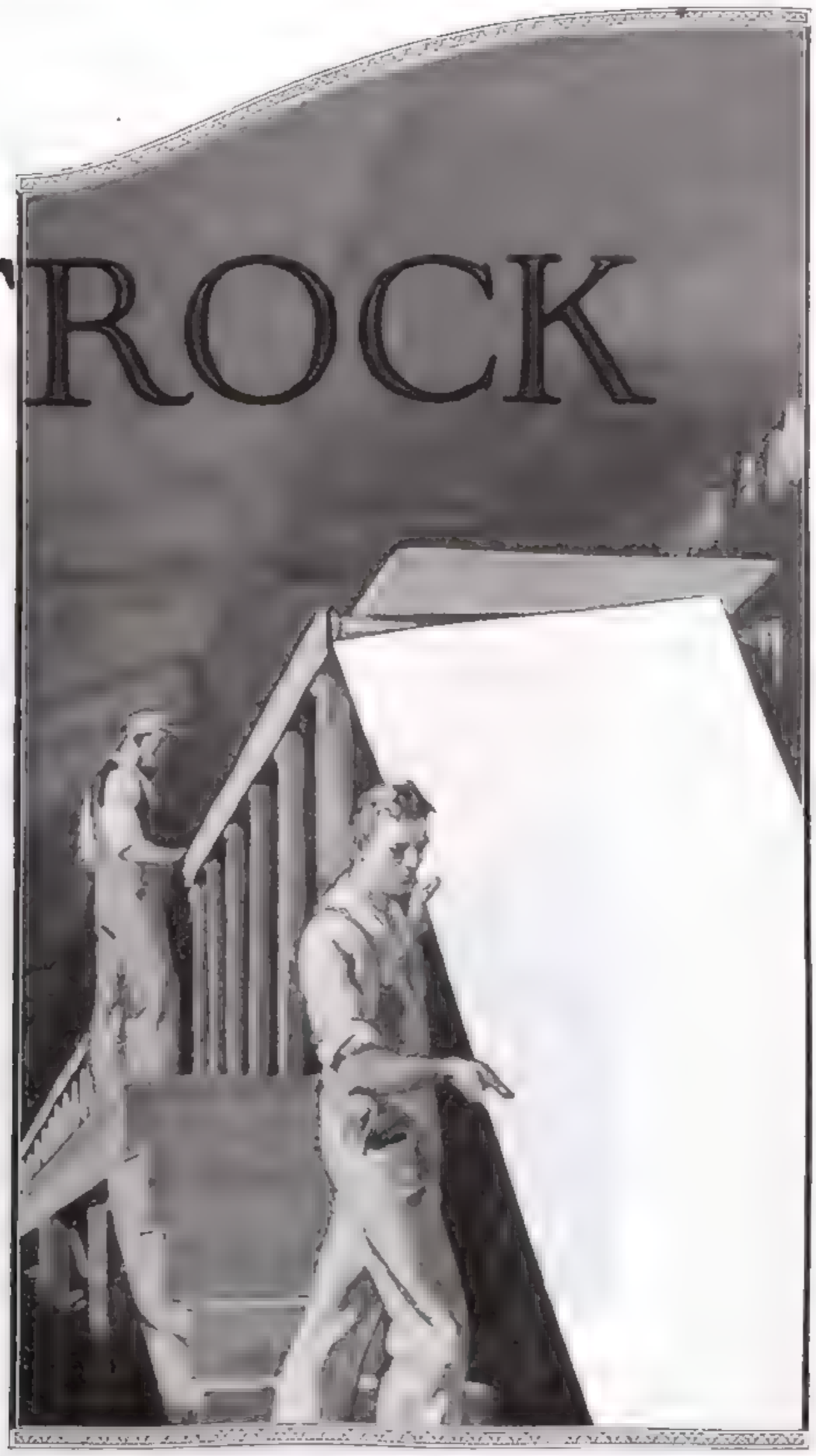

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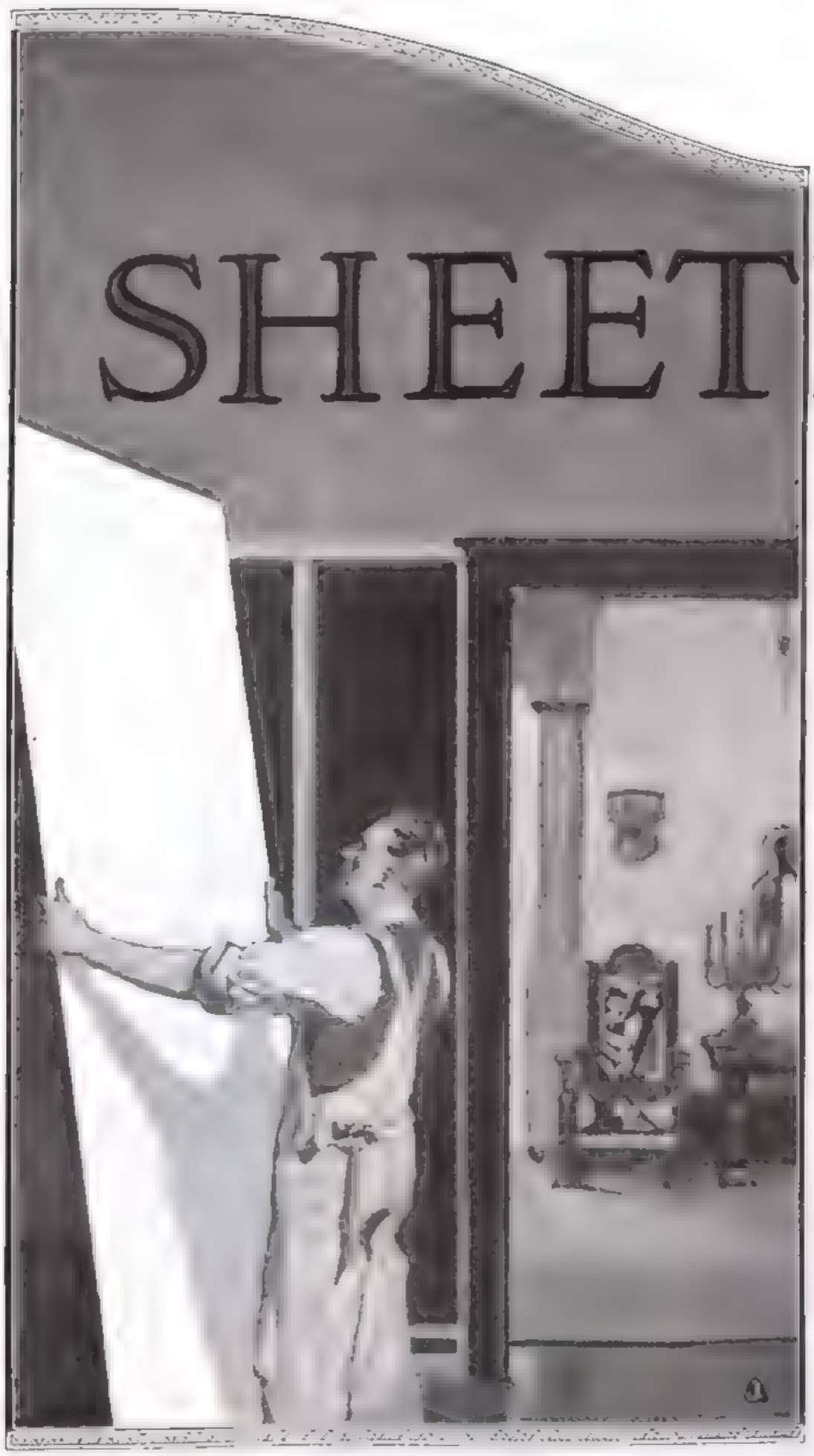

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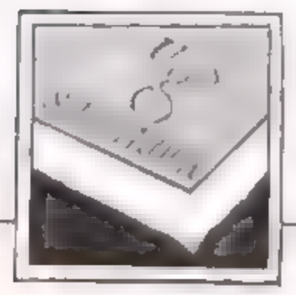

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(Continued from Page 119)

parted her lips; but evidently she could think of nothing sufficiently crushing for reply. He could hear her slippers stamping viciously up the stairs. A pungent little devil! She wouldn't actually fling a glass at him, and he'd never spank her; yet the visualization of that imaginary catastrophe occupied him at length. It would be a scene of surprising violence. Charlotte, who drove a heavy car with ease, skated and danced tirelessly, was strong; and there was no limit to the possibilities of her temper. Then imperceptibly the lassitude of night, of loneliness, of vacuity, settled over him.

XXII

THIS, except for the more animated of his encounters with Charlotte, became his invariable mood; he had strayed into a haze that blurred the images of his mind as well as the house, the objects and people round him. All the positive phases of his being, diluted by his pervading indifference, had flowed away into the common grayness. Even the actuality, the security of his material pessimism, of his understanding, cleared by drinking of fantastic speculations, had merged into the general dusk of his semisobriety. Howard was therefore mildly surprised when, standing on the tiled veranda, he found that the morning was pleasantly warm. Further than that, the lawn falling to the stream was radiantly green.

This, coming without warning, had an appearance of magic; as if, instead of the plain fact that March had vanished and April arrived, he had been swiftly carried to another land and climate. It was suddenly very warm; and in addition to the brilliancy of the sod there were snowdrops lifting their white five-petaled flowers among the bright spears of grass. He could see, as well, a blur of gold by the swiftly running gurgling water; and making his way down the stone walk he found crocuses in bloom, with fragile anemones and pale lavender hepaticas. Howard lingered again on the bridge. The air was saturated with moisture; at long intervals a cooler breath touched his cheek. The sunlight, which seemed to be gathered up, intensified, in the crocuses, dissolved in a low nebulous cloud and a brief mild rain fell. It pattered on the banks and then stopped; the sun reappeared. The day was alternately clear and overcast, but even after dark the warmth persisted. Both the windows in Howard's room were up, and he moved about with an additional sense of heaviness.

Then, shortly, the dogwood below hung a white veil against a woods still bare of leaves, the Judas trees were stiffly pink, and the forsythia yellow. The bedded tulips were like spread shawls of vivid primary colors.

The effect of the season was perceptible on Charlotte; she, too, lost her crispness of speech, her active antagonism; she played no more syncopations on the piano, but struggled with Grieg and Sibelius, or sat for long periods idle with a closed book in her lap. Finally, on a specially ingratiating morning, she appeared, not in black but in white, a dress of muslin that resembled the narcissus crushed into her girdle.

"Father wouldn't mind," she said. "I'm not going anywhere and no one is coming here. It seemed wicked to wear full mourning to-day; the flowers were irresistible." He nodded. "I simply ache with exhaustion," Charlotte admitted. "It's too silly!"

Howard replied that it was natural to the spring, and she sank carelessly into a deep chair. She was, he told himself, almost lovely in her diaphanous and blossoming apparel—a vision of April; but not the conventional stupid figure of innocence; rather a blending of contrary elements, stirring as April herself was stirring. A glass door was open, with a view of the massed scarlet of the tulips, and the air that floated in, faintly sweet, was as personal as the delicate odor of a charming woman.

Charlotte was breathing slowly, her breast rose at deliberate intervals; her hands were open, empty, and the dark mass of her hair, gathered hastily in a high informal twist, had slid to one side, over a brow no less pure than the narcissus. The truth was, he thought further about her prefigurement of spring, that she exactly resembled the early Italian paintings with such curiously graceful figures in flower-starred woods—why this was so he had no idea, but it was—strangely seductive women with naked dancing feet and bodies emerging from light wind-blown drapery.

Sophie would never have suggested such a comparison; there was nothing free in her consciousness or treatment of her undeniable beauty. The pictures that were in his mind she would have indignantly called indecent. Charlotte drew a deeper breath, a long inspiration and sigh, and slipped into a more pronounced attitude of abandon. Some women were like her, every movement and line was delightful, to be lingered over; while the completest revelation of others was without interest. A magnetism with little reference to exterior! Was she, he wondered, asleep? Her eyes were closed and her relaxation was absolute. Charlotte had a large mouth, but it was mobile, sensitive; and there was a dimple on either cheek. They were not elusive dimples, fleeting with a smile, but marked depressions in the pallor of her face. Her hair—which he had thought of as stained with wine—slipped still further forward; perhaps in a minute more it would cascade heavily about her shoulders.

However, Charlotte wasn't sleeping; she moved and put up a hand and pressed back her hair. She gazed at him with an interrogation in which the pupils of her eyes were expanded—a remarkable effect of violet. The opposition to him that had pervaded her had withdrawn with the other positive qualities. He felt this irresistibly, and it affected him with a totally unsuspected force, brought him a deep emotional longing. Howard hoped that she wouldn't stir, rise; he wanted to sit, with Charlotte as she was, timelessly, while the tulips blazed outside and the curtains stirred ever so slightly. It was a feeling, a recognition which, he had thought, had gone forever; he had never expected to be alive again in just this manner. Then Charlotte spoke suddenly:

"I must go."

"Don't," he begged.

She didn't, but her expression showed a surprise at his monosyllable, his tone. Now her eyes were nearly hidden and her mouth less tender; Charlotte gradually regained a trace of alertness. If she said anything else, he realized, it would be in her familiar tone. The moment, his emotion, would be destroyed. The narcissus at her waist, like all flowers naturally grown, had wilted soon after picking; but drooping forward their scent appeared to be stronger. At any rate, he was far more aware of it than he had been at first; the perfume came to him in the uncoiling forms of cigarette smoke. He could almost see it drifting from Charlotte across his senses.

Then, before she had actually put her determination into being, he foresaw that she intended to rise; and with a feeling of bitter disappointment, fascinated, he watched her slippers move to the rug. Every action was deliberate, separate, and held a new power to engage him. When at last she was standing she drew him automatically to his feet. There, he observed, her attention was again captured by something unusual, puzzling, in him. Charlotte frowned; she stepped back quickly; but before she could put out a hand Howard had swept her into his arms and was kissing her with a slow brutality. He felt her body grow rigid, as though she were shocked beyond the capability of movement, while, oblivious of everything but the tyranny of his desire, he kissed her again.

His arms dropped, and, shaken, he was moving away from her with a mingled satisfaction and pity when, without any warning whatever, Charlotte screamed. He was immeasurably dismayed by the piercing unrestraint of her cry, the barbarity of the sound that echoed through the sunny room, out into the garden and across the hall. But it was instantly apparent he was no more astounded than Charlotte

"The servants!" she said at once. "How absolutely awful!" He heard almost immediately the dull impact of the double-hinged door to the pantry; and Charlotte, in a startling self-possession, walked out and he heard her speaking to a maid.

There was a pause, through which he wondered if she would return or go up at once to her room. His emotional disturbance increased, but parallel with it was a profound surprise at the feeling lurking under his numbed exterior. He had been, he muttered, inexcusable; yet he was glad he had kissed her and indifferent to any blame. She would be, of course, enraged, for appearance if nothing else, and then all other thoughts were lost in the sharp memory of her mouth.

There was no sound from the hall, no indication of her intention or feeling, he waited in an attitude of strained attention, but at last realized that she had gone. Howard was uneasy, his brain filled with trivial objects and thoughts, as though he were putting aside for the moment an eventuality of enormous significance but over which he had no control.

He deliberately withdrew from all consideration of Charlotte and wandered out aimlessly into the garden. The hidden countryside filled him with an indeterminate sense of its delicate green pattern, its fragrance and color and scenes. The young peach orchards, set out in loam, would now be budded with coral, the brimming streams pervaded by the pungency of spearmint. Through the middle of the day the birds had been quiet, but as the afternoon retreated the robins burdened the air with their full clear notes and the thin piping of frogs rose from the meadows.

Shut within the hedged seclusion of Bagatelle, where under the oaks the leaves of the close-lying rhododendrons were like dark opaque glass, his thoughts returned to Charlotte, or rather to the situation that he had created between them. Yet even now he didn't put his knowledge into a simple admission of truth; he preferred to speculate about Charlotte, to consider her as an isolated phenomenon, a thing unattended by commitments or responsibilities. Her dismay, for example, at the thought of the servants, when she had cried out after his kissing her, engaged him now. It was so wholly feminine, so bound up with the necessity to preserve—whatever happened essentially—all appearances. Well, the latter could take care of themselves. There was a possibility that Charlotte would never, except formally, see him again; it might well be that she had already left the house, was on her way to St. Louis, anywhere.

Undoubtedly he had offended her infinitely; he should perhaps be appalled at himself. He wasn't. And this, in a realization as aside from his entity as a prompting from the wings of a theater, showed him how greatly he had been atrophied in the past two years.

Women and war. Howard tried, in his room, still avoiding the main fact, to understand this celebrated conjunction; and he decided that the state of living in the constant probability of imminent death—in other words, of being freed from to-morrow—dissolved the sense of responsibility to society; it removed any consequences to a place of no importance.

Then, too, the organizing of killing into an admirable science, a praiseworthy act to be decorated with medals, marked with monuments, honor—in opposition to all the force and ethics and law, against the cherished instincts of humanity—struck savagely at what success men had had in removing themselves from the animal. Little enough, he thought of that accomplishment. In squarely opposing Nature, society—or was it religion?—had accepted an engagement of overpowering difficulty. The latter, Howard was convinced, occupied a hopeless position; the literal economy of Nature was too strong in its simplicity to be upset by a largely insincere sentimentality.

Here, leaving the general for the particular, he thought of Charlotte's fascination, the tense fervor of her person. Yet submerged in the pleasure of this contemplation, Lapigne usurped his mind—the best of all his good men. He wished now that he had urged Lapigne to stay with him; he had, it seemed in retrospect, been inexcusably abrupt with his orderly. In Lapigne, it might be, Nature would never completely triumph; he had to a surprising degree that quality of being faithful to—to—Howard didn't know what. At any necessary moment the other would have coolly, comprehendingly sacrificed his life for him, Howard Gage; and this was a state of being incomprehensible to Nature and the materialistic philosophers who confidently announced the principle of healthy selfishness.

This secret, Howard saw, lying always obscurely, troubling him, at the back of his head, would leave him only in death; other things, sharp delights, might occupy him, momentarily fill his life, but they would be relatively unimportant; they would never satisfy him. Charlotte had often mocked him with the declaration that he was a failure, a man of no accomplishment; and this was true, though she was ignorant of the reason. Nothing else was important, real, but the beauty, so different from Sophie's, he had seen vaguely in the confusion of battle, the night marches of spent but indomitable men. Yes, the rest were trifles. Charlotte was a trifle—but a highly enticing episode which, of its kind, gave rare promise.

A knock fell lightly on his door, and he was abruptly dragged down from his colorful speculations by the annoying intelligence that Sophie's father was below. Howard was prepared for this, a meager correspondence had given way to its eventuality, but—to-day—Charlotte had driven it from his head.

The inevitable meeting with Rush Tingey couldn't, for Howard, have come at a more ludicrously unsuitable time. Before he had descended the stairs an ill humor had him in possession; he was invaded by a cold determination to avoid, at least, any hypocrisy in what might follow. He remembered Tingey clearly—a small man, carefully and monotonously dressed, with a personality divided between a conventionality like his clothes and vivid aspects of an emotionalism the property, Howard had gathered, of the climate, the politics and sentiments of a triumphantly romantic region.

He wondered, entering the room where the other stood, what might develop; there were many widely different possibilities, reaching in fact from the merest pseudo-legal exchange of statements to a threatened violence. He was, however, unable to distinguish any indicative expression or attitude in Rush Tingey, advancing to meet him. Howard, though, saw this much at once—that the Georgian had aged rapidly since the day of his daughter's marriage at Chattanooga; it was possible that his almost haggard countenance showed only the effects of the past weeks.

He wished the younger man a sufficient good evening, in the habit of Brunswick, and a stiff silence enveloped them, broken finally, impatiently, by Howard, whose opinion was that they might without necessarily committing themselves find chairs.

"I am not at all sure," Tingey returned with a trace of pomposity, "that I can take anything in the way of hospitality from you. That is an obligation, if I accept it, which I hold very high. I'm not invited here, either; and that's a position I don't get into very often. Perhaps it would have been better to see you at a lawyer's, but I came to the conclusion that we hadn't reached that state yet, and took the chance of talking more privately. We are, I hope, gentlemen; and gentlemen have always preferred a personal settlement of difficulties rather than dragging in the law. The legal profession, sir, in my opinion, is the resort of trifling characters."

"This certainly is more direct," Howard Gage agreed; "but I think we can safely sit down. I was going to ask you to have a drink."

Even in the past, Tingey replied, when he was, perhaps, a shade wild, he would have declined liquor in the present situation.

"But now," he added, "I am no longer addicted to its use. With considerable numbers of young men in my charge, responsible for them, as you might say, and acquainted with the effects of whisky, I am a supporter of teetotalism."

He sank into a chair as though, absorbed in the interest of prohibition, he had forgotten the possible impropriety of any relaxation at Bagatelle. But he soon drew himself rigidly forward, and the difficulty of his position, of what he wanted to say, showed in his troubled countenance.

"There is one thing you must understand," he began, "and that is, whatever I say comes from myself; it is, in my judgment, correct and dignified. Mrs. Tingey and I talked it over for many distressing hours. My wife, as you know, has been an invalid for the past ten years; and if it wasn't for the fact of her heroic spirit this blow —— You must excuse me; I am very much upset. As I was saying ——"

He broke off, in an effort apparently to take up at the right point his purpose.

"We were, of course, amazed when Sophie came home, though we were touched at her seeking us in her trouble. And I can tell you, Mr. Gage, I was ready to come North in a different way from what I did. If you had harmed my little girl it would have been accounted for fully."

The weariness of his face was dominated in an instant by an implacable air which permitted no doubt of Rush Tingey's bitter sense of the obligation of personal retributive justice. He signified his entire readiness for belief in administered death as the answer to such an injury as he indicated.

(Continued on Page 125)

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(Continued from Page 122)

"But it wasn't as plain as that," he admitted, again comparatively relaxed, grayly negative. "For a day we couldn't find out from Sophie just what had happened. Then, little by little, she sobbed it out on our shoulders; and what it amounted to, at first, was that you had come back from the war so changed she didn't know you. She thought—to be quite clear—that you were crazy. She said that you muttered at night in your sleep, and frightened her near to death; then, Sophie told us, you were as good as drunk all day.

"Mr. Gage, that child has been brought up on love; she has never been denied anything her mother or I could get her. Sophie's aunts are just the same or worse; I may tell you, sir, that the society of her city—yes, and the darkies on the street—are devoted to her. And when it seemed to me you had mistreated her it looked bad for all of us. I was bent on leaving at once, but Mrs. Tingey persuaded me to wait. I am glad now that I did."

At the threat implied by his words Howard grew restive; he was, he knew, without a trace of sympathy, of regret, for Sophie or her father or invalid mother. He regarded the city of Brunswick with a growing distaste. Why didn't the elder get through his rambling preliminary remarks and become definite, conclusive!

"It was then," the other went on, "that we first heard the name of Major Moreland. While you were away, I must admit, fighting for your country, and our little girl was lonely and unhappy, he was very kind to her, and she began to look on him—shall I say as a brother? No, sir, I shall not. Truth will prevail between us. Mr. Gage, in spite of the fact that you were her husband you were unknown to her. Sophie has a tender heart and its tendrils clung about the sympathy of this Moreland ——"

"Have you seen him?" Howard interrupted. "For a great many reasons he has more bearing on all this than I have. As you said, the tendrils of Sophie's tender heart fastened to him and not on me. I'm relatively unimportant."

"I saw Major Moreland in Washington yesterday," Tingey admitted; "and if he wasn't a nincompoop he'd be a scoundrel. In that, I may add, lay his safety. What in the name of heaven is the matter with Northern men!" he exclaimed in a sudden energy of bewildered resentment. "You marry the loveliest daughter of the South, and instead of cherishing her with your life's blood you neglect her for the bottle; and when in her misery she turns to the major he talks about sympathy and the deep interest of a friend. The interest of a masculine friend for a beautiful, unhappy woman—it's laughable! Of course he lied, and if Sophie's purity hadn't been above rubies ——" Again his countenance hardened dangerously.

"I don't pretend to understand either of you. Take all the offense you please, but it looks to me like casting pearls before—well, wasting them. However, it isn't my purpose to stir up strife; I come in a different spirit."

"What are you after?" Howard demanded shortly.

The other replied: "I want you to take little Sophie back."

"That," Howard Gage declared, "is absolute nonsense! Sophie doesn't want to come back and I don't want her. We couldn't be happy for twenty-four hours; we're both very well out of our difficulties. She says I drink; I do. And she's right about me since my return from France. I don't doubt for a minute that I mutter in my sleep. Probably I'll soon begin to yell."

Rush Tingey, it was obvious, had an increasing difficulty in the control of his feeling. This he even admitted.

"If it weren't for the love I bear my daughter," he declared, "I could deal with the situation easier. I only want to get the best I can for her; and it seems to me that two young people like you ought to forgive and forget; it seems to me there is plenty left to build a lasting happiness on. Mr. Gage, I make such a request to your manhood. You married Sophie and swore to protect and care for her, you took her away from her invalid mother and me. You stepped between her and a hundred gentlemen waiting for the turn of her hand.

"She carries your name—Mrs. Howard Gage; and you cannot lightly cast aside your responsibility. As I told you, sir, at first, these are not Sophie's words, but the prayers of a father humbling his pride. No lady could condescend as I am. A Tingey has never before begged for love and chivalry, and you will never know how I am humiliated."

It was, Howard answered, most unfortunate, a wretched position, but one from which he saw no issue except by a complete severance.

"A divorce," he specified crisply.

He was now thoroughly irritated by the interview; the rhetoric of Sophie's parent had put him in a ridiculous position; yet perhaps not so much the sentimentality as the grain of reality that lay behind it. In a measure he was being understandably arraigned; yet here he was firmly opposed to the forces that had brought him again, on that winter afternoon, to Bagatelle. His detachment was complete, even touched, together with his exasperation, by humor.

"I can't make you out," Tingey repeated. "You're a man, and yet you're not a man. Even an animal would fight for his mate. Why, in old times, in gallant times, the history of the world was changed by faces not as lovely as my Sophie's; armies marched against each other, sir. I am coming rapidly to the conclusion that you are not, after all, a man. Or else I am beginning to see what my daughter indicated, perhaps you are demented."

He paused.

"Perhaps," Howard agreed.

Tingey rose with sudden decision. "My family," he said with a short gesture, "erase you from their minds. So far as we are concerned you have ceased to exist. You are too small for observation. A speck of dust brushed from the sleeve." He illustrated his phrase contemptuously. "I should have sent my attorney to you in the first place; my mistake was natural, if complimentary. The suit will be for desertion." He moved, with his hat and a pair of gray silk gloves, toward the door, but there he paused. "Of the two," he pronounced—"you and the major—damned if I don't prefer him. Neither of you have any entrails, but he's the more comprehensible ninny. At least he has some perception of the finer qualities. I hesitated in quoting from the Bible, but I shall now finish the sentence—before swine, sir, before swine."

He waited a moment more, with his head inclined in the act of listening; then, since Howard Gage said nothing, he walked from sight.

Smiling faintly at the ignominious figure he had presented, Howard wondered at his own patience. That, commonly, was not one of his conspicuous qualities. But how absurd Rush Tingey was! Absurd, and yet preserved from the utterly ridiculous by his feeling, his love for Sophie. Howard had never considered taking up again his marriage with her; and it was plain to him that, however recently Tingey had seen Moreland, Sophie had first explored beyond any doubt the scope of the major's affection for her. That discovery would have deeply hurt her self-esteem, certainly her only vulnerable spot. She had been betrayed by one of the surprising errors that continually made a mockery of the strongest resolutions and characters.

A renewed understanding of the discrepancy between the reality of life and all popular conceptions increased his irritation at the fact that he, like Sophie, had been so easily victimized by appearance. And he was sharply struck at the memory that only to-day he had exposed himself to another long succession of tiresome possibilities. Now he was wholly unable to resummon the emotion that had led to his kissing Charlotte. It seemed to him not only inexplicable but quite deplorable. Nothing more than a momentary impulse, a thing now of no serious implications, nevertheless Charlotte must regard it portentously.

The fault, he told himself, attached to him as little as it did to her; it was the result of the general silliness in the relations of men and women, the substitution of wrong valuations for right. Women, he continued, had been spoiled. It was a shame, because they were not to blame; yet that didn't alter the truth of his reflection. They were brought up on a lot of nonsense; what was admirable in them was discouraged, hidden, while their vanities were urged into full play. The declaration might be made that they had been freed from the tyranny of marriage; but it was too late—the character of women, perhaps plastic long ago, had hardened into an unchangeable conviction that they were perpetually on show before an audience of critical and intent men, from among whom some infatuated male might suddenly reward a specially enticing smile or grateful act with riches and a lifelong devotion.

This and the mechanics of Nature—neither of which had any charm or illusions for him. Fortunately escaped from one bondage, Howard had no intention of submitting himself to another. Indeed, he owed Rush Tingey a positive debt of gratitude; for it had been Tingey's appearance, his extravagant but not entirely empty periods, which had brought him, Howard, a cleared vision. He felt as though he had been providentially freed from a soft, cloying weight; and for the first time he regarded Charlotte with positive dislike. But she, as well, had made no secret of her hatred for him; and so, after all, except for the regrettable incident at noon, his attitude was what might be expected.

He looked into the dining room, at the table set for dinner: there were two places, so evidently the household economy had not been publicly displaced. Howard speculated again about Charlotte's probable attitude: but he was unable to arrive at the slightest approximation of how she would act, what she'd say.

When she appeared, half an hour late, he was in the first place surprised at her dress. The evening was still warm, enervating; but she had gone back to her densest mourning. Her face was white, there was nothing unusual in that, while the shadows under her eyes had spread and darkened. She looked older than ever before, a perceptible amount of her freshness had gone. It was possible that she had been weeping. He started to make an ordinary remark, but disregarding it completely Charlotte walked steadily up to him and put her arms round his neck.

She said in a tired voice: "This is what you want, isn't it?"

He was so surprised that he was incapable of meeting her in either adequate speech or act. Howard stood stupidly while she lifted a face without a quiver of feeling, her eyes blank and lips slightly parted, heavy. He had a fleet impression of the perversity of chance—now he was only irritated by her frank surrender. It was impossible, however, not to kiss her somehow; and at his perfunctory acceptance of that obligation she drew abruptly away, studying him with a still frown.

"Hadn't we better go on in to dinner?" he temporized.

"I suppose so," she agreed; and then, at the table, a profound uncomfortable silence settled over them.

His resentment increased at having been practically forced into a false and absurd position, and he made no effort to alleviate the situation. But then, nothing of importance had occurred; Charlotte was the last person imaginable to exaggerate a mere kiss. This allowed no doubt; yet, naturally glancing at her, she was all at once beyond his understanding. It wasn't her quietness—not in itself uncommon—that puzzled him, but her attitude of mental exhaustion. It was as though she had been overwhelmed, at sixteen, with discouragement. Charlotte had an air of complete loss. She seemed to have wilted in a moment. This added to his annoyance, his conviction of the unaccountable quality of the purely feminine; and he impatiently dismissed her from his thoughts.

She was not, after all, an essential part of his existence or future. Probably she would quickly fade from his life. These reflections, with their subject, insidiously thrust themselves into the general emptiness of his being. That future, Howard assured himself, would be without women—except in an obvious sense. He decided that Charlotte was experiencing nothing more than chagrin, and he adopted a mood of cynicism; but it soon died before his own fundamental dissatisfaction. He was forced to the conclusion that Charlotte's dejection was as actual as his.

Well, her condition wasn't new; he had realized it fully before; he was in no way accountable. Yet he had not been prepared for what had the aspect of a collapse. She ate, he saw, tastelessly, with an effort in the swallowing; and unable to contain himself longer he asked if she were ill. Charlotte gazed at him fixedly, not so much in reply to his demand as in an interest, a curiosity of her own.

"No," she said finally; "or, at least, I don't believe you'd call it that. I was thinking."

"Unusual, at any rate," he replied in a tone of annoyance. She was far beyond, above, the recognition of his deplorable salty.

"No, you are wrong. I think—oh, very often; but it's useless. I never get anywhere. I feel more and more like a person who jumped in the ocean without knowing how to swim. We're supposed to do that naturally, like animals; and I hope so, though I am beginning to doubt it. Perhaps it's a mistake to try and arrange things, and use your mind. I mean if you want to swim at once—but that's not a nice idea. The trouble with me is that I'm both, or rather I follow my feelings, and then, instead of not bothering, I wonder and wonder. The thing is I'm bad, but not bad enough. It's so difficult, you see. I believe that if I were just the first I'd be lots better; if I were as good as possible that would be all right too ——"

She halted, suspended in the unintelligible maze of living.

He disregarded practically all that she had said, again submerged in his own unsolved condition. The unpleasant blurring of his mental faculties followed, in which he could neither think nor see clearly, attended by a recurrence of his formless dread. Howard rose abruptly and proceeded to the porch, veiled in evening. The dim garden had the appearance of dropping away into a chasm at his feet, and he put out a hand against a white pillar for support. The wretched sensation slowly left him in a settled depression at a weakness hardly removed from hysteria.

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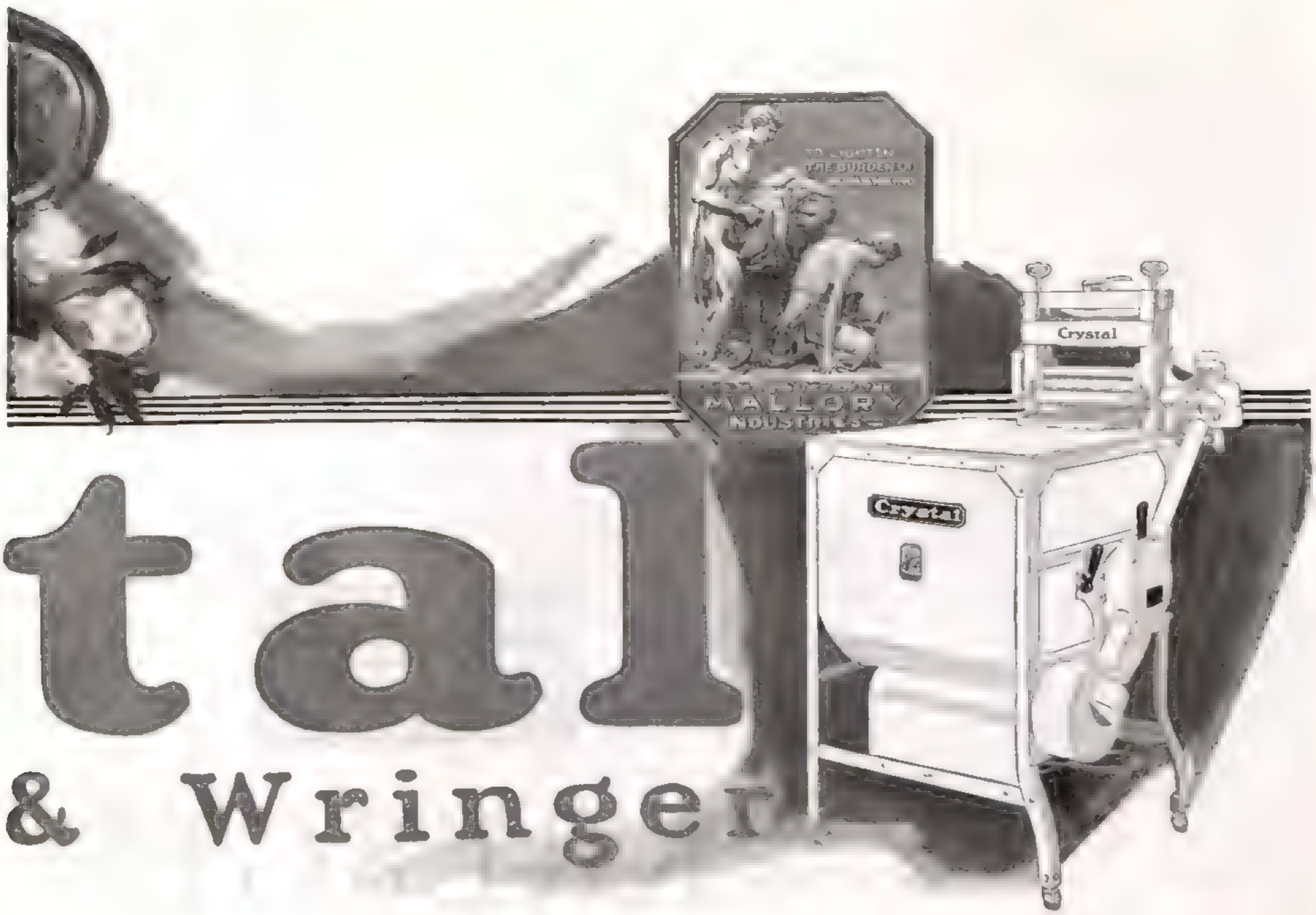

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FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 23)

sacrifice the country's salvation and future to abstract doctrines, imported conceptions and exotic theories, inapplicable to conditions actually existing in a nation which was and which is no more ready for a full-blown constitution, let alone for a republican form of government, than would have been the English people of the sixteenth or even the seventeenth century.

It was this unfortunate mentality of our Intelligentzia—including, as I have often repeated, bureaucrats, professionals and all educated classes, as well as revolutionaries of every shade of socialistic and communistic opinion—that manifested itself in acclaiming the insane passage at a bound from autocracy to democracy, which has not only proved an absolute failure but has brought with it damnation and destruction to a once great and formidable country, as another distinguished English writer puts it, at the same time blaming his own government for having "hastened to recognize and encourage this baneful business."

Twice within a quarter of a century had attempts been made at reforming the autocracy by the introduction of institutions designed to prepare the nation for the gradual assimilation of a constitutional régime on western lines. Twice had these attempts been foiled by the purblind folly of the revolutionary parties and been followed by periods of reaction—the natural swinging of the pendulum in the opposite direction. And yet Russia's last strong man, Stolypin, had succeeded in keeping alive the principle of representative government, in a sense limited, indeed, but best suited to the state of the political and cultural development of the Russian people and to the real needs of the nation. But the educated and property-owning classes had recovered from the alarm caused by the foretaste of anarchy to which the revolution of 1905–06 had treated them, and the quondam frightened supporters of a government in which they had temporarily seen the savior of society had resumed their attitude of carping criticism and ill-concealed hostility. The revolutionary parties had succeeded in removing by cowardly assassination the one man and ardent patriot whom they rightly judged capable of leading the nation on the path of gradual and peaceful development to a brilliant future of solid prosperity and contentment—a policy for obvious reasons to be particularly dreaded by all those whose aim was the destruction of the social and political fabric of the state for the purpose of erecting on its ruins the crazy edifice of their socialistic Utopia.

On the other hand, with the disappearance of the competent, clear-sighted and strong-willed helmsman, the rudder had fallen into the less virile hands of a very estimable functionary, but who apparently did not possess the authority and the strength needed in order to keep the ship of state steadily on a course laid out with foresight and sound statesmanship. Unrestrained obscurantist reaction decidedly gained the upper hand, with the result that profound discontent was becoming more and more general and was beginning to affect even such social circles in the capital and in the provinces as were least inclined to systematic opposition to the government.

Profoundly impressed with the dangerous character of the situation confronting the country on the very eve of the impending catastrophe, of the near approach of which I felt fully convinced, I made up my mind to sound once more a note of warning. At the sitting of the Council of the Empire on January 29—February 11—1914, when a bill for the regulation of the sale of spirituous liquors was under consideration, I mounted the tribune and after some desultory remarks relating to the pending bill I succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the presiding officer, who may have been at heart in sympathy with me, and addressed the house at some length on the general political situation, a subject which under our rules we were not permitted to discuss.

The following is a translation of part of the stenographic report of what I said on that occasion:

"I do not by any means share the self-satisfied indifference nor the light-hearted optimism which seem to prevail in certain circles regarding the state of affairs at home as well as abroad. I do not share this optimism because I firmly believe in the relationship between cause and effect and in the inexorable logic of events. You are aware, gentlemen, that Europe has been living during the last two decades under the régime of two alliances into which two Powers, irreconcilably hostile one to another, have succeeded in grouping the other Great Powers, including one"—this, of course, was an allusion to Great Britain—"which so far has bound herself merely by an Entente Cordiale. This system of two hostile alliances facing each other is proclaimed to be the best guaranty of the preservation of peace. Unfortunately this alluring theory is belied by the fact of the constant and formidable growth in the countries concerned of armaments, the only rational explanation of whose meaning is that they are destined to make ready for the general war, the coming of which everybody expects. Two issues only are possible from the alarming position in which Europe finds herself. They are: The elimination of the fundamental antagonism—by the way, entirely alien to Russia's interests—which has called into being this system of alliances, or else an armed conflict, a participation in which Russia, always faithful to her engagements, will not be able to avoid. The only question now is as to the time when the crisis will be upon us and with it the sanguinary dénouement of the European drama. It is not given to anyone to predict the future, but, gentlemen, such a measure as the levy of an impost for war purposes of a billion of marks laid on the wealthy classes"—an allusion to a measure introduced by the government and adopted by the German Reichstag in the summer or autumn of 1913—"can only mean that the crisis is considered to be not so far off. The only thing we may be certain of is that this crisis will burst upon us at the very moment when we shall least expect it. Anyone whose heart is bleeding for the fate of his country cannot fail to wish with all the forces of his soul that when the fatal hour strikes it shall not find Russia in the moral condition which was the main psychological cause of our defeat in the Far East and which rendered it possible for the tidal wave of anarchy to sweep the country during the late revolutionary movement.

"Now what is it that we see if we discard that official optimism based on the theory that everything is safe and sound so long as nothing happens of a catastrophic character? We see, indeed—and let us thank God for it from the bottom of our hearts—that the Russian people still holds sacred the cult of czardom, because that has been, as history teaches, the sheet anchor that in the end has always proved the salvation of Russia. But, gentlemen, we also see that the latent discord between the government and society is becoming more and more open and acute as the government's policy more plainly tends to nullify the meaning and the significance of the great reform act which, in history, will place the name of our gracious Sovereign on a level with that of the Czar Liberator whose memory will always be blessed by the Russian people.

"This tendency is dangerous. The history of all times and of all nations teaches that attempts at turning back the wheels of history have never been crowned with lasting success, but have always led to disastrous and sometimes catastrophic consequences. The history of all times and of all nations likewise teaches that the real danger of revolution is created not by the wild clamor of Utopian radicalism, but by the failure to satisfy in time the moderate and reasonable demands of the always well-meaning majority of the educated classes, the élite of every nation. We see that this dangerous tendency is partly inspired and vigorously supported by those parties who lay claim to the monopoly of truly monarchical and specifically patriotic sentiments. Whilst rendering due tribute to the sincerity of the loyal feelings of these parties, one cannot help wondering how it can be that they seemingly fail to understand that there is only one policy that can serve the true interests of the Monarch and therefore of the Fatherland, and that is a policy which attracts to him the hearts of all his subjects, and not a policy which spreads feelings of somber discontent and hopelessness all over the country, and in our outlying dominions and border provinces sows the pernicious seed of national discord, of bitterness and exasperation.

"I believe, gentlemen, that there could hardly be found in all Russia a thinking being who, in reflecting on the future of our country, would not instinctively realize that, to use a nautical metaphor, we are drifting; in other words, being carried helplessly ever nearer and nearer a most dangerous coast, upon which the ship of state runs the risk of being shattered unless we bethink ourselves in time of the urgent necessity of giving a vigorous turn to the wheel and of striking out a new and well-defined course. But this course may not be anything like the present course of light-hearted dilettantism, avoiding to look truth in the face, concealing it from the eyes of the Monarch, and in self-sufficient assurance casting to the winds the lessons of history.

"In these days of interdepartmental discord, of mutual distrust and general political bewilderment, the Council of the Empire carries a heavy load of responsibility before the Monarch, before the country and before history. The highest legislative and representative institution of the empire fulfills its duty when it serves as a firm bulwark against the assaults of socialistic revolutionary radicalism. But the Sovereign and Russia have the right to expect that we, members of this assembly, appointed by the Crown as old and experienced servants of the state, no less than our colleagues, the elected representatives of the nation, shall present an equally determined and firm front to the onslaught of obscurantist reaction and militant nationalism working for the exclusive benefit of the internal and external enemies of Russia."

While I was speaking I felt that I had with me the sympathy of the center and the left of the house, but I noticed signs of marked displeasure in the ranks of the right, and especially the extreme right, for whom my discourse was meant and to whom, indeed, I directly addressed it; and, of course, as I had fully expected, it did not in any way whatever affect the government's persistence in the suicidal policy it was pursuing. Within a few weeks following I was the recipient of letters and telegrams of sympathy and adherence from many parts of the country and had the satisfaction of being reviled by the leading nationalist paper, the Novoe Vremia, as a feudal baron shedding crocodile tears over the fate of the country, and by the leading reactionary paper, Prince Meshtchersky's Grashdanin, as having undergone a regrettable process of Americanization.

By a quite unlooked-for coincidence it so happened that on the very day I had been speaking in the Council of the Empire the Prime Minister and Minister of Finance, Kokovtseff—created Count on this occasion—was made to resign and was replaced as Prime Minister by Mr. Goremykin, the same who had held this office at

(Continued on Page 132)

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(Continued from Page 129)

the time of the dissolution of the first Duma. His appointment therefore seemed to indicate a resolve of the Sovereign in favor of a recrudescence rather than a relaxation of the reactionary policy pursued by the government.

I am unable to say whether such was really the Emperor's intention, or whether it was the result of some pressure brought to bear on him by domestic notoriously reactionary influences which his tender and loving nature rendered him unable to resist, or, lastly, whether it was perhaps simply his personal preference for Goremykin, who was an accomplished courtier and possessed a certain charm of manner which may have rendered necessary intercourse with him as head of the government perhaps less of an unwelcome drudgery than had been unavoidable official relations with his predecessor.

My personal acquaintanceship with Goremykin was of the slightest. I had, of course, been meeting him frequently enough in the assembly, of which we were fellow members, and I found him very good company indeed, a cultivated, open mind, not by any means a reactionary, only very conservative in his belief in the saving virtue of the government's traditional policies as best adapted to the real needs of the country. Besides, being by some ten or twelve years my senior, he had already achieved a certain detachment from the cares of this world and an indifference bordering on that slightly cynical mental attitude which the French designate by the very apt but untranslatable slang expression, *je m'enfichisme*—a blissful state which it has not yet been my good fortune to attain. In short, a personality, in spite of its many estimable and attractive parts, about the least qualified to face at the head of its government the greatest crisis in a great empire's destiny.

I was interested to see how his appointment would be received by the Duma and went to the Taurida Palace to attend the sitting when Goremykin was to make his first appearance before the representatives of the nation and to acquaint them with the political program of the cabinet decided upon on his reappointment as its head. From the coign of vantage of a seat in the box reserved for the use of members of the upper house I watched the proceedings with mixed feelings. My expectation that the sitting would be a rather stormy one was realized.

As soon as he had ascended the tribune the storm broke. It was plain that the Socialist-Revolutionaries and Laborites, sitting on the extreme left, though composing but a very small minority of the house, were determined not to let him speak. The disorderly noise they produced was of such a volume that neither the frantic ringing of the bell by the president nor the countercheers of the supporters of the government could drown it. After waiting a few minutes for the storm to abate Goremykin calmly folded up his papers, descended from the rostrum and returned to his seat in the ministerial box. President Rodzianko at last succeeded in restoring order and after admonishing the extreme left on their unruly behavior invited the Prime Minister to reascend the tribune. But Goremykin had barely spoken a few words when the disorder broke loose again with redoubled intensity. He was literally howled down.

After his having again resumed his seat the president proposed to the house to expel for the day's sittings its unruly members who had flagrantly defied the authority of the chair. This was agreed to by a majority vote of the parties habitually supporting the government. The subsequent proceedings occupied considerable time, as the president had to submit to a vote of the house each individual case by naming the member to be expelled. When he invited the first member whose expulsion had been voted to withdraw, the latter refused to obey, declaring he would only yield to force. The president had to send for the military commandant of the palace and to order him to remove the recalcitrant member. This time he submitted after having demanded of the commandant to touch his shoulder by way of symbolizing the employment of force. This proceeding was being gone through for the expulsion of each one of the refractory deputies, of whom there were some ten or twelve, as far as I can remember.

When the last one to be expelled had reached the door, accompanied by the commandant of the palace, he turned round and shouted at the top of his voice, addressing his fellow members of the Duma: "We are struggling for your liberty, but you prefer to be the slaves of these tyrants!" at the same time pointing the finger of scorn at the ministerial box, where the mild-mannered Goremykin with the other very commonplace-looking tyrants sat, calmly stroking his long gray whiskers in seemingly amused contemplation of the grotesque scene.

What struck me most in what I had just heard and seen was the artificial, distinctly un-Russian character of these proceedings. For whatever qualities or defects may be attributed to the Russian national character, a taste for declamatory theatrical effects has never been accounted one of them. I do not recollect at present the names of the revolutionary Duma members who distinguished themselves by their noisy conduct in demonstrating their opposition to the government, but I believe the unfortunate Kerensky to have been one of them—the same Kerensky who, three years later, was to pose in the preposterous character of Russia's dictator, of faithful ally of the Entente and heroic commander in chief of the Russian Armies; who, by his incompetence, weakness and folly, was to open the door to the advent of the Bolshevik regime, and to seek at the critical moment safety for himself in inglorious flight, abandoning his very naïve but entirely honest and estimable bourgeois colleagues to the tender mercies of the sinister bandits of Bolshevism who were besieging them in the Winter Palace, defended only by a battalion of boy cadets and women soldiers; the same Kerensky who is said to be still posing as the savior of Russia and to be cooling his heels in the anterooms of statesmen and politicians in Paris and London, receiving now the contemptuous treatment due to a man who unwittingly—let it go at that—has betrayed and ruined his country.

What became of the other participants in the noisy demonstration against the imaginary tyrants of the ministerial box I do not know, but suppose—if not tortured and murdered by their socialistic comrades of the Bolshevik sect—they are now enjoying to the full the sweetness of life under the rule of real and sanguinary tyrants of their own breed.

The ministerial declaration, when at last Goremykin was enabled to read it in his unimpressive, perfunctory way, turned out to be quite anodyne and unobjectionable. It was listened to with decent attention, but failed, of course, to produce any noteworthy effect as far as the probably hoped-for strengthening of the government's position was concerned. Altogether, the impression I carried away from this sitting of the Duma was not of a kind to encourage much hope for salvation to come to our unfortunate country from that particular quarter, and events have but too tragically confirmed my doubts and apprehensions in that respect.

The winter season of 1913–14 was one of the most brilliant—as it was to be the last—that St. Petersburg had seen. Society was gayly dancing on an unsuspected volcano, quite unconscious of the approaching danger of a catastrophe the awful character and extent of which no one could foresee; nor could anyone even dream of the depth of misery, degradation and unspeakable horror to which a once magnificent capital, with its teeming population and thousands upon thousands of happy homes, was to be reduced in so near a future.

Among the most poignant memories of that fateful season I recall an afternoon dance in the carnival week at the palace of the Grand Duchess Wladimir, to which she had invited the Emperor and Empress with their four daughters, the youngest two mere children. It makes my heart bleed when I see now before my mind's eye the radiantly happy faces of these innocent young ones rapturously enjoying their first ball—which, alas, was to be their last—blissfully unconscious of the unutterably awful fate which was in store for all of them, a family so tenderly united in purest love in life as in death.

Whether, and to what extent, the apparently listless unconcern of the smart society of the capital was shared in by our ruling powers, I am unable to say. Not being in touch with our Foreign Department since my appointment to a life membership in the Council of the Empire I was not in a position to be acquainted with the view taken of the political situation in Europe by those in whose hands rested the direction of our foreign policy.

There occurred, however, in close succession, two journalistic events which might well have claimed the serious attention of our diplomacy. Sometime in February or the beginning of March an alarmist article appeared in the Kolnische Zeitung—the semiofficial organ of the German Foreign Department—in the shape of a letter from the correspondent of that paper at St. Petersburg calling attention to the symptoms of growing hostility toward Germany in Russian influential circles, which he pretended to have been able to observe and which in his opinion meant a serious menace to his country. Such, as far as I can now recollect, was the trend of the author's reasoning.

This article created a considerable sensation at the time and was generally supposed to have been inspired by the German Embassy in the Russian capital, though the latter steadfastly denied having had anything to do with it. Be that as it may, it was plain that the appearance of such an article in a press organ reputed to reflect the views of the German Government meant the inauguration of a campaign having for its object to rouse public opinion in Germany to a realization of the necessity of a preventive war, evidently already decided upon in the preceding year in connection with the levy of an extraordinary war impost of a billion marks, to which I alluded in my speech in the Council of the Empire on January twenty-ninth.

With this end in view it was obviously necessary to raise and exploit the specter of the Russian menace, so as to impress the popular mind with the fear of an impending war on two fronts in defense of the Fatherland, and to rouse thereby the spirit of the masses to the fighting pitch. When, therefore, shortly afterward a bellicose article under the heading We Are Ready, announcing to the world that we were ready not only for a defensive but also for an offensive war, appeared in one of the leading Russian newspapers, and when it became known that this article in the shape of an interview with the Minister of War, General Soukhomlinoff, had been dictated by the minister himself to a representative of the Bourse Gazette—Birjhevye Viedomosti—it simply had the effect of bringing grist to the mill of the German militarists by enabling them to point to it as a proof that the Russian menace was not a creature of their imagination, but a most serious reality.

It is not easy to understand what could have prompted General Soukhomlinoff to publish at such a moment this empty boast—as it proved to have been when put to the test—for it could hardly have been intended as a bluff to intimidate a potential enemy, which would have been silly; and still less as a deliberate provocation, which would have been downright criminal. One could only attribute it to that same irresponsible recklessness which, in conjunction with the wrong-headed incompetence of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, was, at the critical moment, to push the country over the brink of the precipice into the abyss of an unknown future where ruin, destruction and utter abasement were lying in wait for it.

In preceding chapters I have had occasion to refer to the origin and causes, so far as Russia was concerned, of the estrangement between the two neighboring empires which had gradually developed in the course of the last decades. In order, now, to shed some light upon the reason why it was destined to become the final determining cause of the outbreak of the World War it will be necessary to examine also, from what might justifiably be considered to have been the German point of view, the history of the origin and growth of this estrangement. Its origin dates back to a very insignificant—one might say contemptibly petty—cause: The vainglory, jealousy and offended *amour-propre* of two leading statesmen, when in 1875 the Russian Chancellor, Prince Gortchakoff, in a circular telegram to all Russian Ambassadors, dated from Berlin, where he had arrived in attendance on the Emperor Alexander II, announced to the world that peace was now assured, a covert but sufficiently plain suggestion that the abandonment by Germany of the plan of a contemplated new invasion of France, with which she had been justly or gratuitously credited, was due to the intervention of Russian diplomacy. Bismarck could never

(Continued on Page 134)

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(Continued from Page 132)

forgive his Russian colleague's attempt at playing the first fiddle in the European concert, and at pluming himself with the, in the German Chancellor's opinion, quite undeserved laurels of the peacemaker.

Then followed the Russo-Turkish War, into which the Russian Government suffered itself to be drawn by the Slavophile movement, supposedly against its better judgment. This circumstance seems to have caused too exaggerated an importance to be attached to Slavophilism as a driving force in Russian politics—though such influence as it actually did exert itself has certainly been, as events have proved, very much to the detriment of Russia's real interests—and to have helped to set up the specter of Pan-Slavism under Russian headship as a standing menace to the Central Empires. In another place I have endeavored to show why Pan-Slavism under the headship of Russia could never be more than a poetic dream kept alive in certain circles of the Intelligentzia—that is to say, in an infinitesimally small minority, lost in the immense mass of the nation, into whose consciousness such a political conception could never have penetrated, being quite beyond its mental horizon.

Of infinitely wider scope and immeasurably greater importance was Pan-Slavism's counterpart, Pan-Germanism, not only as a political doctrine professed by a more or less limited circle of militant intellectuals and professional militarists, but as a deep-seated race consciousness permeating the whole nation. Strangely enough, this extravagantly exaggerated race feeling was vouchsafed a semblance of justification in the writings of two foreigners, of whom one was French and the other English, who both proclaimed the superiority of the Germanic race over all others: the Comte de Gobineau, in his Essai sur l'inégalité des races humaines (1853-55), which was translated into English under the title Moral and Intellectual Diversity of Races; and Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain, in his remarkable book The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century.

The latter work was originally written in German by the author, who, though an Englishman of good family, had settled permanently in Vienna. Its appearance in 1901, during my short-lived term of office as Minister to Bavaria, produced in Germany a great sensation, and was naturally hailed with enthusiasm as an admission of German superiority from the pen of a distinguished Englishman who had devoted many years to the study of German culture and civilization. It may have contributed to the development of that particular disease of the swelled head with which the German people have been afflicted ever since the victories achieved in the Franco-Prussian War, which has brought down upon it the dislike and ill will of all nations, and which has tempted its leaders to risk the adventure of a general European war destined to end in Germany's downfall and ruin.

Mr. Arthur Bullard, in his extremely interesting volume The Diplomacy of the Great War, in a chapter headed Das Deutschtum, sheds some light on the peculiar mental attitude of the German people which manifests itself in the cult of this Deutschtum, a cult that has, from its very origin at the time of the nation's deepest abasement in the beginning of the nineteenth century, during the Napoleonic Wars, been carefully nursed by the ruling powers, first as a means of rousing the people to a sense of national dignity, then as an indispensable element of force needed to secure the unification of the nation under the empire and to consolidate the empire's international position, until it had become a kind of Messianic obsession which was bound to become obnoxious to all other nations.

It seems to me that Mr. Bullard's estimate of the German people's attitude as it was influenced by the cult of the Deutschtum is not mistaken, when he says on Page 34 of his book:

"There have always been Cassandra-like prophets in Germany who preached the virtue, the necessity, the inevitability of war. Few countries have escaped such plagues. But the great mass of the German people and for more than a generation—the responsible rulers of the empire have given a deaf ear to such promptings. There is no reason to believe that their faith in their divine mission weakened, or that they had allowed their swords to rust. But they hoped to win without fighting. War was the supreme weapon, the last resort. They were resolved not to unchain it lightly—not till other means had been exhausted."

It can hardly be doubted that, even up to the last moment, such has indeed been the attitude of the civil element in Germany's government, and of the Sovereign himself. But it was by no means that of the military element, as exemplified by the literary exponent of its views, the notorious General Bernhardi, the propounder of the insane doctrine of "world power or downfall." It was plain that as far as Germany was concerned the world's peace depended on the solution of the question of which of these two elements would ultimately gain the upper hand in the councils of the German Government. The odds were obviously in favor of the military element, as evidenced by the powerful influence acquired by its most gifted representative, Admiral von Tirpitz, of whom Viscount Haldane, in his very illuminating book Before the War, says that he possessed a "General Staff mind" of a high order.

There was one subject, however, in regard to which both the civil element and the "General Staff mind" were equally in the dark, owing to that inability to understand other peoples' mentalities which is so characteristic of their nation and which has its source in a certain perhaps unconscious and naive but overweening conceit. That subject was the far-reaching importance of the general feeling of distrust and hostility which the German Government's policy and the vague aspirations of an insufferably pretentious Deutschtum had created everywhere toward Germany and her people, a feeling which, after the dogs of war had been recklessly unchained, was to turn from national antipathy to bitter hatred, a hundredfold intensified by the ruthlessness of her mode of warfare, was to array against her almost all mankind and in the end to render impossible any such settlement of the war as the true interests of the whole civilized world would have demanded.

Both sides, it seems to me, had been agreed on one point—namely, on the necessity of finding an issue from the undeniably perilous situation in which Germany found herself between two great military Powers whose combined armies were greater than hers. But from this point their ways had parted. The civil element had been trying to relieve the situation by attempts at reaching friendly understandings with Russia as well as with Great Britain, on the basis of an engagement by each of the contracting parties not to enter or take part in any combination directed against the other. Both these attempts had failed. The failure of the attempt made in regard to Russia may have left behind a particularly smarting sting, inasmuch as Bethmann-Hollweg, the Imperial Chancellor, having announced in the Reichstag that such an understanding had been reached with the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs during his visit to Berlin, Mr. Sazonoff had subsequently had it denied in the Russian press.

The military party, on the contrary, had obviously always maintained that the only effective remedy would be the employment of force. It was my firm belief that in the summer of 1913 an agreement in this sense between the two elements contending for supremacy had been reached in connection with the levy of an extraordinary war impost of a billion marks and that the outbreak of war was impending in the near future, as I had warned the Council of the Empire in my above-quoted speech.

A resort to arms having been decided upon, the question necessarily rose how to bring about a cause for rupture of sufficient gravity so as to rouse the nation to a unanimous determination to fight, without which, under to-day's conditions of warfare, wars being waged no longer between comparatively small professional armies but between whole nations in arms, a successful war could never be fought. Conditions at the moment were not favorable for artificially creating such a cause. One of the psychological conditions out of which an armed conflict between nations might rise was, indeed, present in the undeniable existence of what Viscount Haldane describes as "a set of colossal suspicions of each other by all the nations concerned." But these suspicions, industriously fostered in all countries by that part of the press which thrives on sensation and on the cultivation of passions and of strife, were confined to the ruling classes and did not affect the popular masses, whose passions can be roused only by the stronger emotions of hatred or of fear.

To anyone even superficially acquainted with the political situation in Europe it was, of course, plain that in every one of the leading nations—I say advisedly "in every one" without fear of contradiction—there existed a small group of ambitious statesmen and General Staff officers of all grades whose main preoccupation was the coming war, in the advent of which they were deeply interested politically and professionally, and whose outbreak therefore would be extremely welcome to them all. But then it was no less evident that not one of these small groups, however influential—not even that which had just succeeded in getting the upper hand in Germany—could afford, without having behind it the unanimous support of the nation, to risk the odium of having taken the initiative in bringing about a war which, owing to the existing system of the two chains of alliances, was bound to become a general European war.

The support of the German nation's unanimous will to fight could, however, be secured only by rousing its fear of being attacked and of being compelled to defend itself on two fronts, an apprehension which in a latent state had naturally been present in the minds of the people since they had realized that the conclusion of the Franco-Russian alliance had placed them, so to speak, between two fires. It became, therefore, necessary to play on this latent fear of the German people by creating the illusion of an immediately impending attack on them by France or by Russia, an effect that could be produced only by the grossest deception practiced on the credulity of the nation and by its implicit belief in the wisdom of its rulers.

No one could doubt that the French people, however much they might welcome a chance to obtain a *revanche* for their defeat in the Franco-Prussian War and to reconquer their lost provinces, were far too peacefully inclined ever to suffer their rulers to take the initiative in bringing about a general war. The apprehension of an attack from that quarter could obviously not be palmed off on even a credulous nation as a seriously and immediately impending danger. Nothing therefore remained but to harp on the Russian danger in every possible way, which evidently accounts for the press campaign against Russia started by the Kolnische Zeitung, as mentioned above; and that is also why General Soukhomlinoff's idle boast, in his published interview, about our readiness not only for a defensive but also for an offensive war, must have been extremely welcome to the German militarists. Nevertheless it was sufficiently unlikely that Russia would really take the initiative in bringing about a settlement by force of arms of the perennial feud between Teuton and Gaul, which after all was no concern of hers, an initiative which the French themselves were obviously disinclined to assume.

Another ground had to be found upon which to bring into play the Russian danger, and that ground could only be the latent antagonism between Russia and Austria-Hungary, which was apt at any moment to reach an extremely acute stage on the basis of some complications in Balkan politics. That is where the danger inherent in our Slavophile policies, to which I had so often called attention, actually did come into play, with results fatal to Russia and disastrous to all Europe, inasmuch as it was on this ground that the Austro-Russian conflict came to a head and furnished a pretext for the mobilizations, which, unless arrested in time, were bound to lead to the outbreak of the general European war. Why they were not so arrested is a subject to which I shall have to revert later.

For the moment there seemed to be a lull on the surface of Balkan affairs and my alarmist forewarnings of an impending crisis appeared to have been, if not baseless, at least premature.

Summer was approaching, and with it came the close of the session of the Council of the Empire. As had been my habit in the preceding years, I solicited and was graciously granted an audience with the Emperor. His Majesty received me at the imperial villa at Peterhof on the shore of the Gulf of Finland in his study overlooking the sea. I had been commanded to present myself at an unusual hour, late in the afternoon, from which I concluded that a more than usual lengthy interview was contemplated. In this expectation I was not disappointed, but my hope of a chance to approach the subject of the political questions of the day was not realized.

The Emperor was manifestly in the cheerful mood of a man who had made up his mind to find diversion from work or cares in a quiet chat on subjects remote from the preoccupations of the hour with a person whom he knew not to be a seeker of office or influence. His Majesty engaged me at once in a conversation on events of days long gone by—on the Japanese War; the peace negotiations at Portsmouth; on the part President Roosevelt, of whom he spoke in the highest terms, had taken in these negotiations with such skill and perfect tact; on the debt of gratitude he owed him for the timely offer of his good offices for bringing about peace. He showed himself greatly interested in all I was able to tell him, not only about the course of the negotiations with which Witte and I had been intrusted but also about all our doings during our sojourn at the Hotel Wentworth and in New York, and so on.

After about an hour's conversation on these subjects, which seemed to have afforded him a welcome diversion from graver thoughts, the Emperor rose to dismiss me, and it occurred to me to ask him whether he remembered a memorandum I had requested Mr. Kokovtseff, the then Prime Minister, to submit to him. He answered that he remembered perfectly well that Kokovtseff had handed him this memorandum, but from the expression of his eyes I knew at once that he had not read it, that my mentioning it had embarrassed him and that he wished the subject to be dropped. Thereupon I ventured to say that a bulky typewritten document was very inconvenient for perusal and asked whether I might be permitted to present to him a printed copy of it which I had had printed as a secret document.

To this he assented eagerly and most graciously, and told me to send it to him at once through the Minister of the Household or the Grand Marshal of the Court, from which I concluded that the copy I had previously sent him through another high official had never reached him.

Before leaving the Emperor's presence I had time to express to him my profound gratitude for the generous way in which he had set me right in the eyes of the public when, returned to Russia after the outbreak of the war with Japan, I was generally held to have been guilty of having failed to warn the government in time of the impending danger of war. The Emperor shook me warmly by the hand, and by a spontaneous impulse I kissed his and he embraced me tenderly and kissed me on the cheek in the hearty Russian way. It was the last time I ever met the unfortunate Sovereign. When the door had closed behind me the aid-de-camp on duty in the anteroom, one of the younger grand dukes, may have noticed that I had tears in my eyes.

I had been preparing to leave for Paris to join my family, when the necessity to attend to some private business caused me to delay my departure for a month, so that the fatal news of the assassination at Sarajevo of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his morganatic consort found me still at St. Petersburg. There could no longer be any doubt that the crisis was upon us. I shall not attempt to give here a synopsis of the negotiations which led up to the final outbreak of the war and of which, of course, I have no more knowledge than what everybody has been able to gather from the numerous official publications issued by the governments concerned, and shall confine myself to simply relating my personal experiences during the few remaining days before the catastrophe. It so happened that on the Sunday preceding the fatal first of August—that is to say, on the twenty-sixth of July, I was dining at the villa of a friend situated on the highroad to Peterhof and Krasanoe Selo, where the troops of the guard and of the garrison of the capital always were spending the summer months in a camp. We were still at dinner when the servants announced that a regiment of the guards was marching past. We all rushed out to the garden gate and stood there looking at the giant forms of the guardsmen tramping silently on the dusty road in the summer twilight. I shall never forget the sinister impression of impending doom this sight produced on me. We learned that the night before the order had been issued to break camp immediately and for the troops to return to the capital. The meaning of this order could hardly have been misunderstood.

Two days later I was dining at the villa of one of the most popular hostesses on one

(Concluded on Page 137)

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(Concluded from Page 134)

of the beautiful islands in the estuary of the Neva. Among the guests were the Minister of War and two or three members of the diplomatic corps, representatives of allied or friendly Powers. We had barely sat down to our dinner when General Soukhomlinoff was called to the telephone, and when he resumed his seat his neighbor, the charming wife of a prominent general, asked him what the news was. He said that Austria had declared war on Serbia and that the bombardment of Belgrade had begun, adding in French the words I distinctly overheard, sitting opposite his neighbor at table: "*Cette fois nous marcherons*"—This time we shall march.

There could evidently be no longer any doubt whatever about our intentions, or, at any rate, the intentions of our military party.

The next morning, the twenty-ninth of July, in great anxiety lest some irrevocable decision might be taken in the course of the day, I went to see one of the ministers, the only really able member of the cabinet, to learn the latest news and his own views on the situation. I found him in full agreement with me that the only hope left of our escaping a general war, and that a very slender one, was to limit ourselves to a partial mobilization directed only against Austria-Hungary. He intended to make a determined stand for this point of view in the council of ministers which was to be held in the afternoon.

I returned to him late in the evening and was happy to learn from his lips that after many vacillations, the military element having been very insistent on a general mobilization, it had been finally decided to order the mobilization of only four military circumscriptions, those of Moscow, Kieff, Odessa and Kazan—that is to say, a partial mobilization, which might be interpreted as directed solely against Austria-Hungary. An imperial ukase to that effect, as required by law, appeared in the morning papers the following day, the thirtieth of July.

Having learned that the General Staff was still trying to obtain an order for a general mobilization, I went at an early hour to interview again my ministerial friend of the day before. He told me that the Prime Minister, Mr. Goremykin, had just gone to Peterhof, determined to insist upon no general mobilization being ordered and that he would call me up at three o'clock by telephone as soon as he had learned from the Prime Minister the result of his *démarche*. Punctually at three o'clock the telephone bell rang, and to my immense relief I heard the minister's voice saying that Goremykin had returned from Peterhof with the Emperor's assurance that no general mobilization would take place.

After dinner, however, new doubts began to assail me, and I rushed off again to the minister's summer residence on one of the Neva islands. I found him at home and in a hopeful mood, reassuring me in regard to my apprehensions.

While we were talking over some cups of tea the telephone bell rang. The minister took up the receiver, and I heard him say from time to time "Yes"; and again "Yes" in a gradually lowering voice, until he hung up the receiver with a sigh. He made the sign of the cross and sadly said: "It is all over! The general mobilization has just been ordered, as the Minister of the Interior just told me!"

An hour later, at about eleven o'clock, I returned to the club where I had my bachelor quarters and found a number of the members assembled on the terrace waiting for my return with the latest news. When I announced it one of the members present, a general, asked me whether I was aware of the fact that there was a private wire between the Emperor's study at Peterhof and the official residence of the Minister of War.

I said that I supposed that to be the case, but I wanted to know what he meant by his remark.

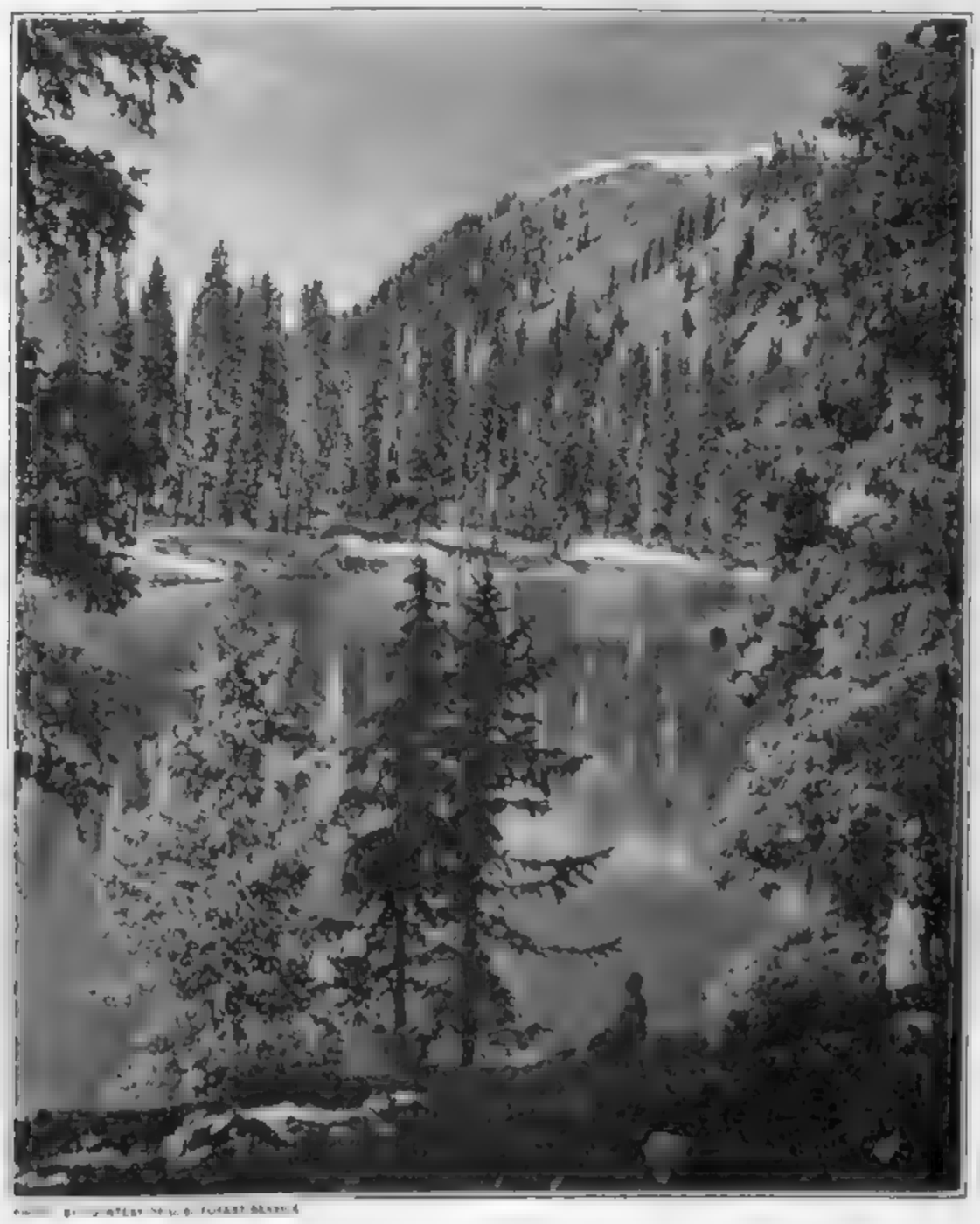
"Well," said he, "I wanted to tell you that half an hour ago the order for a general mobilization was revoked by a telephone message from His Majesty."

I went to bed that night with just a glimmer of hope, only to wake up the next morning, the fatal thirty-first of July, to learn that the order for a general mobilization had just been issued!

The explanation of these singular proceedings I must reserve for the next chapter.

That same night the German ultimatum was received. It was naturally left without a reply, and the next day, August first, at seven P.M., we learned that war had been declared by Germany.

The die was cast!



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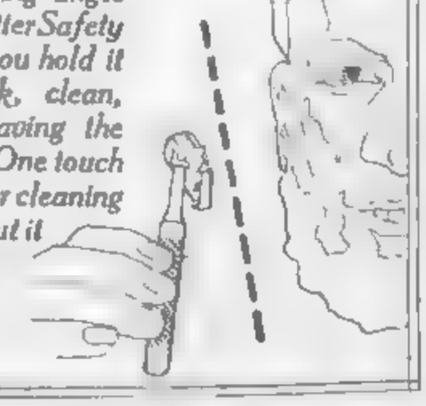

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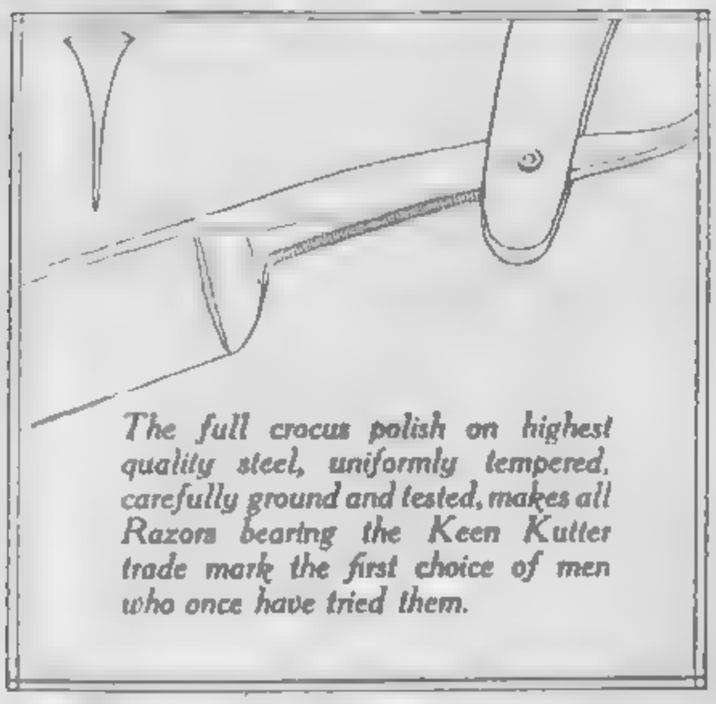

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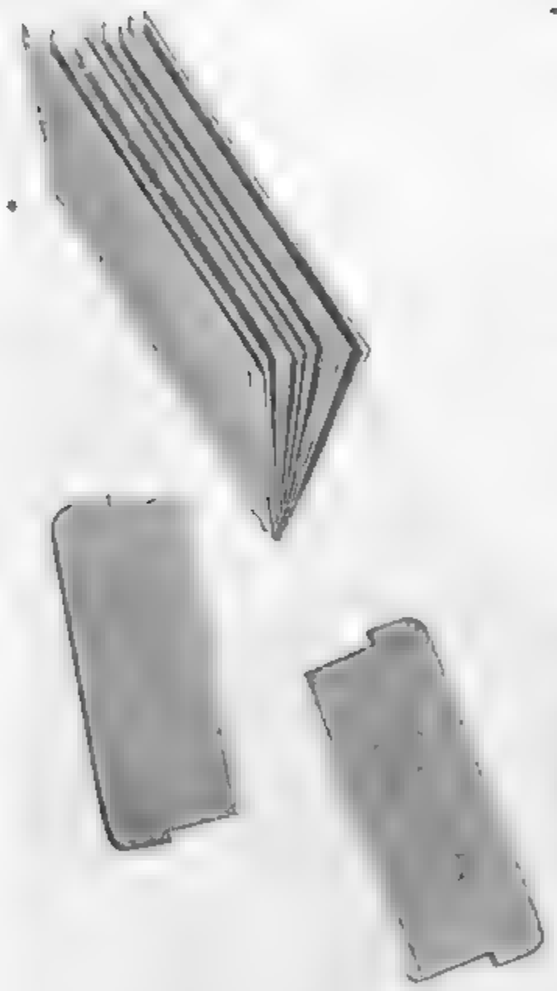


How Keen Kutter Quality is Reflected in Razors

Whether on camping trail or at home, Keen Kutter razors are absolutely guaranteed to measure up to your most exacting demands for rapid, comfortable shaving and lasting service.

Their exceptional edge-holding quality, simplicity and deft balance are the result of the superior craftsmanship represented in Keen Kutter goods for more than fifty years.

In no other way than through years of development of the finest designs and materials can such tools and cutlery as Keen Kutter be produced.

And because Keen Kutter goods have been developed in that way, if any Keen Kutter tool or piece of cutlery fails to give absolute satisfaction at any time, you may have it replaced or get your money back without question.

Over and above the superiority of Keen Kutter materials and workmanship are other noteworthy features. Simple construction and fixed shaving angle of the Keen Kutter Safety Razor assure correct blade position. Another feature is the high finish and uniform temper of the Keen Kutter blade razor that makes for lasting quality.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY

"The recollection of QUALITY remains long after the PRICE is forgotten"
Trade Mark Registered —*E. C. Simmons*

KUTTER

The Significance of a Sign backed by Nature's Unchanging Law

IN ENGLAND one day, the story goes, a falling apple led young Isaac Newton to the discovery of the Law of Gravity.

Two hundred and thirty-three years later other scientists developed the Toledo Pendulum Principle, and by building the "first successful pendulum computing scale" applied Newton's law to automatic weighing.

Newton's discovery spread knowledge of a great truth—the Toledo invention spread the practical, direct application of that truth to the weighing of the world's commodities.

Instead of measuring gravity with springs, which vary with changes of temperature and alter with use, the Toledo Pendulum Principle relies solely upon Nature's unchanging law—Toledo Scales - No Springs - Honest Weight, *measure gravity with gravity itself.*

The great truth which Newton discovered has been common knowledge for many generations. Now almost everyone knows equally well that weight—the pull of gravity—cannot be measured accurately by the ever changing pull of springs, but only by the ever constant, unchanging pull of gravity itself.

Because Toledo has come to stand in the public mind for constant accuracy in weighing, thousands of grocers and butchers display the sign illustrated above, "We Protect Our Customers by Using Toledo Scales - No Springs - Honest Weight."

There are more than one hundred styles and sizes of Toledo Scales, to weigh everything from an ounce of spice to thirty tons of steel—scales for stores, offices, shipping rooms, warehouses, mills and factories.

Toledo Scale Company, Toledo, O.

Largest Automatic Scale Manufacturers in the World

CANADIAN FACTORY, Windsor, Ontario

Branch Offices and Service Stations in 69 Cities in the United States and Canada. Others in 34 foreign countries

TOLEDO SCALES

NO SPRINGS - HONEST WEIGHT

THE DILETTANTE

(Continued from Page 13)

"Will you want to get out?"

Lamthorne studied the man.

"I'll advise you as to that if necessity rises."

"Lamthorne"—Beggs leaned forward—"I'm direct by nature. What did you come aboard for? To make a bid for your job? If so, come out with it. Give me a reason why you think you could impress me."

"No plea. I don't wish to impress you. I can imagine few things so silly."

"You didn't come aboard for a social call. I'm no fool. What is your idea?"

"Why, I don't know that I had anything special—except to talk to you about the Mistral. I've been watching her ever since she was launched some years ago."

"You've been watching a real boat."

"I've been wondering."

"Eh? What?"

"I've been wondering whether the matter was with the boat—or the way she was sailed."

"It's the way she was sailed," growled Beggs. "I fired the captain this afternoon."

"I know you did. I met Captain Blythe at the yacht-club station."

"You did, eh? And he had a long tale, I'll warrant."

"He said he wasn't the first skipper to be blamed for the shortcomings of a junk."

"A junk! Why ——"

Solon Beggs' language became sulphurous. He roared like a wounded lion.

"What else did that herring-gutted plumber say?"

"Nothing—except that even I'd admit the Mistral was a hooker if I ever handled her wheel."

"Even you!" Beggs leaned forward, glaring. "Did he think an ice-cream, Long-Island-Sound toy sailor could raise any opinion about this craft that anyone would want to hear?"

Lamthorne rose.

"I don't wish to argue about the value of my opinion. Your late skipper says you stood at his elbow howling for a reef every time a hatful of wind filled the sails. You can't win races that way, not even on Long Island S——"

"It's a lie! Why, damn it, I'll stand more sail cracking than you and Blythe and the whole New York Yacht Club rolled into one! Everyone knows that."

"Then Captain Blythe hardly bears out your reputation."

Beggs was staring at the young man.

"Have you got any idea you could do anything with the Mistral?"

"I don't know really. It depends upon the boat."

"Don't you worry about the boat!"

"And upon you. I never tolerate interference when I am racing."

"Oh, you don't! Suppose I let you sail the Mistral on the race to Portland?"

"I'm not supposing any such thing. When I sail a strange yacht I do it as a marked favor. Do I understand that you ask me please to sail the Mistral?"

Beggs choked in his rancor.

"Damned impudence!"

"Very well, sir."

Lamthorne turned toward the door. He had, in fact, passed into the corridor when Beggs called him.

"Lamthorne," he said, "I'd like you to sail the Mistral to-morrow, if you will. It would be worth money to see you trying to handle a real boat—that is, under real-boat conditions." Beggs shook his head gloomily. "No doubt the winds will be light and you'll get away with your bluff, but I'll take a chance."

"The barometer has been showing a downward tendency all evening, sir."

"All right. What do you say?"

"No interference?"

"Don't make me laugh, young man. Do you want the job?"

Beggs regarded Lamthorne eagerly. Despite his scoffings, in his heart he suspected that Lamthorne's reputation as a racing skipper was not ill founded. He could accept this as a possible fact, much as he detested the man's waxed mustache, his broadened "a's," his clipped accents, his general asininity. The more he considered it the more the idea of making the Portland run increased its appeal. "What do you say, Lamthorne?"

Lamthorne smiled easily.

"Before I take the job I may as well tell you I expect to attend a stockholders' meeting of my company in New York on Monday."

"Funny"—Beggs grinned like a gargoyle—"I have some idea of being there myself."

"I understood so. This is Wednesday night. Under fair sailing conditions we ought to get to Portland late Friday or Saturday. Do you think of sailing back?"

"Do I look like a fool? No, I'm going to take ——" He stopped abruptly.

"I understand—you're going to take the train. Well, I can do that too. I had intended putting back for New York to-night in the Harpie."

Beggs chuckled.

"A little fun before the funeral, eh?"

"We'll wait until we see who the—the lamented corpse is."

"All right, my boy, we'll wait. In the meantime, how about sailing the Mistral?"

"Oh, I'll sail her!"

"Thank you!" Beggs' voice was pleasantly sarcastic.

"Quite so. If you'll excuse me I'll go over to the Harpie for some clothes."

"You won't need much clothes. This is a sailing craft, not a vanity shop."

"I understand."

Lamthorne nodded and left the saloon. After he had gone Beggs sat for some time scowling, chewing his cigar. He regarded himself as no fool, nor was he one. And so now he was looking for Lamthorne's motives in practically offering to sail his craft. Arriving at a conclusion, he summoned Hickson and Thurston and put the case to them without comment. The theory of both coincided with his.

"He wants to show you what a sailor he is," said Thurston somberly—he had received the news of the continuation of the cruise with ill grace—"and hopes to win a cup or something. Then you'll be so pleased you'll call off the fight against Lamthorne or keep him as president or something."

"I think you're right. Well, I can be very grateful."

Beggs grinned sardonically and winked at the two men, who, taking advantage of his mood, suggested that they be permitted to leave the yacht and return home. Whereupon their master frowned.

"Nothing doing," he said. "You stay aboard and see the fun."

In the meantime Lamthorne, on his way to the gangway, had encountered Jevons. He had not expected to meet his subordinate on the Mistral. Yet, characteristically, he betrayed no surprise. Jevons began to explain.

"I had a wire from Mr. Beggs yesterday morning. I couldn't reach you, but thought I had better ——"

"Have you sold your stock to him?" interrupted Lamthorne.

"N-no. I still have it."

"Do you still own it?"

"Why—yes, Gregg. I most certainly do. I—I want your advice. Suppose he wants it? We're beaten, I suppose. Shall I sell it?"

"Sell it, Jevons? Certainly not!"

"But, my heaven, Gregg, I have to think of myself! You know my circumstances."

"You feel you had better please Beggs than me?"

"Gregg, don't put it that way! It isn't fair. I've stuck throughout the fight."

"So you have, Jevons. Well, continue to stick. Don't be a fool. Better drown with me than be put to death by slow torture by Beggs."

"He spoke of keeping me on."

"Don't tell me you believed him!"

"I am where I have to believe him."

"In a way I suppose you are. Anyway, you do as I tell you and hold your stock."

"Very well, Gregg. Are you leaving?"

"No, I'm coming back. Beggs wants me to sail the Mistral to Portland. I'm rather glad of the chance."

"Eh? You—sail the Mistral?" Jevons seized the man's arm impulsively. "Great heavens, Gregg! What in the name ——" He broke off short. "Gregg, I catch your scheme. You'll sail the boat up to the hilt—perhaps win a cup. Beggs, who loves this schooner more than he loves anything, will be so pleased and will admire you so that he'll call off the fight in the Lamthorne works. Wonderful! How did you put it through?"

Lamthorne placed his hand upon the man's shoulder and smiled.

"My poor, dear Jevons, what an incisive mind you have!"

Bright and early next morning Solon Beggs appeared on deck. Lamthorne stood on the after deck smoking his pipe, watching the sailors set the mainsail. The larger craft were putting across the harbor toward East Chop Light, where the regatta-committee yacht lay waiting to send the various classes of sailing craft on the long road to Cape Elizabeth and Portland. A few steam yachts had already picked up their anchors and were loafing to the eastward. The smaller windjammers, which were not going to attempt the trip—often boisterous—lay snugly at anchor. The morning sunlight enlivened the waters and beautified the distant heights of Woods Hole.

"Looks like the barometer lied, Lamthorne."

Beggs took his cigar from his mouth and glanced upward to a blue sky, across which thin, scalloped clouds were speeding.

"Still going down a bit, Mr. Beggs. We'll have wind."

"Good enough!"

(Continued on Page 144)

The Wind Was Freshening a Bit and All Craft Were Beginning to Get Down to Their Sailing Lines

Note the broad road pattern of the Super Tread Tire

GATES SUPER CORD and FABRIC

Everyone hates to dig down for new tires; with these tires you don't do it so often

YOU know how you feel when one of your tires is beginning to give out—when you know it won't be long before you'll have to spend money for a new one.

In selecting your new tire, your one big thought is "more mileage." After all, that's why you change from one make of tire to another, isn't it?

Now, when you buy a Gates Super Tread Tire you base your mileage expectations upon three very definite scientific reasons:

First—The Super Tread is built so as to make a broad instead of a narrow road contact. Consequently, the tread wears down slowly, evenly over its entire width rather than just along its center line. With the wear thus distributed, the tread naturally lasts much longer. You'll notice on a Gates Super Tread that as the mileage piles up, the tread shows very little wear compared with that of an ordinary tire.

Second—This scientific tread contact of the Super Tread gives your tire greater resistance to road shock. The blow is better absorbed. It is distributed over a wider area and is not carried as violently to the tire body. Naturally, this gives your whole tire longer life.

Third—This same construction and scientific road contact relieves the strain upon the side-walls of the tire. There is less bending and flexing to weaken the tire body and cause blowout. The whole tire *wears* out slowly, uniformly, instead of developing weak spots and *giving* out as so many tires do.

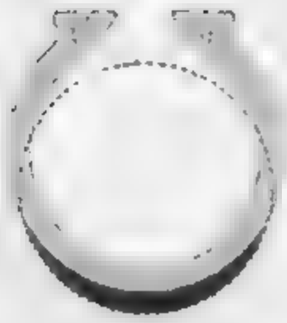
You would naturally expect a tire with all these advantages to last much longer. And it does. Every day we hear of more and more unusual mileages from users of Gates Super Tread Tires.

The Gates agency offers an unusual opportunity for the right kind of dealers

GATES RUBBER COMPANY, DENVER, COLORADO

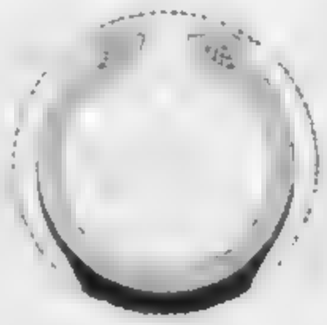
Makers of

Gates Tested Tubes Gates Half Sole Tires
Gates Vulco Cord Tires



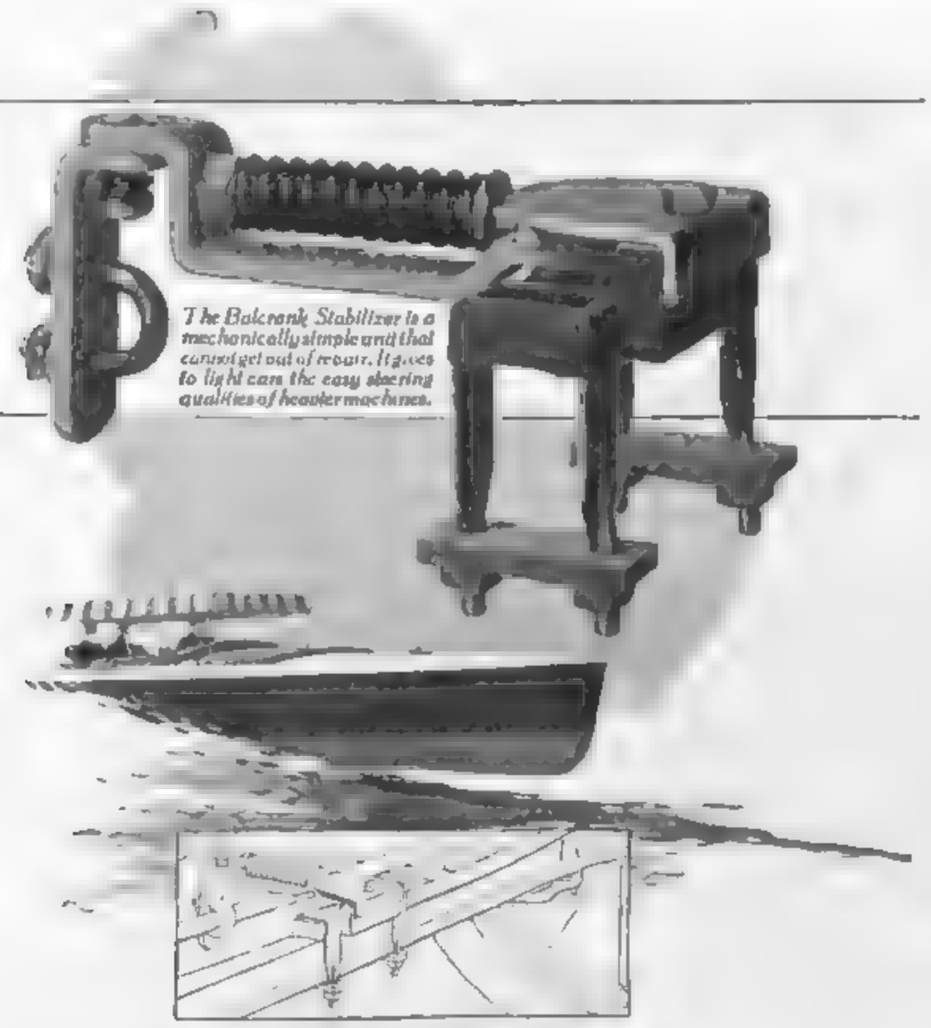
Ordinary Tread

These diagrams illustrate the difference in tread construction that gives the Super Tread longer life. Note in diagram at the left the outside curvature of an ordinary tire is actually less than the size of the tire—the dotted circle shows this. But in the Gates tire the much wider tread gives an outside curvature even larger than the tire itself. This difference is what gives the Gates Super Tread so much longer life.



Super Tread

TREAD TIRES


The Balcrank Stabilizer is a mechanically simple unit that cannot get out of repair. It goes to light cars the easy steering qualities of heavier machines.

Attaches to front axle and tie rod, strengthening entire steering mechanism. Can be fitted to car, with wrench, in ten minutes.

Motorboat Smoothness for the Steering of Your Ford

Like the pilot of a motorboat, the driver of a "stabilized" light car enjoys complete ease in steering—freedom from jarring vibration from the wheel and from its aftermath, the arm strain of driving.

Take a few minutes for a run to your nearest accessory dealer. Let him equip your machine with a Balcrank Stabilizer—learn at first hand the advantages and pleasures of "stabilized" steering.

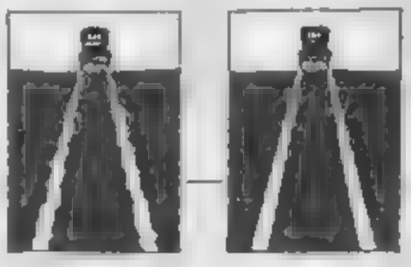
You have experienced the arm strain of driving over rough roads—jarring vibrations start in the front wheels, and travel thence up the steering post to the hands, wrists, arms, and shoulders. It is this joggling that compels one to grip the wheel tensely; that brings on fatigue.

The Balcrank Stabilizer intercepts vibrations before they reach the driver.

Backlash is eliminated in the steering wheel of the car equipped with a Balcrank Stabilizer. The motorist can drive along with hands resting lightly on the wheel. Steering becomes as easy and safe for the woman as for the man. The car keeps its course on a high crowned road as truly as on a level one—it isn't forever veering off the path. The light car can pass the heavier on a country pike without danger of slipping into the ditch. When a corner is turned, the "stabilized" light car straightens out of its own accord, as the larger machines do.

And of course the front wheels are steadied—their tendency to travel with a wobbly motion that leaves a zigzaggy trail is overcome—there is less friction on tires and bushings; less wearing play in the steering mechanism.

Have your accessory dealer fit your car with a Balcrank Stabilizer—its cost is only $6.75, and you get that back in a few weeks in new driving pleasure, in added safety, and in wear saved. If your dealer can't supply you, write direct.



On rough roads front wheels run with a zig-zaggy motion. Vibrations are set up that induce arm strain in driving.

The front wheels of "stabilized" cars are steadied—they run true. Vibrations are eliminated—steering is easy. Added pleasure and safety are provided.

The Cincinnati Ball Crank Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

Manufacturers also of Drag Links, Starting Cranks, and Ball Joints

BALCRANK STABILIZER

FOR FORDS AND OTHER LIGHT CARS

(Continued from Page 141)

Beggs walked forward to talk to the mate. He was always in his best mood when canvas was going up.

"What do you think of my crew, Lamthorne?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Beggs, but if you will address me more formally while I am sailing your boat I think it will give me a better impression upon the men. As for the crew, they are all sailors undoubtedly. They lack teamwork, which comes of training them to work quickly as a unit."

"Oh, I see, *Mister* Lamthorne. They happen to be shellbacks who follow deep water eight months in the year."

"Yes, I know." He spun the wheel as the yacht swung away from her moorings. "Look sharp, men! Stand by for stays!"

Stately and staunch, the Mistral went off on the port tack, following in the wake of four or five ninety-foot schooners which were loafing up to the line. The preparatory signal had already blown for the start of the forty-foot sloops, whose skippers were jockeying their craft for a favorable get-away. Other windjammers which were to start later were flitting to and fro over a square mile of blue sea. The wind was freshening a bit and all craft were beginning to get down to their sailing lines, making a brisk, animated picture.

Lamthorne was in no hurry to put his boat across the line when the big schooners were sent away. The Mistral, in fact, was the last of a quintet of fore-and-afters to pass under the stern of the committee boat.

"How does she handle?" Beggs stood at Lamthorne's side watching his every move with jealous eye.

"She handles all right. No boat to win cups in light weather, though."

"I didn't build her to win cups in light weather. She's a boat."

"I see. We'll soon find out what she'll do in heavy going. The wind has turned southeast and is breezing on. Twelve knots now. Please stand away."

Beggs scowled, but moved forward.

Within three hours the Mistral was sailing a lonely race of it. Not a boat in the fleet but had left her clean out of sight. Lamthorne had left the wheel in the hands of the mate and was at luncheon with Beggs and his guests. Beggs was gloomy.

"Not a sail or a stick on the sea," he grumbled. "It's always the way."

"Wait!" Lamthorne nodded grimly. "This race isn't over yet. Have you noticed the sky to the eastward?"

"You mean there's a blow coming?" Thurston scowled across the table. "The kind of weather we have got is plenty enough for me."

"Me too," grimaced Hickson. Jevons, who had sailed all his life, smiled.

"And if there is a blow," muttered Beggs, "you'll see the New York Yacht Club scrambling for shelter—the Mistral in the lead, probably."

Lamthorne plied his knife and fork in silence.

Later the Mistral, well out to sea, had passed Pollock Rip. The summer sun had disappeared. Overhead a sort of scud was sweeping across the subdued face of the heavens. The seas were short and irregular, striking the Mistral's black hull with a vicious slap. Great blue-black clouds were beginning to smoke up from the northerly horizon; little outrunners of cloud like shreds of sepia smoke were sweeping up in squadrons. The ocean had turned slaty and in the air was a murmur so vague that one might have set it down to imagination. Lamthorne took his pipe from his mouth.

"Now, men, handy there! Take in headsails and topsails. Clean everything up forward and aloft!" He turned to the mate. "Mr. Hankin, better clap reefs in the fore and main sails. Snug everything down. We're in for a snorter."

"Ho, ho!" Beggs, who had risen from his after-luncheon nap and walked up on deck, slapped his thigh, laughing sardonically. "Toothpick sailing, eh? Don't you think, Mr. Lamthorne, you'd better turn tail for Stage Harbor? Got your oilskins on already, eh? But your mustache is still waxed."

Lamthorne flushed. Then curiously a smile stole over his face.

"You're an observing sort of person. Try your faculty on the weather. As for Stage Harbor—we'll see."

Swiftly all horizons were foreshortened. The men, working hurriedly about deck, became ghostlike figures. There was silence save for the clacking of the reefed sails and the venomous slap of the waters. Then suddenly the wind came with a rush from the northeast. Darkness fell as though a black curtain had been lowered upon the seas. A great siren voice, beginning low, rose to a whining crescendo and held there.

Beggs lost his footing and half slid, half stumbled against the leeward rail, which he gripped desperately. Lamthorne, standing rigid, did not ease the Mistral to the blast. Over she went, the sails above suggesting falling walls as they inclined ever more sharply to the boiling waters. The Mistral lay on her beam ends. Green water boiled about Beggs' legs, clutched at his waist. The schooner lost her way and went off like a floating log.

With a shriek the squall passed. Game as a thing of life, the Mistral righted herself, shaking and quivering like a wet spaniel. Sluing crazily for a minute or two as though bewildered, she came to rights under Lamthorne's guiding hands, went booming away upon her course. Beggs staggered up to Lamthorne's side, thoroughly wet, boiling with anger and fear.

"Is that the way to handle a yacht?" he roared.

Lamthorne stared at him, a cold, hard look in his eyes—a new look.

"I always am curious to know how much of a punch a boat I'm handling can take, Mr. Beggs. May I suggest that you go below and stay there? I have my hands full. At least keep away from me. There's going to be hell to pay hereabout."

"Well!" The wind had grown light, blowing alternately from all points of the compass. The seas were boiling down. "Curious to know how much of a punch the Mistral could take, eh? Well, now you know."

"Quite possibly. Now if you'll be so good as to let me alone."

Beggs went down the companionway to change his clothes. Later, clad in oilskins, he went into the library. Hickson and Thurston had gone to their rooms—ill, as they felt, beyond all hope of recovery. Jevons was smoking a cigar, reading.

"Rather a knockdown, wasn't it?" he observed, looking over his magazine at the owner of the Mistral.

Beggs glanced at the man.

"Is everything 'rather' with you folks? I'll say it was a damned bad knockdown!"

He sat down and lighted a cigar. The Mistral was heeling again and the wind was converting the tortured rigging into a gigantic æolian harp.

Presently Beggs rose and, walking to the corridor, ascended the companion stairs to a door giving upon the forward deck. As he opened it and peered out a deluge of sheeted spray lashed his face. Through the smother he could see the slate-colored seas with their white crests through which the Mistral crashed with the abandon of a living thing furiously imbued. Beggs shut the door and retraced his steps below. He took the water-logged cigar from his mouth, tossed it away and lighted a fresh one.

Solon Beggs, as he claimed, was descended from a seafaring race and he loved the ocean in all its moods. On a Gloucester schooner, sailed and manned by Gloucester men, he would have been perfectly at ease. But the Mistral had never been through a test such as this and, despite his faith in her, he had at the moment just as lief have had her safely in some harbor, chiefly—he apologized to himself—because she was in the hands of a lily-white skipper who could sail a toy, perhaps, but was out of place at a man's game. He sent the steward to fetch the mate.

"Mr. Hankin," he said as the big, oil-skinned figure, wet mustache sagging against a shining red face, staggered through the door, "we're—ahem—we're having a real sail."

"Yes, sir—a real one. Nasty weather. Very nasty."

As Beggs hesitated, pondering some question concerning Lamthorne, the mate gestured.

"Will you excuse me, sir? We're having our hands full outside."

"All right, go ahead."

Beggs went over to Jevons, who had dropped his book and was devoting full attention to holding himself in his chair.

"Now the Lamthorne Ironworks ——" he began.

The interruption came from a seaman.

"Eh—what?" Beggs rose in nervous haste. "What's the matter?"

"Mr. Lamthorne wants to know, sir, if you'll step aft, sir."

(Continued on Page 147)

Man in his daily pursuits does not realize how indispensable electricity is until he sees it at work for him

Rotary oil pump driven by 1/6 h. p. motor

Portable tire pump equipped with 1/3 h. p. motor

Air compressor driven by 1/4 h. p. motor

Electric drill equipped with 1/3 h. p. motor

Look for this mark of leadership in electrical development and manufacture

Service at the end of a wire

Some unusual applications of tiny motors in every-day life

HOW many who recline luxuriously in a barber's chair ever think of the mechanics behind the vibrator that invigorates the scalp or the air blower that dries the hair?

Or, how many appreciate what makes it so easy to have their automobile tires inflated, their coffee ground, their bacon sliced, their ice cream frozen, or their soft drink mixed?

Yet these are but a few fields in which the usefulness of small tools and machines is increased by the application of tiny electric motors.

With G-E motors as a driving force, together with G-E engineering knowledge and experience as a controlling factor, more work and better work is accomplished in many industries.

From the fractional horsepower motor on a sewing machine to the ponderous boring mill motor application, the untiring research of the General Electric Company has made itself felt.

G-E has not built these machines themselves—it has produced and installed motors which would increase their efficiency to the highest degree. To do this has required the most careful analysis of machine operations, the keenest engineering minds, and a willingness to undertake tasks that seemed hopeless.

This has broadened the experience of G-E and proved to the manufacturer of any apparatus which may profitably employ motor drive that he can safely coöperate with the General Electric Company's engineers with the assurance that *if it can be done, they will do it.*

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

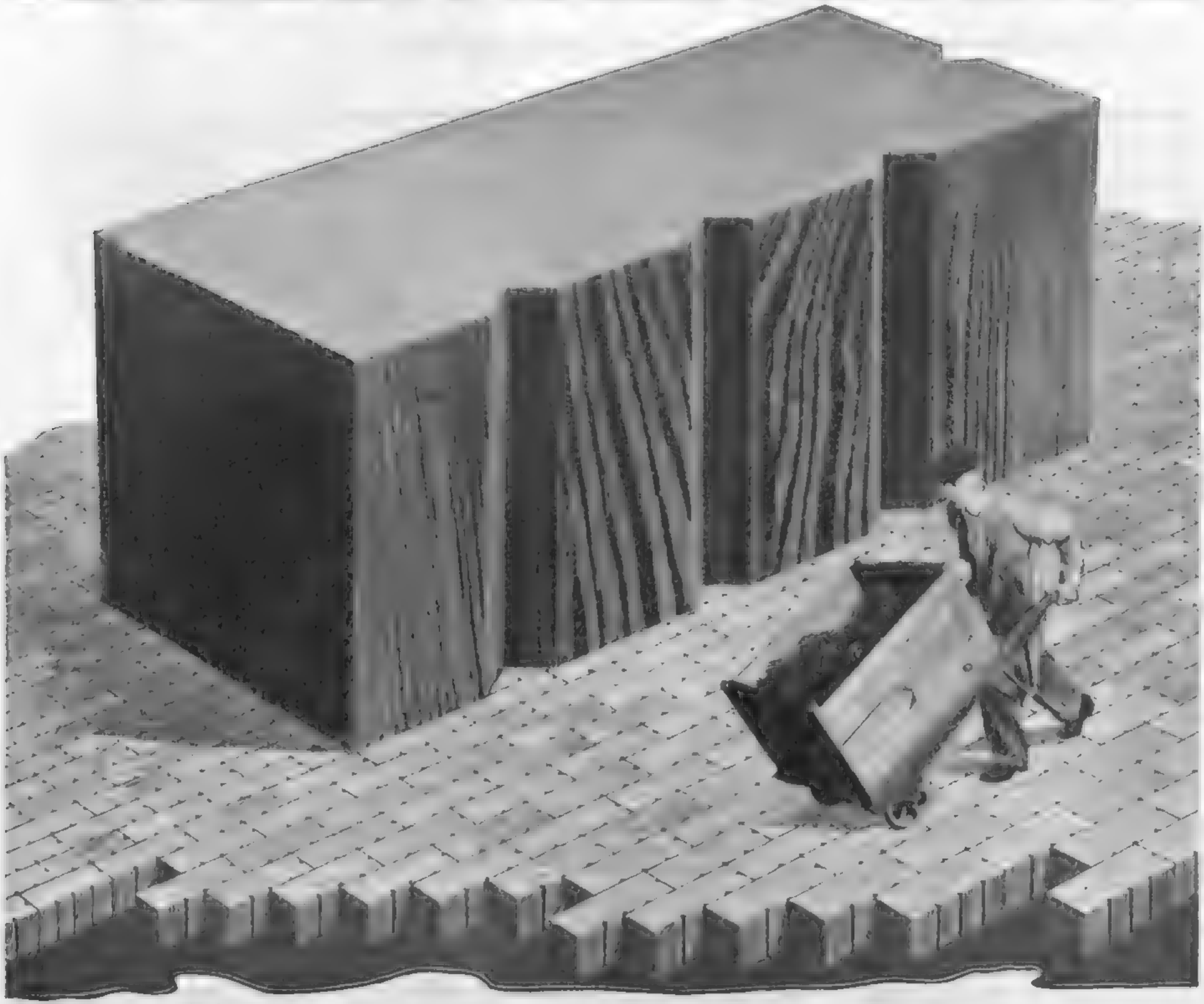
G-E motors

From the Mightiest to the Tiniest

55B-33

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

KREOLITE WOOD BLOCK FLOORS



Patented May 13, 1913, May 6, 1919

Outlast the Factory

TODAY, it is the survival of the *fastest!* Labor costs more—men must *do* more. You cannot afford to penalize your factory by making your production wage an unequal fight over unsuitable factory floors.

With manufacturers it is not so much what Kreolite Floors cost as what they are *worth* as an investment.

Our Factory Floor Engineers can tell you frankly whether you need them or not. They *specialize* in floor problems.

On account of the way we impregnate the blocks and lay them with only the tough end grain exposed, the first cost of Kreolite Floors is their *final cost*—they are practically indestructible.

The patented grooved construction allows the Kreolite Filler to flow freely to the base of the blocks, binding the floor together with unit-strength.

The quiet, smooth surface of Kreolite Floors acts as a stimulus to production.

Kreolite Floors are particularly suitable for use in machine shops, foundries, warehouses, loading platforms, area-ways, roundhouses, paper mills, and stables.

They are not only a satisfactory floor surface but a *Factory Floor Service.*

Our services are freely at your disposal. Communicate with the Toledo Office and we will either send our book on Kreolite Floors or have our engineers make a special investigation without obligation.

The Jennison-Wright Company, Toledo, Ohio

Branches: New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Toronto and other principal Cities
British Distributors—Anglo-American Agency, Royal Liver Building, Liverpool, England

(Continued from Page 144)

Beggs nodded and, with arm hitched through the sailor's, clawed his way up to the reeling deck, thence making his way aft to the wheel.

"Well, Mr. Lamthorne?"

Lamthorne, without reply, nodded ahead. Following his gaze, the owner of the Mistral saw a sight that made him cry aloud. For there on the face of the ravened waters, tossing, heaving, plunging desolately against a background of advancing dusk, was all that remained of the great racing fleet which had left the Vineyard that morning with so much pride and pomp. The smaller boats early in the day had cut for shelter. Many, indeed, of the larger craft had done likewise. But ahead was the haughty Princess, winner of two king's cups and innumerable events involving the blue ribbon of American yachting. There was the Helena, victor in a memorable ocean race for the Cape May trophy; there was the crack Imperatrice. Hobbling off into the gloom was a big sloop of the America's cup-defender class, her topmast gone, limping, broken-winged, for port. All were reefed tightly down—all sorely beset. As they rose upon the seas their green underbodies showed clear.

Lashed by the screaming wind and beaten by the seas, the Mistral made for them—passed them one by one. Abeam of the Helena a sharp crackling came to those on board the Mistral. They could see a sharp flash of white like a puff of smoke from the muzzle of a gun.

"Helena's carried away her main gaff."

Lamthorne turned to Beggs, who made no reply. He was standing open-mouthed, staring, rubbing his eyes. At length he clashed the palm of his hand against the bimacle, to which he had been clinging.

"Ha!"

He had forgotten the storm, had forgotten everything—everything except the triumph of his beloved yacht, a triumph which would be remembered by him with stupendous satisfaction as long as he lived, which would go down into the annals of the club and survive for generations after he and the Mistral had vanished. For the schooner, the eternal trailer of all smart craft, had at last come into her own—was leading the fleet when to lead the fleet meant something big and stalwart and brave.

"By all the gods!" Beggs' lips moved as though in prayer. "Helena! Imperatrice! Princess! The cup-defender sloop! The fifties, the auxiliaries blown away! Blown to hell! Not a schooner ——"

A lurch of the yacht pitched him against Lamthorne, who offered no yielding target for the man's body. Glancing off, Beggs grappled the main-boom sheets, clinging desperately for support. But he smiled as he cursed.

"Not a schooner that is lugging a foresail! Only the Mistral! Now they know what a sail cracker is! If I've told one I've told twenty of those white-flannel sailors what I'd do to 'em some day. Hi, Lamthorne! Look, if you've got eyes—look! The Paladin!"

The Mistral, slashing over the waters like an insane thing, the wind howling a bit forward of the beam, was overhauling the flagship. The great white yacht had stuck by the windjammers to render aid in event of accident and she was traveling fast to keep up with her wind-blown convoy. But the Mistral was traveling faster. Within a few minutes she had pounded abeam of the steamer.

"Hi! My Lord, where's a megaphone?"

Beggs glanced about, his eyes frenzied, his lips working. From the bridge of the yacht someone waved a sou'wester—a gesture of compliment and admiration. Three gruff, approving blasts came from her whistle. But Beggs was not the sort of sportsman to be mollified by magnanimity of the sort.

"The megaphone!"

Glancing wildly about, he seized a cone which stood in a rack near the wheel and, pointing it toward the flagship, bellowed insult and gibe.

Jevons, making his way painfully down the reeling deck, lost nothing of the picture of this squat, crop-bearded man, feet and body braced against a gunfire of wind and spray, megaphone poised, hurling unparliamentary language across a tumbling sea.

"Hi, Jevons! Do you see it? The flagship! Commodore Pratt's Paladin! How does he feel now? How do all of 'em feel? Damn their eyes, they know a thing or two about carrying sail now!"

"A wonderful race, Mr. Beggs. Never saw the like of it." Jevons nodded toward Lamthorne, bending over the wheel, staring straight ahead. "I imagine you have amended your views concerning the washed-out blood of at least one young man. Excuse me, sir."

In his earnestness Jevons had forgotten his position and had reeled into Beggs, who caught him in his arms.

"I have been sailing, but never have I seen a boat handled as the Mistral has been," Jevons went on, releasing himself from Beggs' supporting grip. Beggs' eyes became hard.

"And what about the Mistral?" he asked. "Use your head, Jevons! All that has been done has been to keep the boat on her course and lug sail which she could carry. What's this talk about handling? Don't be a fool!"

Jevons, exalted by the storm and the flight of the boat beyond all thought or consideration of tact, whirled upon the man, his eyes blazing.

"You ingrate!" he cried. "You make me sick!" He turned, fighting for the companionway.

"You hear that?" Beggs gestured at Lamthorne. "I'll fix him!"

Lamthorne, glancing into the swiftly falling darkness, shrugged.

"Night lights, Mr. Hankin!" he called to the mate. "Send me up a sandwich and a cup of coffee, will you, Mr. Beggs? I'd advise you to turn in early and get what sleep you can. Don't know what else we'll run into."

"We'll make Cape Elizabeth early in the morning," suggested the owner.

"Perhaps. I'll stay at the wheel."

Beggs went below. Jevons was waiting to go in to dinner. The steward reported Thurston and Hickson as beyond all need or thought of food. Beggs roared with laughter as he led the way into the saloon. The plight of his two friends gave just the needed point to his mood of triumphant satisfaction. If he harbored ill grace against Jevons for his plain speaking he did not show it.

"We'll have a quart of wine, steward," he said. "That '96 champagne. I—George, Jevons, did you see the Helena crack her gaff? Did you see the Imperatrice as we passed her? She looked as if she was going astern. I'll bet that fool Ike Stapleton said something! So you think I'm an ingrate, eh? Well, I'll show you! I want a man like that Lamthorne as superintendent of one of my mills."

"I ——"

Jevons, as with many mild-mannered men, could become hopelessly furious when roused. He meant to say something profanely definite to this man, but a sudden plunge of the schooner left him clutching at the table, while plates and cutlery rattled into Beggs' lap.

"Damn!" Beggs rose, clinging to his chair, which fortunately was fixed into the deck on a swivel. "Did you ever see a boat handled this way?"

"I think it's getting worse outside," ventured Jevons.

Sounds certainly indicated this. The sighs and groans of the tortured fabric of the hull seemed to rise from some living body and the wind had raised its voice to a bugle note, loud and clear.

"Why doesn't Lamthorne ease her while we're eating?"

"Ease her!" Jevons laughed disagreeably. "He's got her head up into the seas now if I'm any judge."

"Steward, leave these plates. We'll attend to them. Go up on deck and find out what we're doing."

Beggs gestured impatiently as the hull, almost shrieking in travail, seemed to be doing a devil's dance across the waters. Eating came to be a matter of clutching food with fingers and conveying it to the mouth. The bottle of wine, uncorked, had fallen to the floor and disappeared. Presently the steward fell rather than walked into the saloon.

"Mr. Lamthorne says ——" The man hesitated.

"Well, he says ——"

"He says, sir, that I was to tell you ——" The steward would not go on. Jevons helped him out.

"He told you to tell Mr. Beggs to let him sail the boat, didn't he?"

"Well, yes, sir. More than that. He seemed annoyed, sir."

"He did, eh? I'll go up and fix that young ——"

(Continued on Page 151)

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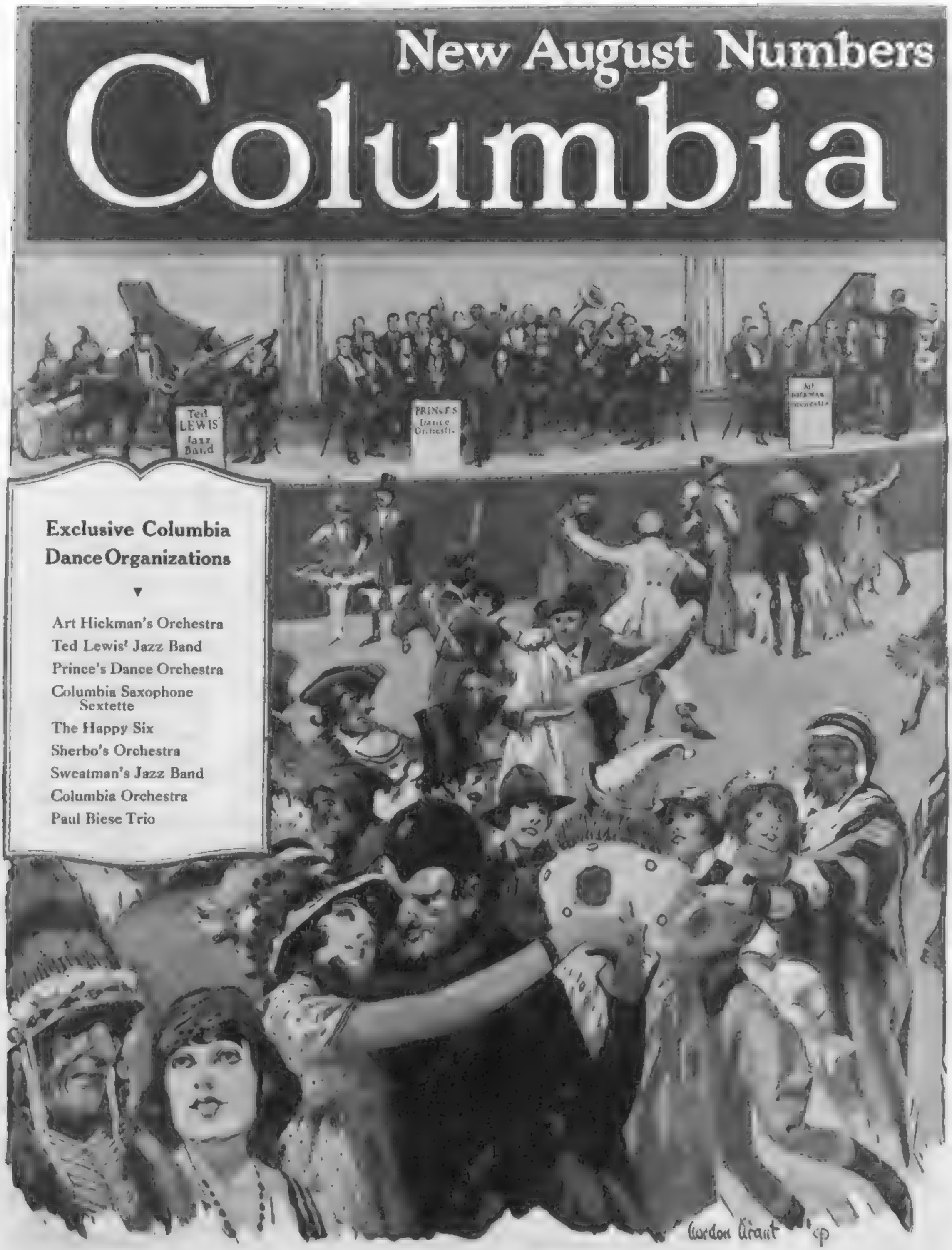

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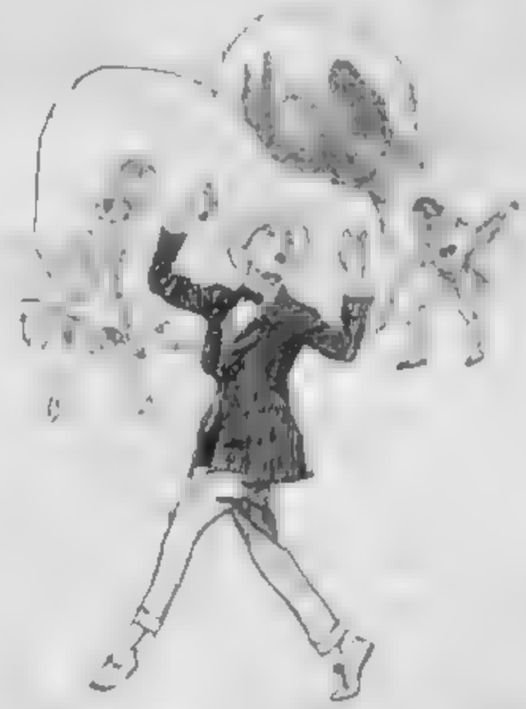

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THE GENERAL CORD TIRE

(Continued from Page 147)

"Mr. Beggs"—Jevons laid his hand upon the man's arm as he was passing him—"I know Gregg Lamthorne and you don't. You've given him command and he has justified your act. I suggest you let him alone."

"Let him alone! The water is ankle deep in the corridors now. The ignorant fool will wreck the boat."

"Do you think so? I don't. I'm going to smoke a pipe and turn in and leave it to Gregg. Do as you please of course. You're the owner. But you have my advice. He's a bad man to fool with in a time like this."

Beggs, growling, shook off the man's hand and went to the door. Here he paused.

"Look here, Jevons, that conceited dude can't scare me! None of his breed can. Hear that?"

Whatever Beggs' intentions might have been, they ended in this burst of bluster. He went to bed. It proved to be a long night. Sleep for all was out of the question in the flailing, wallowing hull of that yacht, driving before the storm like a chip in a mill race. It was a night when the wrath of the elements seemed concentrated upon the Mistral.

At three o'clock in the morning Beggs was hurled from his bunk. He lay for a moment dazed. Then, muttering oaths, he drew on his trousers and a sweater and stumbled out to the corridor and thus to the companionway. Laboriously he made the ascent. He opened the door and peered out.

Screaming tumult assailed him. Clouds, careening and tumbling, pressed down upon the schooner, still breasting her dogged course while comber after comber smote the bow or, rising clear, fell with thunderous crashes upon the deck. Heaven and ocean had merged in blackness, broken only by the phosphorescent gleam along a wave crest or a sharp stab of lightning across the clouds. As he looked a vague hill reared forward of the bow, paused for an instant as though contemplating murderous work, while the brave Mistral, not waiting for the blow, leaped upon it, climbing the slope and sliding with a clatter and bang down its back.

Beggs shivered. He hesitated. Then fighting a creeping fear with all his power, he stepped upon the deck, slamming the door shut. The wind tore at his body as though to bear him away. Brushing the hair from his eyes, he seized a life line that had been stretched along the deck and struggled aft toward a silent, stark figure dimly outlined in the glow of the binnacle lamp.

"Lamthorne, what are you doing with my boat?"

The question was whistled away on the wind so that the young man heard it as though from a distance. His face was set. There was a bleeding cut across his forehead. His hands were locked upon the wheel, his arms set and rigid as though they were molded to the spokes. He turned to Beggs with a rasping voice -no trace of dilettantism now.

"I sent word for you to let me sail this boat and mind your business!"

"What are you doing?"

With a sudden suspicion Beggs leaned forward and looked at the compass.

"Why, damn you, you're not on your course! You're not easing to the storm. You've been fighting it. God in heaven, you've been threshing out to sea!"

"Is that the way you make the course?"

"Eh?" Beggs leaned closer, cupping his ear.

"I say, is that the way you make the course?"

"Certainly I do, you lunatic!"

"Then you're more ——"

He braced himself as the Mistral rose sharply to a wave and then slued down the incline. Beggs clung heavily to the life line.

"I say," he roared, "we're off our course—going to sea!"

"You're more of a sailor than I thought you were," Lamthorne shouted sarcastically.

"Can you hear what I say?" Beggs raised his voice. "I said you're going to sea!"

"Are we?"

"Are we? You ignoramus! Are we? The way the wind is now it would blow you to Portland."

"How about a lee shore?"

A lull had come, the wind horning and wailing away in the distance. Only the great drumbeat of the waves and the complaints of the schooner told of what had been.

"Do you think I'm a landlubber, Lamthorne? Lee shore! Do you know anything at all?"

"More or less, Mr. Beggs."

"You put the Mistral on her course for Cape Elizabeth or I'll order you below and put Hankin in command."

"Unfortunately he is not available."

"I'll get him. I'll have you in irons."

"You ——" Lamthorne's face had undergone ominous transformation. His teeth were bared, his voice rose to meet the wind which was again wailing through the strained rigging. "You'll have me in irons? Beggs, I'm going to show you something this night, damn you!"

"Be careful ——"

"I'll take care of you, Beggs. All your life you've been proud of your reputation as a pirate. You've even called yourself one. Well, you'll know after to-night what a real pirate looks like!"

"What are you doing?" Beggs was prey to a vivid alarm. "Where you going?"

"You're bound for the open sea, old rooster. You're more than two hundred miles out now. And you'll be more—if the ship holds together."

"The open sea! Lam——"

Beggs' voice was lost in the shriek of the gale. In the lull that followed he roared for the mate.

"Mr. Hankin! Send Mr. Hankin here! So, Lamthorne, you're going to show me something? You are! I'll show you something! Hankin is a navigator. I relieve you of your duties aboard this yacht. Ho, Hankin!"

"The only difficulty, Beggs," drawled Lamthorne, "is that Hankin is in his berth with a broken leg and head contusions. A wave knocked him down just before midnight."

"Eh?"

"You heard me! Oh, Madsen, come aft!" As a big bow-legged Scandinavian detached himself from a group of seamen crouched under the weather rail Lamthorne gestured him to the wheel. "Take this wheel, Madsen! Hold her just as she's headed until I return. Don't give her a point." He placed a hand upon Beggs' arm. "Come below with me, Beggs. You and I are going to have a talk."

The man, who had been standing silent, jerked his arm from Lamthorne's grasp, raising his hand menacingly. It remained raised as the sound of deafening turmoil came from the sea.

"Look out!"

Lamthorne dashed for the wheel, while the sailor, giving way, crouched at his side.

Not a spoke was yielded as the cyclonic outburst struck the craft. Over she went, over and over until the wind blew clean over the sails, leaving the schooner fluttering and flailing like a wounded bird. Then, righting, the vessel, guided by Lamthorne's clever hands, described a semicircle, lightning swift, and thundered away on her course.

"All right, Madsen. Now hold her on her course."

Beggs, who had been hurled to the deck, was on his hands and knees. Lamthorne assisted him to his feet.

"Now you'll go below," he said, "and listen to reason."

The library of the Mistral was a scene of utter confusion. Books and papers were scattered upon the floor, which was sloppy with water. Costly rugs were nothing more than wet rags; everything movable was out of place.

Jevons, in dressing gown and pyjamas, was holding himself into a big leather chair, smoking a pipe. Beggs glared at him.

"Jevons," he cried, "this yacht is being wrecked by a crazy man!"

"Not quite that, Beggs. Now sit in that chair, hold on tight, while I talk to you. I have only a little time to spare. Are you listening?"

"Go on."

"Beggs, you're in a bad position. You're on the deep sea—and it is getting deeper every minute. You'll come to the Lamthorne Ironworks meeting on Monday and cut my throat, will you, you old scoundrel?" Lamthorne's eyes had a savage glare.

"Don't you badger me, young man!"

"Badger you! That's mild for what I'm going to do to you."

"You lunatic, are you trying to founder this yacht?"

"How many corporations have you foundered, Beggs?"

Then for the first time Beggs did not reply. The long, tumultuous night had begun to tell upon him and now the pounding and groaning of the hull, the roar of the wind combined with Lamthorne's rasping voice to superinduce a mood such as he had never before acknowledged.

"What do you want, Lamthorne?" The man's hands were opening and shutting nervously.

"Beggs, I fancy we're a bit more than two hundred miles offshore and going strong. Your compass is several points off. Captain Blythe gave me the deviation when I met him. I'm the only man who can navigate this boat. I want you to understand that clearly. Even if Hankin were all right he couldn't sail her true. You're in my hands, Beggs."

"Well? Well?" Beggs essayed to rise from his chair, but was flung back by a pitch of the schooner.

"I'll have to hurry and get on deck or Madsen will wreck this craft."

"Well then, hurry and get on deck! Why don't you go? What's your game?"

"No game, Beggs. If you don't like the deep sea, if you don't want to go to some port—say, in Spain—or possibly to the bottom, why, I'll take you to Portland. There's a condition though."

"I thought so. What is it?"

"I want you to sign a contract to sell to me three hundred shares of Lamthorne at the price you paid—one hundred and ten, wasn't it?"

"Sell you! What do you take me for?"

"I take you for a man that's in a very disagreeable situation, Beggs. Your yacht is in a lonely neck of the ocean and not likely to last long. You'll sign that contract or we'll go to the bottom together. You have a desperate man on your hands."

"Desperate? You're crazy!"

"Perhaps I am. I want that stock. You're not in Wall Street now, Beggs; you're on the high seas. You tackled the wrong man when you tried to pirate me."

"You can't frighten me!"

"All right! Here's your alternative: I don't put my hand to the wheel of this yacht unless I get that contract."

Beggs looked up suddenly.

"Oh, a contract! I'll sign that."

He could not prevent a crafty gleam from showing in his eye. Lamthorne smiled.

"Don't make any mistake about that contract, Beggs. It'll be copper-riveted. Contracts of the sort are Jevons' specialty. They've held in every law case our company's ever had. I happen to have two in my pocket." Lamthorne whipped two documents from an inner pocket and handed one to Beggs. "I've filled in the number of shares. All you have to do is to sign your name. Jevons will witness it properly. Then I'd like to see you welsh on it."

"Damn you!" Beggs sprang to his feet, fought for his equilibrium. "You fool, don't you know a forced contract is no good?"

"I'm not forcing you. I am merely telling you that I will sail this boat to port if you do sign it; if not I won't."

"This is what I think of you, Lamthorne!"

Beggs, stamping the floor in his rage, tore the paper he held into bits.

"Right! I'm as ready to drown as you are. We'll see who will weaken first."

"Good for you, Gregg!" Jevons sprang across the apartment to the young man's side. "I'm with you—sink or swim!"

"Sink or sign, you mean, Jevons. You take this remaining contract. If Beggs wants to sign it, well and good. You handle it; I'm through with him. Don't want to talk to him any more."

"You ——"

As Beggs advanced threateningly the schooner plunged sharply, then slued, heeling to port until the deck was at an angle so acute that Lamthorne, scrambling for the companionway, believed she was on her beam ends. Next instant came a sharp cracking and rending, and then as the craft - relieved apparently of a great strain - righted, Beggs and Jevons, lying huddled in a corner, were literally rolled to the middle of the apartment, while Lamthorne, who had made the doorway, ran up to the companion hatch.

A mournful spectacle greeted him. The schooner's mainmast truck, her topmast, main gaff and boom were down, hanging in the water. Only the foresail remained. The wind had gone suddenly, as though satisfied with what it had done. On the eastern horizon was a pallid band, ever broadening and brightening, while the wild sea was turning from black to gray.

"I'll take the wheel, Madsen. Have the men cut away the wreckage."

The Scandinavian went forward and Lamthorne headed the crippled vessel into the seas.

She was still pitching and lunging, the broken spars pounding her sides with trip-hammer blows that threatened to batter in the hull. The sound of axes hacking away the tangle of spars and rigging greeted Beggs as—followed by Jevons—he clambered to the deck.

"What have you done to my yacht, Lamthorne?"

The voice was mournful, not angry. Beggs was trembling. He seemed a broken man.

"She has messed herself up a bit." Lamthorne smiled. "I've headed her up. The gale has gone. You can have the men rig a storm trysail on the main and keep her going."

"Going? Where?"

"Anywhere you want. I don't care. I told you I was through. I'm not sailing this craft."

"But, Lamthorne, look here! I ——"

"Shut up! I'm sick of your voice. Are you going to take the wheel, Beggs?"

"Damn you, I've given up that stock!"

"Gregg," Jevons interposed eagerly, "I have the contract. Mr. Beggs just signed it below. Everything is all straight."

"You've got the signed contract?" Lamthorne's eyes were blazing.

"Did you hear me or didn't you?" roared Beggs. "He's got everything! Now sail this boat to port and be done with it. That was the bargain, wasn't it?"

"As it's the first bargain you ever had to make I hope you'll enjoy the novelty." There was laughter in Lamthorne's voice. "All right, I'll sail her to port just as soon as this wreckage is cut away. The storm has gone, Mr. Beggs. I think you may go below and take a good long sleep without any worry."

"I'm going to. Before I go, though, I want to tell you this, young man—you didn't scare me. That isn't why I am selling you that stock. You're the first man who ever fought me off my feet. You've raised hell with me. But I like you, damn you! Later, when we get ashore, I have some things I want to talk about with you. I know a big man when I see one. Now I'm going to bed."

"Pleasant dreams, sir."

Beggs grunted and went below.

"He sugar-coated his pill nicely, Jevons."

Jevons smiled and shrugged.

On the horizon appeared the new sun. Above were little flotillas of rosy clouds. Lamthorne threw back his head, the breath of the dawn filling his nostrils. A shaft of vivid light stole across the waters and lay upon the deck of the Mistral, now cleared of debris. Lamthorne touched the binnacle gently.

"You love a good boat, Jevons, when she has fought a good fight."

Jevons cleared his throat.

"Don't you think, Gregg, you'd better give me the course and let me hold the wheel while you rest? We've some hard days before us."

"Days?" Lamthorne looked up from the compass. "Days? Oh, of course! Jevons, do you know a lighthouse when you see one?"

"Why—why, yes, of course."

"Well, in about two hours, the wind continuing favorable, you'll pick up the Cape Elizabeth Light. Call me then, will you?"

"Gregg, are you speaking of the Cape Elizabeth Light off Portland?"

"Certainly, Jevons."

"Two hours?"

"Well, I should say three. You see we've been sailing straight for it since eight o'clock last evening."

"Gregg! Then we're not hundreds of miles out at sea?"

"Hardly that, Jevons. Hardly."

"But I don't understand. I thought you were very clever—thought you had taken Mr. Beggs out to sea in order to keep him away from that meeting."

"What good would that have done? His representatives could have voted the stock just the same."

"Yes, that's true. Then your talk about being out to sea was all bluff?"

"Bluff is a large part of a business, Jevons. I've always had the theory that a bully of Beggs' sort has his yellow streak. As far as our location off shore was concerned, what did it matter as long as he didn't know where we were? If I couldn't

(Concluded on Page 154)

CHAMPION

Pretty Rough Champions

TRY this test before you risk inferior spark plugs in your engine: Ask your dealer to strike the porcelain with an iron bar. Tell him not to tap it, but hit hard.

The famous No. 3450 Insulator in Champion Spark Plugs resists this severe test perfectly. It is your safeguard against the shocks, vibration and temperature changes

Be sure the name Champion is on the Insulator

Champion Spark Plug

Champion Spark Plug Company

DEPENDABLE

champion

Treatment, But Will Stand It

that constantly attack the spark plugs in your engine.

Most spark plug troubles come from cracked and broken insulators—avoid these troubles by insisting upon the plug with the name "Champion" on the Insulator.

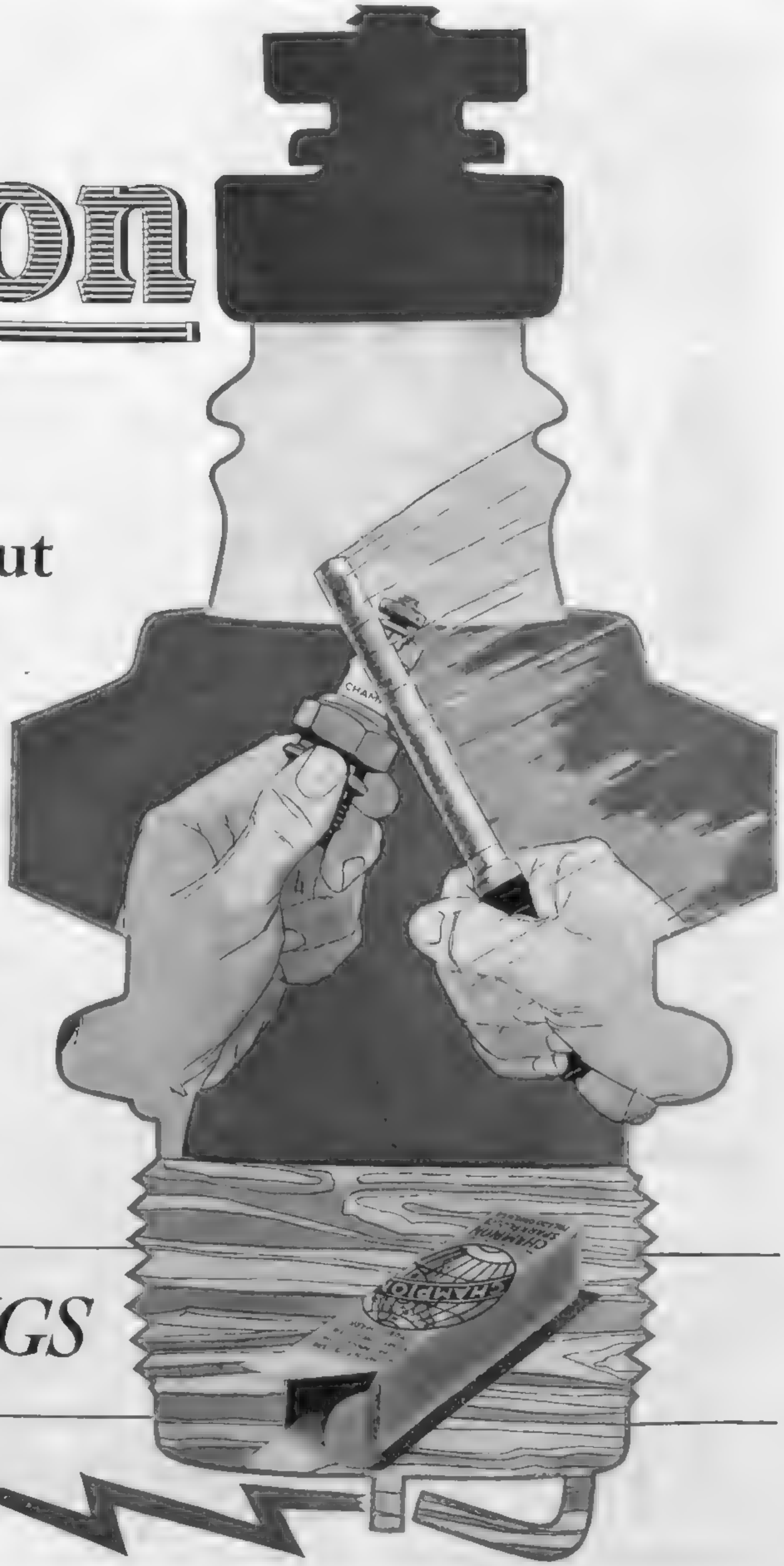
There is a Champion Spark Plug specially designed for every type of engine. Order a set from your dealer today.

and the World Trade Mark on the Box.

Company, Toledo, Ohio

of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

SPARK PLUGS



(Concluded from Page 151)

have bluffed him three or four hours from port I couldn't have done it in mid-ocean."

"You're a wonder, a perfect marvel, Gregg! Did you have that plan when you came aboard the Mistral?"

"Precisely! When I met Captain Blythe on the pier the idea came to me like a shot. I was desperate. The fight was lost. For two weeks, as you know, we'd been trying to break his proxies—had seen, not once but several times, every shareholder who had signed them. I had begged, pleaded, threatened—done everything. No go!"

Lamthorne turned to give an order, then went on.

"That's the reason I went on the cruise—to keep from going completely insane. Then came the God-given opportunity to sail the Mistral."

Jevons laughed.

"Can you imagine what Beggs will say when he comes on deck and finds us sailing into Portland harbor?"

"I can imagine some of the things, not all. You know, Jevons, he's an inventive old customer when adequately inspired."

Jevons thought a moment.

"But, Gregg, you say you really had the intention of going far out to sea. Yet after all you are bringing the Mistral in ahead of the fleet, winning all sorts of laurels for the boat and owner."

"I know." Lamthorne fingered his mustache.

"But, do you know, I couldn't get that idea of winning the race out of my head after we had stormed through the fleet as we did? Jevons, one has to be sporting, don't you think?"

Have a little consideration for your feet!

A new principle protects you from fatigue and injury to foot and leg

IT was the Duke of Wellington who emphasized the importance of care for the feet of the soldier.

Our late World War doubled and redoubled this emphasis—62% of our recruits had foot trouble. Most of this had been acquired since childhood, for the average man is born with good feet.

The arch of the foot cannot withstand the constant pounding of heel, ball and toe against the hard roads, paved streets, concrete walks which civilized man has substituted for grassy forests and prairies.

Jar, jar, jar all throughout the day. Is it any wonder you are tired all over—toes and insteps pain, calves ache and cramp?

Today thousands of men avoid this punishment. To them hard walks are like the springy turf, which yields gently to toe, ball and heel at every step. They apply the rubber-heel principle to the *entire* foot—not only to the heel but also to the toe and ball, *the points where the greatest pain is felt*. They cushion *all* of the foot from *all* of the jar with AIR-PEDS.

* * *

AIR-PEDS are cushions of rubber attached to the toe, ball and heel of the shoe—made with *air spaces between the cushions*. They are light in weight and very resilient. The cushions are corrugated. They are *non-skid*—they prevent slipping on wet pavements. They also raise the entire sole from the ground and keep the feet dry.

SAVE SHOES

These foot comforts protect soles from wear—*double* and *triple* the life of the shoe—preserve its shape and appearance. Made in three pieces—a toe and a ball cushion and a rubber-heel. They do not crack, cannot rip open, do not draw the feet.

Get shod with AIR-PEDS today

If your dealer or repair man cannot supply you, we will, send us his name together with a tracing of your shoe, stating color (black or tan), and $2.

PIONEER PRODUCTS, Inc., 144 West 18th Street, New York
42 Craig Street West, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Air-Peds

TRADE MARK

The rubber-heel principle applied to the entire shoe

Sense and Nonsense

Coal-Oil Johnny

A PARTY of baymen gathered round the stove in a little oyster shack on the Great South Bay started the old, old question as to what they would do if they suddenly came into possession of one million dollars. Some bought great ocean-going yachts, others endowed schools, and one even offered to contribute his to help out the Government.

The question finally came round to old Zeb Banks, noted as the ne'er-do-well of the fishing neighborhood.

"And now, Zeb, you've been keeping pretty quiet," one of them said. "Just what'd you do if you had a million dollars?"

"Well, I don't know 'zactly," responded Zeb reflectively as he spat at the stove. "I reck'n I'd pay it on my debts, 's far as it went."

Popularizing E Flat

A WELL-KNOWN producer of musical comedies walked into a New York theater the other day during a rehearsal of one of his big productions. He is somewhat noted for his lack of knowledge of things artistic. Just as he entered the side door and saw the stage a great prima donna was singing a remarkably high note—E flat above high C. The producer was entranced.

"Now," he said to the stage director, "I want every girl in the chorus to sing that note. It'll make a great hit."

"But that is impossible," argued the director. "They can't sing that note."

"Just the same, I say they've all got to sing it."

"But, my dear sir," explained the director, "that is E flat above high C, and the prima donna there is one of the few singers in the world who can reach that note and hold it. That's why she is a prima donna."

"Well, all right," replied the producer, a tone of stubbornness still in his voice; "it's my orders then that you make every chorus girl sing a note just as close as she can get to that E flat—and hold it."

Muddled or Never

A RECENT experience of a Virginia clergyman throws light on the old English law requiring that marriages should be celebrated before noon. A colored couple appeared before him, asking to be married, the man in a considerably muddled state.

The minister said to the woman: "I won't perform this ceremony."

"Why is dat, boss?" she queried. "Ain't de licenses all right? An' we is of age."

"Yes. But this man is drunk. Take him away and come again."

Several days later the couple again presented themselves, the man once more obviously intoxicated.

"See here, I told you I wouldn't marry you when this man was drunk," the minister said testily. "Don't you come back here till he's sober."

"Well, you see, suh," the woman replied apologetically, "de trufe is dat he won't come less'n he's lit up."

Information Wanted

HE WAS a lanky, gray-haired man of fifty-five. Everybody in the hospital had an eye on him, for he was about to experience the joys of fatherhood for the first time and felicitous anticipation exuded from every pore.

The fateful hour arrived and the man, gaunt-eyed and wan now, was pacing the hall in front of his wife's door. At last a feeble cry was heard behind the closed door and the terrific strain was over. Just then the nurse hurriedly passed through the hall on some errand for the doctor.

Grasping both her hands the man implored: "Tell me, nurse, tell me! Am I a papa or am I a mamma?"

Easy Come—Easy Go

A VERY barbarically chic negro woman applied to a lady for a position. She was a fair cook, she said, and wanted ninety dollars a month for a very light régime, because her husband had a good job and she didn't have to work, so she worked only for very high wages. She said her husband made forty dollars a week as an electrician. The lady suggested that with so much money and so few people in the family they ought to save a good deal.

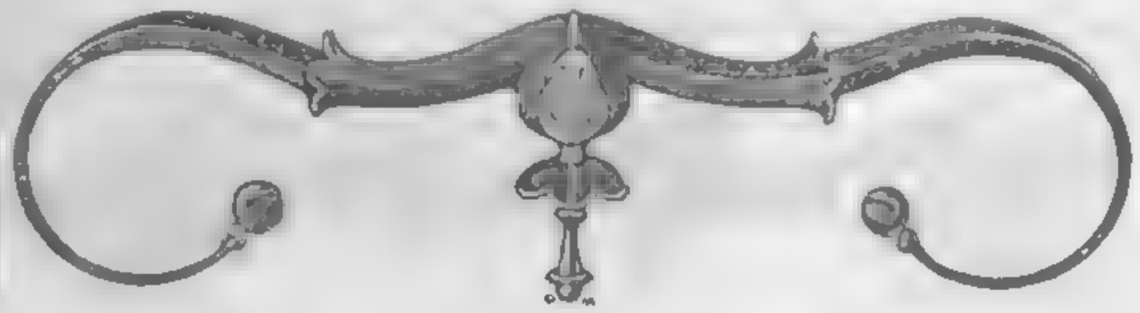
Whereupon the dressy black lady screamed with mirth and said: "No, ma'am! We don't waste none o' our money savin' it!"

Treated Rough

DR. GEORGE W. McDANIEL, of Richmond, Virginia, was recently a guest at an advertising luncheon and, in the absence of the speaker-to-be, was called on unexpectedly to address the gathering. He said:

"Gentlemen, I don't know anything about advertising. This reminds me of the story I heard of a traveling man in the old days when drummers treated often. This middle-aged grip carrier, with the long beard fashionable in rural sections, had left word with the hotel clerk to be called at three o'clock and had then gone out to enjoy himself. At twelve o'clock he was put to bed by his companions, so drunk that they were tempted to play a joke on him. They shaved his whiskers off without his realizing anything of it.

"The next morning, when he was called at three o'clock and wakened with difficulty, he rose painfully and was half dressed before he happened to glance in the mirror. On seeing the clean-shaven man reflected there he cried out, 'Good heavens! They's called the wrong man!'"



REPUBLIC TRUCKS

REPUBLIC
Yellow Chassis
TRUCKS

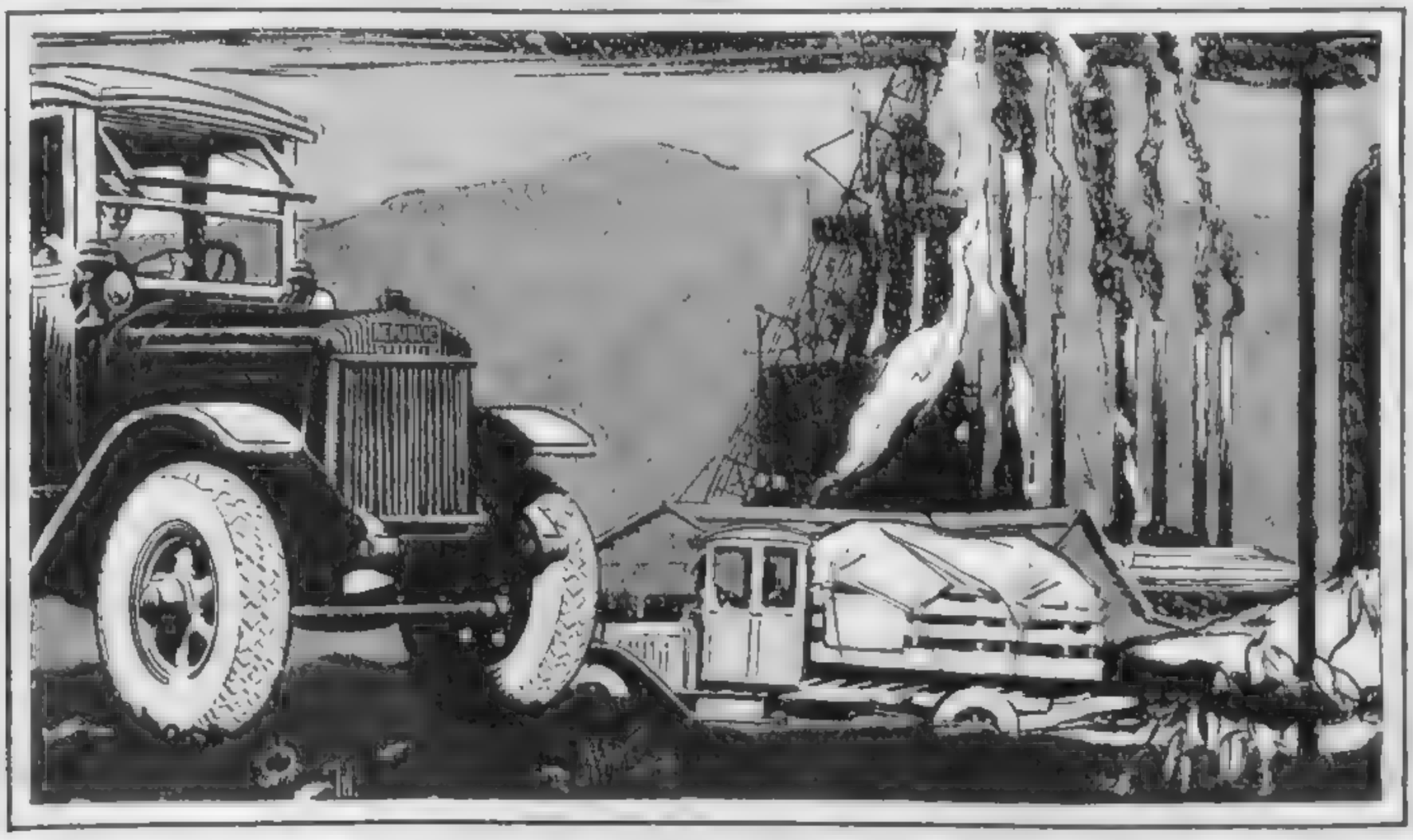
Republic policy of Service to the Owner is founded on the conviction that Service is the truck owner's most vital requirement. Two thousand Service Stations cover the country, backed by seven National Parts Depots, making Republic Service definite, and assuring Republic owners

everywhere uninterrupted performance.

Capacities: 1, 1½, 2½, 3½ Tons

Republic Truck Sales Corporation, Alma, Michigan

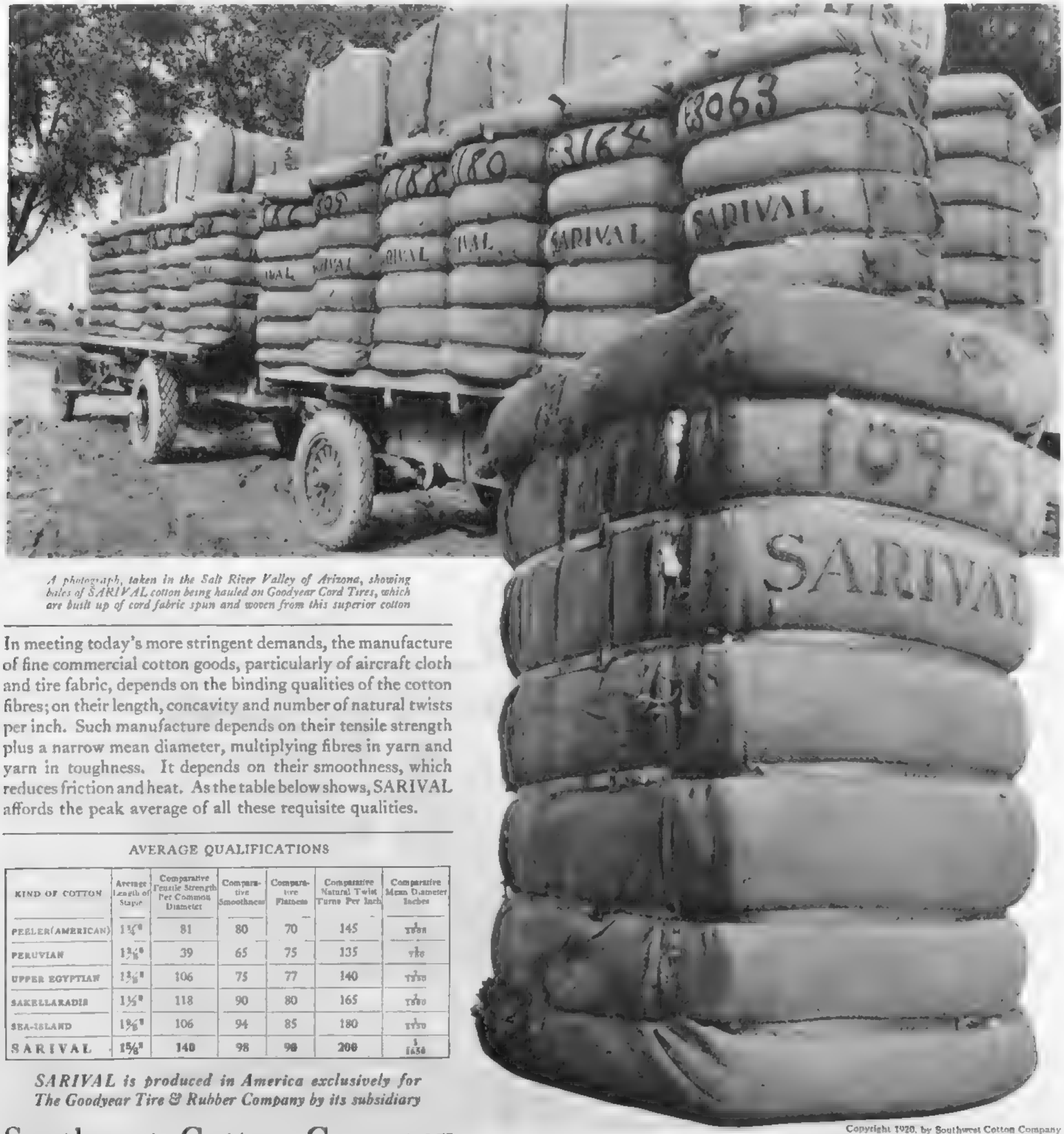
Ship by Truck



SARIVAL

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

SELECTED FROM COMMERCIAL LONG-STAPLE COTTON PRONOUNCED BY EXPERTS THE FINEST IN THE WORLD



A photograph, taken in the Salt River Valley of Arizona, showing bales of SARIVAL cotton being hauled on Goodyear Cord Tires, which are built up of cord fabric spun and woven from this superior cotton

In meeting today's more stringent demands, the manufacture of fine commercial cotton goods, particularly of aircraft cloth and tire fabric, depends on the binding qualities of the cotton fibres; on their length, concavity and number of natural twists per inch. Such manufacture depends on their tensile strength plus a narrow mean diameter, multiplying fibres in yarn and yarn in toughness. It depends on their smoothness, which reduces friction and heat. As the table below shows, SARIVAL affords the peak average of all these requisite qualities.

AVERAGE QUALIFICATIONS

KIND OF COTTON	Average Length of Staple	Comparative Tensile Strength Per Common Diameter	Comparative Smoothness	Comparative Flatness	Comparative Natural Twist Turns Per Inch	Comparative Mean Diameter Inches
PEELER (AMERICAN)	1 1/16"	81	80	70	145	1/1818
PERUVIAN	1 3/16"	39	65	75	135	1/780
UPPER EGYPTIAN	1 3/16"	106	75	77	140	1/1350
SAKELLARADIS	1 1/16"	118	90	80	165	1/1580
SEA-ISLAND	1 3/16"	106	94	85	180	1/1350
SARIVAL	**1 5/8"**	**140**	**98**	**98**	**200**	**1/1450**

SARIVAL is produced in America exclusively for The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company by its subsidiary

Southwest Cotton Company

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Copyright 1920, by Southwest Cotton Company

WHAT IS MANAGEMENT?

(Continued from Page 15)

But coffee is not the exception. Suppose it is apple pie. You get the same thickness in any or all of the restaurants. If the pie to-day has a crisscross top crust in New York, you can rest assured that the same kind of a top crust is on the pie in New Orleans. It is part of the system.

The same rule applies to the muffins, the butter cakes, the buckwheat cakes, the corned-beef hash or any of the other dishes served. There are no exceptions. All of them are prepared according to the same formula, regardless of the town or the restaurant.

But that is only a part of the system. Every one of the executives eats at least one meal a day in some one of the restaurants. The food must be good enough for him. It is said that William H. Blank, head of the company, can tell by tasting the batter cakes what is wrong with them, if they are prepared according to formula.

It is no accident if the manager of one of the restaurants comes over to you when you have to take a place at one of the tables in the rear of the restaurant and explains that he is sorry but he believes it will be possible for you to get quicker service there.

No luck gives every waitress just eight chairs during the rush hours. She could handle more perhaps, but every chair is worth money at that time. You have often wondered why you get your meal and get out on the street again so quickly. Blank's has figured that every one of those chairs should be good for one meal every fifteen minutes from eleven o'clock until two.

All these things and many more are figured out by the managers over the mahogany-top desks in New York. No meal is an accident.

The hardest thing in the world to do is to please a man with his food. He may wear sloppy clothes, his collar may not be clean, he may need a haircut—and it will mean little in his life; but he demands the best in food or he kicks.

Fifty million meals are served every year by the Blank chain, and it is the business of the executives to make every one of those meals perfect. This does not mean that the employees do not do their part, because they do, or it would be impossible to maintain any kind of service, but the managers make themselves personally responsible for the meals.

The Source of Teamwork

"To run a department store without managers would be as impossible as to run a circus parade without drivers," said the private secretary to the president of one of the largest stores in the country. "Six horses without a man to guide them cannot pull a circus wagon, but when they all work together, when there is a display of teamwork, then it is an easy matter. To supply this teamwork is part of the duty of the manager of the department. It is his business to see that the men and women in his department work together.

"Business is like a machine. The managers are the oil cans. They smooth the working of the machine. If they function properly the entire machine moves smoothly. Should one of them fail, that part of the machine stops.

"For most of the employees the day's work is over when they leave the store in the evening, but such is not the case with the managers. They must take perfect care of themselves so they can do the best work possible for the coming day. The general manager must be a lawyer, a diplomat, a financier, a merchant and an expert on foreign trade and politics, and in short an authority in almost every line of business, as well as a social-service worker. Not only must he call all of the heads of departments into his office from time to time to talk over the work of their departments but he must know something about those departments.

"A case where his diplomatic ability comes into play is when the heads of two departments come to him with a grievance. He must settle that and send each of them away contented. Then there is the matter of promotions. When he wants to promote one man there are always a number of others who believe that they were entitled to the promotion. It is the business of the general manager to see that these men do not become angry or lose heart in their work.

"When a business runs up into the millions of dollars the manager has to be a manager. There is no way for him to get out of being one.

"His ability as a merchant is called on from time to time when there is a failure in some department to make a success of the business there. He must be able to ascertain the cause. At other times he must know when his buyers are getting value for the money they are spending, and when they are failing to get it.

"I said he must be an expert in foreign trade and politics. An example of that is the fact that we have a buyer in the southern part of Russia now buying rugs. The manager of the store has had foresight enough to send him there, believing that the ban will be raised and we will be able to bring the rugs out of the country. Should his foresight in this matter prove wrong the company would lose the cost of sending the buyer to Russia and the price of the rugs.

"The general manager must hold all the departments together and keep them all working smoothly. He earns his money more than any other man in the organization. Often a single decision that he makes will save the store as much money as he earns in a year."

Why Progress Is Slow

One of the best-known department stores in the country is run on a widely advertised democratic plan. A large minority of the board of directors is elected from the workers themselves. There are various committees of workers who have an important part in the management, and the whole enterprise is conducted in an extremely progressive manner. But the fact remains that this store was developed to its present size and importance largely by the efforts of an individual, and even to-day, with industrial democracy carried to an extreme point in this institution, everyone thinks of the store in terms of its head.

It makes very little difference whether a man be known as an organizer, a promoter, an enterpriser, a captain of industry, an administrator, an executive or as a manager. The qualities implied in all or nearly all of these titles are what make the wheels go round. Dig, I repeat, wherever you will, and you will find that industrial progress, by which I mean not only the making of profits but the production of goods, is limited not by capital and manual labor but by the ability to organize and direct them. It applies to oil, to tobacco, to automobiles, to five and ten cent stores and to popular magazines.

It has been pointed out that even Robinson Crusoe needed some decision and direction in salvaging goods from his shipwreck. Even for the solitary worker the choice of the right time, kind, place and method of work is most important. But these become of tremendously greater importance in a complicated existence. If a man drove his spade into the earth on a desert island it would probably be to raise food for the current year; here it may be to dig a canal or tunnel whose uses will not become actual for many years.

It is sometimes assumed that progress comes rapidly. We talk about the industrial revolution as if it had fallen upon us overnight. We act as if changes took place automatically. But of course this is not the case. Every new machine, every change to larger scale, every new undertaking, calls for planning and judgment, usually involving risks, and is dependent on some individual's initiative. Industry moves ahead very slowly, because energy, ambition and insight are limited.

If an indefinite number of persons were capable of making successful changes the march of progress would be so fast as to make us dizzy. As it is, the impulse for changes comes from a very few individuals. Andrew Carnegie in this country and Krupp in Germany revolutionized the iron and steel industry, and were followed by many others. But progress is usually gradual and tentative, like the growth of ocean steamships. Civilization cannot tear ahead, because there are not enough leaders.

"We had the engine for half a century before men were smart enough to put it on wheels and make it run on a track," says a leading authority on industrial management. "After this it took us three generations to get the engine on wheels and the

Flashing the cost of GASOLINE!

You can't cut the *price* of gasoline, but—
You can slash its cost every time you take out your car! How?
By installing the

GUARANTY
Spark Intensifire

This remarkable little device is saving gasoline for thousands of motor car owners everywhere—*it will save it for you.*

Attach a Guaranty Spark Intensifire to each plug (fingers are enough, you don't need tools). Start your engine. In less than two minutes your motor will show too much a mixture and you will be obliged to turn down the needle valve of your carburetor, thus cutting off the flow of gasoline until the motor once more runs smoothly and quietly, *making the saving of gasoline self-evident.*

Gasoline Saving Guaranteed
Usually the Saving is from 10% to 30%

Guaranty produces a spark that explodes every atom of the gas charge at once—this means no missing, no backfire and no waste of gasoline through faulty ignition—even though cylinders are oil-soaked and carbonized and the spark plugs broken.

Guaranty insures quick starting, takes you farther up-hill on high and does away with frequent gear shifting that wastes gas and makes driving too much like work.

Locates Ignition Trouble Instantly

With Guaranty the spark is always visible, shining through the tempered glass that fireproofs it and saying: "All's well with your ignition." If a plug fails to spark, you know instantly which wire to inspect for trouble.

Equip *your* motor today—save gasoline and enjoy more power, more speed and smoother running.

Every Guaranty Spark Intensifire is sold on a rigid, MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. In the event that any one fails to do what we claim, it may be returned within ten days and the full purchase price will be promptly refunded without argument.

That's the strongest kind of GUARANTEE we know how to give. *We know* what the Guaranty will do—*is doing on thousands of cars*—and so we make the GUARANTEE as positive as possible.

And besides pleasure cars, the Guaranty is guaranteed to work equally well on TRUCKS, TRACTORS, WATER CRAFT and STATIONARY ENGINES.

Order From Your Dealer

Guaranty Spark Intensifires should be on sale at any store selling automobile accessories. *Your dealer* probably has them; but if you have any trouble obtaining the genuine (stamped "Guaranty") order a set direct from us—one Intensifire required for each plug.

$1. Each
Post Paid Anywhere
$1.25 in Canada

It is important for you to *be sure you get the Guaranty,* because it is the ONLY spark intensifire on the market sold on the liberal MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE specified above.

Get a set now—SLASH the COST of GASOLINE!

JOBBERS AND DEALERS—WE GUARANTEE YOUR SALES!

Place a modest order by WIRE today—an order for as many Guaranty Intensifires as you *think* you can sell in ninety days. If, at the end of that time, you have not sold all you ordered, you may return the balance.

The Guaranty Spark Intensifire is a sensation wherever shown. It sells on sight—a cash register energizer. Liberal trade discounts, and a full supply of circulars, window and counter display material, etc. Regularly advertised in large space in the "Post" and other national magazines to create a demand for you to profit by—*cash in NOW!*

GUARANTY MOTORS CO.
Manufacturers of the well-known Guaranty Line"
CAMBRIDGE 39, MASS.

In replying, please mention the July 24th issue of the "Post"

Notaseme Hosiery is made for Men, Women, and Children—in silk, lisle, or mercerized

NOTASEME
HOSIERY

THE "activest" young Indian in your house won't grind out the knees, heels, and toes of Notaseme Stockings, no matter how hard he plays. Because the exclusive Notaseme knitting process builds in a "darnless" four-ply weave at heels and toes, where the feet used to wiggle through. Fast-dyed, and with that "better look" about them. Next time, buy them Notaseme. Ask for Number 41.

NOTASEME HOSIERY COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

wheels sufficiently developed to run comfortably along the road in the form of the automobile. And this result was obtained only after the steady striving of hundreds, if not thousands, of machinists and inventors through the period of these three generations."

A great deal is said about the need of efficiency and conservation, of the appalling amount of waste in industry. It is generally believed that industry is only about fifty per cent efficient. But there has been no lack of inventions and scientific discoveries. No one doubts the superiority of the locomotive and the automobile over the horse and wagon, and it is said that a locomotive and train crew carry two hundred times as much freight as the same number of men with teams would have hauled much more slowly. Yet many people are still poor, and there are not enough goods to go round.

"Very few of those who have not made special investigation," says Harrington Emerson, "realize how very low the average efficiency of endeavor is, even in a highly civilized country like the United States. Everywhere we see brilliant results; rarely can anyone follow the losses between result and initial supply.

"Not only are recurring wastes more flagrant than is generally admitted, but it is also not realized that very hard and extremely exhausting work is not an evidence of efficiency. It is not because men do not work hard, but because they are poorly directed and work under adverse conditions, that their efficiency is low.

"Railroad repair shops throughout the country do not show fifty per cent efficiency on an average as regards either materials or labor.

"In a big locomotive shop a careful study of the machines which had been in operation for twenty years showed that the location of seventy-five per cent of them would have to be changed so as to facilitate the orderly, effective and economical progress of work from one to the other. This and other eliminations of wastes doubled the output with less labor costs.

"Mr. Taylor found a labor efficiency of only twenty-eight per cent in the rough labor employed in a steel company's yards. The writer by time studies determined an efficiency of only eighteen per cent in a gang of laborers excavating a foundation, and even less on some construction work in the erection of the large office buildings in New York. Inefficiency is not a local evil. It extends throughout the whole of American life—extends through the whole industrial life of the world."

Minds Out of Focus

What does all this mean, except that organizing, that managing ability is very scarce? We talk about organization in a very matter-of-fact, offhand manner, as if it were an easy, simple thing. But we cannot have the goods and service upon which our lives depend without organization, yet how very few of us indeed have the capacity for it!

Human beings, materials, tools, equipment, working space and appurtenances must be combined. They must be brought together systematically and coördinated effectively to accomplish the desired object of providing what the world needs. The human beings in the organization are always the most important and difficult problem. Yet they are useless without tools and equipment, and the mechanism cannot function and does not function until that force which we call management leads, guides and directs the whole combination or organization. Management has to pull the lever, and nothing starts until there is a management which creates a spirit, an atmosphere, a set of ideals, enthusiasm, inspiration, loyalty, orderliness and discipline.

What with the enormous accumulation of knowledge and capital in the world, the tens of thousands of devices and inventions and the millions of laborers, there is really no reason why we should not all be rich, if only enough of us knew how to combine and manage these elements. As it is, men who really can accomplish results are overloaded with work.

"We have probably all noticed some invention that has made a man's fortune, and have been struck by the extreme simplicity of the thing," says Prof. J. Russell Smith in discussing the lack of organizing ability. "We have thought to ourselves, 'Why didn't I invent that?' and have comforted ourselves by the thought that we would have if our minds had just been focused on the problem. But the point is that our mind did not focus itself.

"It is probably true that almost every inventor of a new type of correlation in any line of action, whether it is war, sport, industry or commerce, makes himself a conspicuous figure in the particular group in which he works. Alexander the Great conquered the world in a few years with the Macedonian phalanx, which was merely a novel and highly effective arrangement of troops. A small group of men were made an invincible unit for plowing through the ranks of opposing forces, and empires fell an easy prey to a handful of soldiers and a bit of system.

"A similar great success has resulted from the introduction of a single new factor into a mercantile business. I have talked with many persons who told me of the merriment and incredulity that greeted the first announcement in Philadelphia that a certain store would thereafter sell goods at one fixed price only; that the customers would therefore be making needless waste of time to attempt to bring about price reduction. People said it could not be done. The habit of having a chaffer and a price-beating bargain in the store was a habit firmly fixed and could not be changed. But it was changed—with very profound results."

When Owner Was Manager

But the supreme need of managing ability is being constantly thrust upon us in a finer and more complex sense than any I have yet indicated. The problem of industry is no longer merely one of simple enlargement and extension, but is the more difficult one of refining the texture, so to speak. We can no longer use our resources as carelessly as in earlier days. We must do more than invent machines; we must adapt them to the laws of fatigue. The problem is not merely to create huge corporations; it is the vastly more intricate one of managing them after they have come into existence.

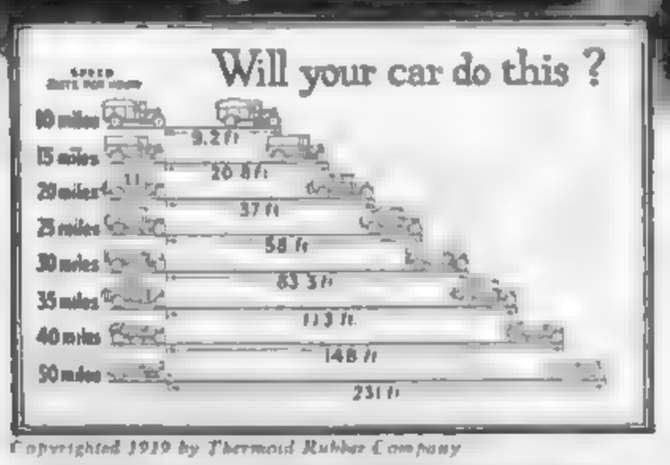
No doubt many new inventions, machines and processes still remain to be discovered. Continents yet remain undeveloped. But the problem becomes more and more one of the best way of using what we have, of the right principles, policies and aims. Man is no longer judged by the mere amount of wealth which he has accumulated. It is more a question of the achievement, the spirit and the services rendered by the organization in which he has made that wealth.

Formerly the owner and the manager were almost always one and the same. Our earlier captains of industry created the kingdoms over which they later ruled. They were pioneers, hewing fortunes out of the virgin continent. In a strict sense they were builders rather than administrators and managers, driving affairs forward by individual energy rather than by the true administrative process of developing and guiding the energies of others. These men served their purpose and performed an essential work, but their successors have a far more delicate, and —I am inclined to believe—a more critical and essential task. To fail in management to-day is to be crushed under the load of civilization.

Sir Albert Stanley, chairman of the Underground Railways of London, has said that the owner to-day comes in not by the office door at the factory but by the stock exchange in the financial district. The old-fashioned owner-manager united responsibility and power. He still exists generally in agriculture, in most retail stores and in a few small factories. But in great portions of industry the corporation with its salaried officers has replaced the capitalist of whom old-fashioned economists and popular agitators still continue to speak. Thus the need for managerial ability becomes far greater than before. The mere salaried employee of a corporation deals not only with larger interests than the old-fashioned owner but with money which is not his own and with which he cannot do as he likes.

As one large manufacturer once expressed it, "There comes a point where the man in the twentieth story of an office building cannot make up, no matter how brilliant he may be, for the waste and shiftlessness of a variety of superintendents and foremen in many mills hundreds of miles away in all directions." Yet this difficulty of the divorce of ownership from management, of

(Continued on Page 161)



Copyrighted 1919 by Thermoid Rubber Company

This chart shows the distances in which a car should stop, at any given speed, if the brakes are efficient

Is your car safe for a woman to drive?

WHEN a heavy truck darts out from a side street—or a speeding car cuts suddenly in front—will your brakes *respond instantly* to the lighter touch of a woman's foot?

Your wife or daughter, when she takes out your car, nearly always asks whether the brakes are all right. She realizes that effective brakes are even more important for her than for you—because she lacks your strength.

Don't let an emergency find your car with inefficient brakes. The chart above shows how quickly your car *should* be able to stop. *Have your brakes inspected by your garage man at regular intervals.*

Perhaps a slight adjustment is what they need. Or they may require new brake lining. Ordinary woven lining wears down quickly and unevenly. It grabs and slips after the first few hundred miles. Unless frequent adjustments are made, you can never be *sure* that your brakes will hold.

A brake lining with 40% more material

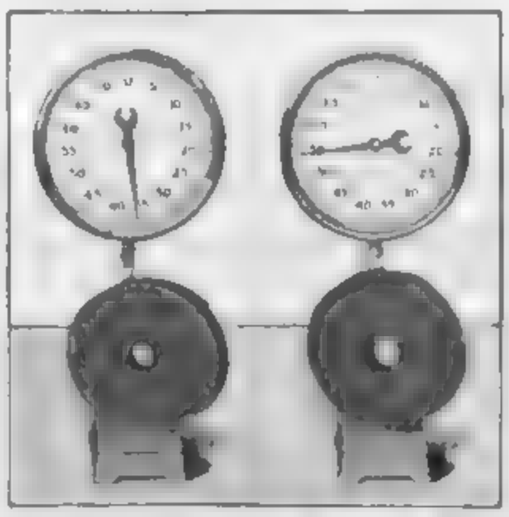
By using *40% more material* than in ordinary woven lining—by compressing this material under tremendous hydraulic pressure into a tight, close-textured mass—we have perfected a brake lining which wears down slowly, and maintains its gripping power even when worn as thin as cardboard.

Brakes lined with Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining never grab or slip. They do not swell from dampness, because Thermoid is *Graphalized*—an exclusive process which enables it to resist moisture, oil and gasoline.

Because of its long-wearing qualities and unfailing efficiency, the manufacturers of 50 of the leading cars and trucks are consistent purchasers of Thermoid.

Don't take any more chances with faulty brakes. Have your car brakes inspected regularly. And next time you need new brake lining, be sure that you specify Thermoid.

The new Thermoid book on automobile brakes is the most complete publication on the subject ever printed. It tells how to keep your car within safety limits. Sent free. Write today.



100 ft. ordinary woven brake lining, wgt. 36 lbs. 4 oz.

100 ft. Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining, wgt. 54 lbs. 8 oz.

Thermoid has over 40% more material by actual weight

Thermoid Rubber Company

Factory and Main Offices, Trenton, New Jersey

New York Chicago San Francisco Detroit
Atlanta Philadelphia Pittsburgh Boston
Cleveland London Paris Turin

Canadian Distributors
The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company, Limited, Montreal
Branches in all principal Canadian cities

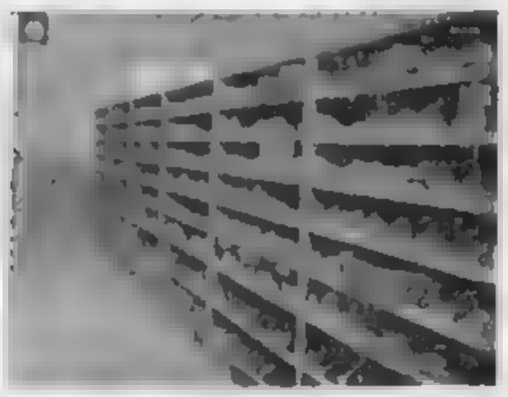
Thermoid Brake Lining
Hydraulic Compressed

Makers of "Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints" and "Thermoid Crolide Compound Tires"

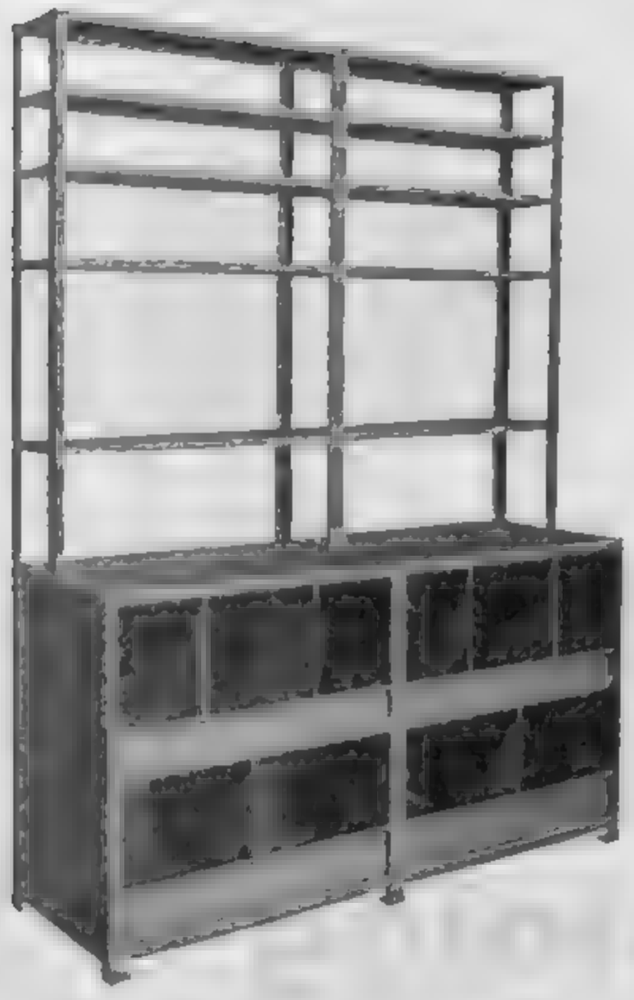
Allsteel shelving in a public service corporation, the Southern Public Utilities Co., Charlotte, N. C.

Allsteel shelving, Brooklyn Navy Yard. The largest shelving contract ever awarded—45 carloads, 1,051,607 separate parts.

Modern Business demands STEEL SHELVING



Allsteel shelving, Ford agency of Higgins & Mathews, Ballard, Wash.



ALLSTEEL SHELVING
By starting with your minimum requirements and then adding shelves, partitions, backs, doors, bin fronts, bin sides, bin backs, and bin dividers as desired, you secure utmost capacity and maximum adjustability.

THIS is the age of steel. It stands for progress and efficiency. Nowhere is this more obvious than in shelving. It is literally true that *Allsteel* shelving has *every* advantage over wooden shelving.

It is not only more convenient, it is more economical. Its first cost is its last. Instead of being thrown out and replaced when you need greater capacity, *Allsteel* shelving grows as your business grows. In the one-man retail store, in huge plants covering acres, in businesses of every type as well as every size *Allsteel* shelving is in successful use, meeting exact needs.

GF Allsteel Office Furniture

Strong as only high-grade steel can be strong, *Allsteel* shelving is easily put up, taken down, moved, reassembled at will. Moving is simply a matter of taking apart and putting together. *Allsteel* shelving is more rigid than wood, is fire-retardant, has greater capacity, and takes less space. The parts are interchangeable. You buy only what your present needs demand and add other units when you want them. From the various parts of *Allsteel* shelving you can select precisely what you require for storage or display of merchandise. Just look at this modern shelving at your dealer's and see what it will mean to the appearance and efficiency of your business.

Allsteel Office Furniture

Many of the foremost firms of America use *Allsteel* equipment—safes, filing cabinets, desks, and tables. See the full line at your dealer's or send for our 88-page illustrated catalogue. You will be proud of *Allsteel* equipment; it forms the fitting environment of success.

The General Fireproofing Company
Youngstown, Ohio.
New York Chicago Boston Washington Atlanta Seattle

Dealers in All Principal Cities

(Continued from Page 158)

the ever-increasing reliance upon hired labor and an ever-lessening reliance upon spontaneous self-interest, must be made up if progress is to continue.

Indeed it is a question if the very difficulty of the situation, of the crisis in fact, will not bring out a new type of leader equal to the emergency. Only when danger threatens a quietly feeding herd of cattle does the bull stalk forward. The captain of the ship stays on the bridge during the storm. This country developed a Washington and a Lincoln in times of stress. It is unthinkable that men should not develop capable of bearing the burdens of modern industry.

Thus far I doubt if there are many critics who would disagree with the points made in this article. There are perhaps a few persons who believe that capital, labor and the market, or purchasing public, are in the habit of coming together on their own account into a successful business organization without the uniting force of management. But the common sense of the masses of the people is sure to reject this gear-stripping meandering of the parlor Bolsheviki.

Where the critic really lies in wait with his sandbag is at quite another place. It is not the need and importance of management which are doubted, he says, but the manager's one-sided allegiance to capital. Has not labor just as much interest in seeing that management pays it adequate wages as capital has in securing the type of management which pays good dividends? Must not the manager in justice provide steady employment as well as steady dividends?

No doubt there are many—perhaps most—executives who still look upon the capitalist as their only employer. But frankly speaking their ranks are fast thinning. The successful executive to-day is not altogether stupid. He knows perfectly well that he is the delicate equilibrator that keeps the workers, the stockholders and the public from flying at each other's throats and destroying the whole mechanism of industry.

This is no idle theoretical dream on my part; it is a practical, everyday reality. The president and active head of one of the largest industrial combinations in the country, operating more than fifty mills, a company much in the public eye because of its large profits, recently addressed an association of dealers in his trade. He spoke of the disappearance of the small individual mills formerly operated by a single owner who knew all his help familiarly and oftentimes by name.

An Executive's Varied Obligations

"He was in the closest touch with them from day to day. The operatives were sons and daughters of his neighbors, alike of New England stock, with history and traditions and ideas the same. There were no differences of race or religion. There was not only personal contact but frequently personal intimacy between the owner and his employees. Together they constituted a great industrial democracy.

"But to-day those who own or manage textile mills see or become acquainted with the workers, if at all, only by the merest chance. There is no opportunity in the industry for the personal contact of the old days, a contact which meant so much to successful administration. For how could I, for example, even hope to meet and know forty thousand operatives scattered throughout New England, much less to know and appreciate the quarter million people or so that constitute their families?

"Nor could I to any greater degree know even the people who own the mills. We have in our company some seventeen thousand stockholders, and I venture to say I have not the pleasure of knowing a score of the number. It is impossible for me to meet them. But few of them attend our stockholders' meetings, and there is no occasion for me to know them except by the names on our stock ledgers, and frequently these give but little indication as to who the real owners are.

"A similar situation exists with regard to those who buy and distribute our cloth. The mill owner who in the olden days used to manage his own mill knew personally and familiarly all his customers. But except upon fortunate occasions like this I can seldom meet those who buy our fabrics, and it is almost equally seldom that I see or know those men from whom our company buys its supplies.

"You will pardon me, I am sure, if I refer to my own position by way of illustration. Here I am, in a sense a trustee charged with the duties affecting the lives, prosperity and happiness of more than forty thousand workers in our different mills, who by the iron necessity of circumstances must be personally unknown to me, and to whom of necessity I am a person of a character and of characteristics of which these workers can judge only by what I do or by what they themselves imagine and conjecture regarding me. On the other hand, I am as much a trustee holding millions of dollars of property placed in my hands by thousands of different investors, practically all of whom are personally as much strangers to me as the workers in the mills.

"Furthermore I am charged with still another duty, a duty to the public and to you gentlemen who buy our product in behalf of the public, by which I am bound to see that the cloth which we produce is sterling cloth, is worth the price; and that this great necessity of life, without which the progress and development of the civilization of the world would be arrested, is furnished to the people at a figure which is fair, a price which is not increased by any unfounded or unrighteous demand of the worker or any unfair profit to the investor.

"I hardly need to point out to you how delicate these duties are in relation to each other, or how vitally they may at times conflict. If I should give to the employees excessive wages I should thereby unjustly take the amount thus spent either from the investor or from the public. If I should take it from the investor he does not have a fair return upon his money. If I charge it in the price which the public pay they are called upon to pay, for the fabric which they must have, more than a just price."

Heavy Burdens of Taxation

"If on the other hand I deny to the worker his proper wage, thus favoring the investor or the public, I do an injustice to humanity; I inflict a wrong on thousands of toilers and the thousands in the families dependent upon them.

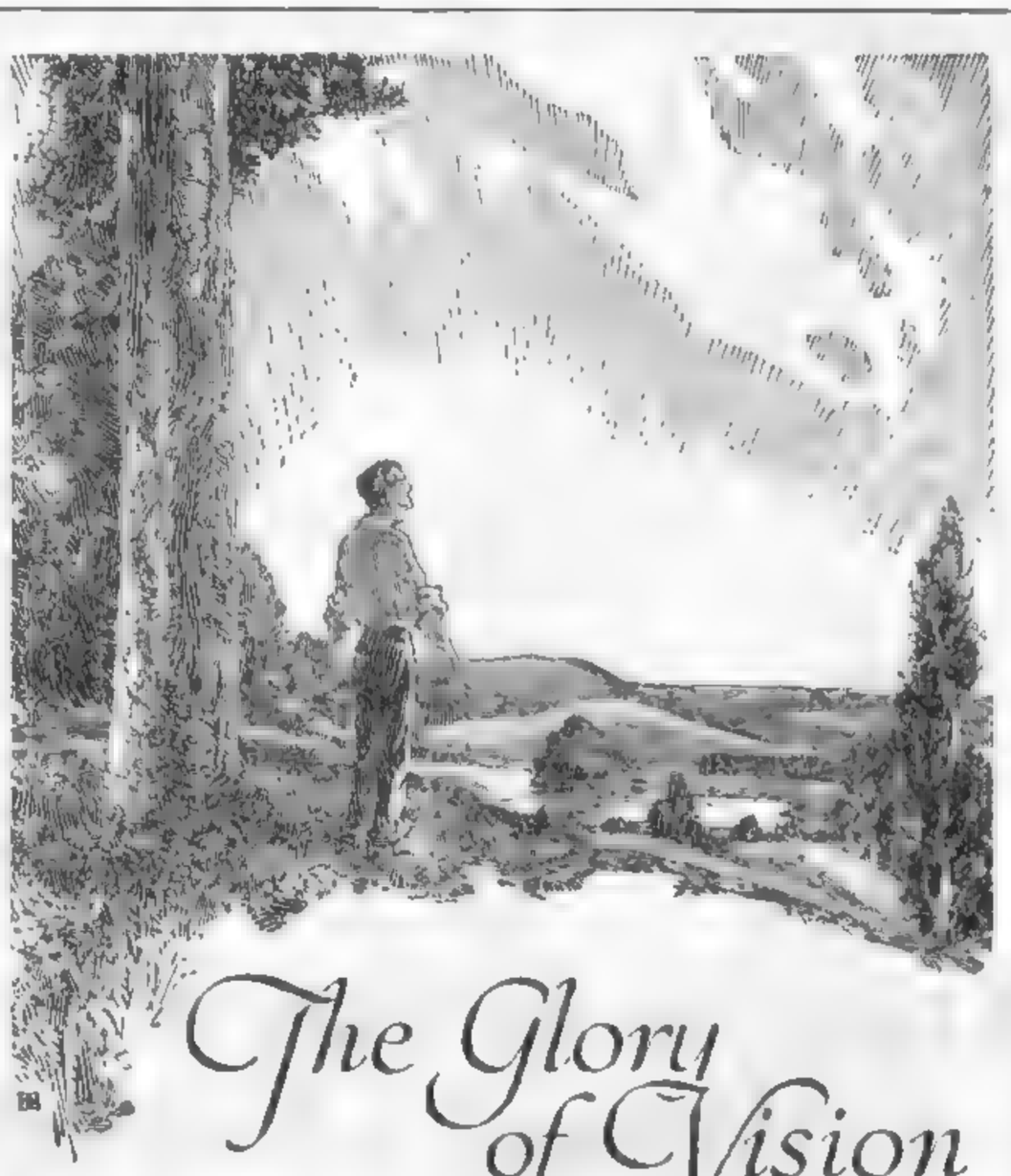
"Let us take the case of the investor. He has committed to me his property in the confidence that I will be faithful to the trust that I have accepted in his behalf, and that I will be honest and fair and square with his interests; that I will manage his property wisely, with sound judgment and, above all, successfully. If I should falter in the discharge of this trust, if I should take from the investor and give unfairly to the worker or to the public who buy our product, I should not be fit to hold my trust.

"Take the case of the public whom you represent. If I should willingly assent to the workers and investors' combining together to exact a higher wage or a larger profit from the public than was fair, I should assent to an injustice to thousands of the people who wear the clothes which you make up from our fabric, and thus do to them a serious social wrong.

"It is thus my duty, and the duty of those who constitute with me the management, to hold the scales fairly and justly as between these three great interests—the worker, the investor and the public. It is my duty to see that so far as I have power no injustice shall be done to either or any, but that the problem shall be fairly or at least honestly solved. How am I to bring about this result? What are the principles which are to guide one holding the position which I hold of executive management?

"But not even here do the duties of an executive position end, nor is this quite the end of the problems of the manufacturer. There is still another duty, one which has developed considerably of late years—the duty to our Government. Within the years last past the Government not only has undertaken to supervise and control the business activities of companies like ours but has to a very large extent succeeded to the position of our stockholders. The Government is a new beneficiary for which the management holds its property in trust.

"You will be a bit surprised, I think, when I tell you that for the last year for which our accounts have been made up the company has paid to the Government in taxes an amount more than twice the amount of the nominal profit left remaining to the company—more than five times the amount of dividends paid to our investors. You will be surprised, I think, to learn that this payment to the Government was nearly two-thirds the total amount distributed to our workers by way of



The Glory of Vision

So much of the beauty of the world comes to us through our eyes, and so much of our progress in life depends upon them, that they ought never to be neglected.

Few people consciously neglect their eyes, but there are thousands and thousands whose eyes are no longer up to maximum efficiency, simply because of a neglect which they do not realize.

Periodic eye examinations

You should treat your eyes at least as well as you treat your teeth. If you go to a dentist periodically, why shouldn't you also go to an optical specialist for periodic eye examinations? It is the best assurance that your eyes are always serving you as well as they possibly can.

As people grow older it is natural that their eyes should lose some of their power. This loss is often so gradual that it continues unnoticed until a little fault, which might have been corrected easily in the beginning, has developed into a more serious trouble. Plan to have your eyes examined at least once a year by an optical specialist.

Watch children's eyes

Take pains to find out whether your children's eyes are normal. Do they see near and distant objects as easily as normal children should, without strain? Are they near sighted or far sighted? Have school work and reading strained their eyes? On the first suspicion of trouble, take them to a good optical specialist for an examination. Poor eyesight, undiscovered, may retard their whole progress in life.

If you have your own eyes periodically examined, and watch your children's eyes carefully, you are doing the two best things to insure maximum good eyesight for yourself and your family.

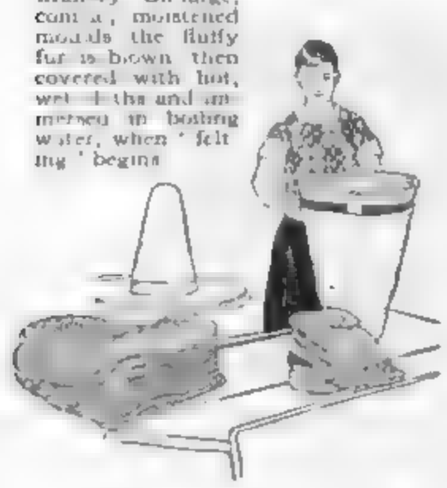
This advertisement is written in acknowledgement of the splendid work being done by optical specialists throughout the country in the cause of better vision. Kryptok Company, Inc., 1017 Old South Building, Boston, Mass. Sole owners of the patents under which Kryptok Glasses, the only invisible bifocals, are made.

MALLORY HATS

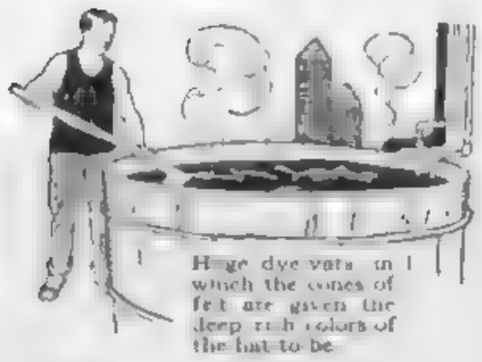
The highest skill is required in the selection and mixing of the various furs to produce just the right kind of felt. This is one of the most important steps in the making of Mallory Quality.

It takes twelve Hatters to make a Mallory

"Forming" your Mallory. On large, conical, moistened moulds the fluffy fur is blown then covered with hot, wet cloths and immersed in boiling water, when "felting" begins



The long, conical, baggy "form" is slowly carefully "worked down" by hand—to one-third its original size. Here, skill counts for much—only the most expert hatters perform this difficult operation.



Huge dye vats in which the cones of felt are given the deep rich colors of the hat to be

Deft fingered experts shape Mallory Hats — putting style and "life" and beauty into the rounded shell of felt. Here is where Mallory Style is born

Good hats are high—and men are interested in knowing why.

To begin with, Mallory Hats are made of fine, clean *fur* from Russia, the Balkans, Australia. This fur costs as much as pure silver — it cannot be used in cheap hats.

The amount of hand craftsmanship necessary to produce a hat as good as a Mallory is very great. The fur is selected, conditioned, and "formed" on large conical moulds; worked down to required size; put through sizing room and dye-vat, slowly and carefully; passed through the hands of one skilled hatter after another—and so on to the final hand-shaping, the delicate finishing with finest sandpaper, the deft curving of brim, the stitching of welt and band.

A Mallory Hat is almost wholly hand-made—and it is because of this careful, thorough manufacture that it is such a *good* hat, so long-wearing, so economical.

The MALLORY HAT CO.
234 Fifth Avenue New York
(Wholesale Only)

Factory at Danbury, Conn.

wages, though the wages paid during that year were the highest ever paid in the history of our company. From this you will see what I mean when I say that we now have a new and somewhat unusual duty to a new beneficiary."

Thus the business administrator or manager finds himself in a pivotal position as the trustee of the property of the investors, as the leader and guarder of the workers and as a responsible representative of public interests. As business is organized today, there is really no such thing as private industry in the sense in which that term was used in the past, a fact that is fully recognized by many managers and is clearly shown in the speech from which quotation has just been made. Those who hold positions of responsibility are, or should be, fully aware that it is privately managed public industry which they are managing, and they realize what a position of stewardship their position involves.

Labor and the public have been described as minority stockholders in our corporations, bound to call for an accounting unless properly treated. Business may be looked upon as a distinct entity in itself, more than mere capital, more than labor and more than even the public. Finespun definitions are useless. The simple fact is that if the workers are paid too much the stockholders or the public or both are robbed. If capital gets too much, labor or public or both fail to get a square deal; and if the public gets too much, as in the case of the railroads, capital or labor or both are bound to suffer.

Many of the self-appointed experts on social unrest, industrial democracy and similar phrases, who are rushing about the land with patent remedies, would have us believe that any sort of consideration on the part of management for the workers is a brand-new discovery, originating in their own fertile brains. But obviously there is nothing so very new in the idea that men prefer to be led rather than driven. Men have always tackled hard jobs because of the inspiration of leadership. There are leaders whose names inspire confidence all the way from the top to the bottom of an organization. There are great employers in this country whose names are familiar to all my readers, who without any particular theory or science of labor management are able to get enthusiastic results.

Bosses Who Protect Subordinates

The manager of a flourishing business concern who was formerly in newspaper work in discussing this subject pointed out one qualification of the successful manager of whatever grade, from foreman to president, which is anything but new:

"In most instances the managers are inclined to protect the men from blame higher up. That is one of the big secrets of a successful manager. When the blame falls the manager takes it on his own shoulders. There was a city editor of a newspaper whom I know. If we made a mistake he would call us in and tell us about it in terms that were not pleasing, but if the managing editor came in to attack the man who wrote the story he would rise up in his might and defend the man against the managing editor. The loyalty of the city editor to the men in a time like that made them loyal to him at other times.

"There was nothing those men would not have done for him."

It has always been difficult and always will be difficult to direct the work of human beings. No conceivable scheme of industrial democracy can ever make this direction automatic. The manager who can inspire men to interest in their work, who can keep up this interest and add enthusiasm from time to time, who can keep the men at their tasks day after day, has always been and will always be an unusual and valuable leader.

But if this type of ability is anything like as rare and essential to the successful working of the industrial system as I have tried to make out, then there should be less complaint over the payment of large salaries. An able executive may gain millions for his company, out of which his managerial wages usually form an insignificant fraction. Men who own large enterprises often have been quoted as saying that their four or five highest salaried men are the cheapest labor they have. The executive may seem at times overpaid to his subordinates because he never works with his hands, usually has a desk which is clear of papers and plays golf in the afternoon now and then.

But the task of executive accomplishment is not measured by hours of work, but by results. Of course there are plenty of cases where large salaries are merely a form of favoritism, nepotism and graft for incompetent men. Labor may be squeezed, the public overcharged, and even the outlying stockholders swindled to make an easy berth for a group of salaried grafters and incompetents. But if production is kept up, with satisfactory dividends to stockholders and proper wages to workers, along with a quality and price which meet the public demand, then it is mere piffle to complain because the managers receive big salaries.

In discussion over the present railroad law it was brought out in Congress that two hundred officers of American railroads receive annual salaries of twenty thousand dollars or more, and one congressman said that these "strongly smack of the worst form of profiteering." But if the total of these salaries were taken away entirely from the officers and divided among the other employees the average employee would have received less than four dollars a year more than he actually did.

These two hundred men were the principal officers and managers of properties said to represent an investment of eighteen billion dollars and having earnings of more than four billion dollars a year. The total wage of these executives was just sixteen out of each ten thousand dollars of earnings. If these officers have mismanaged the railroads the salaries which have gone to them were certainly wasted and worse than wasted. But if they have been successful in their management, what utter political tommyrot to complain about such a relatively petty amount!

Mr. Schwab's Policy

Mr. Schwab has several times said that he does not care how much his lieutenants make; in fact while he is the chief stockholder in his company he pays his officers more than all the dividends which he pays on all the stock. And he takes the view that it is the incentive of large salaries which produces the results which in turn make big dividends possible. I am far from arguing that a big salary is the only incentive and stimulus to managing ability. That would be foolish, but it is just as foolish to decry the big salary when it produces the results which it is intended to produce.

But the demand to-day is for more than individual ability, tact and humanity upon the part of the employer and manager, and criticism is not confined to the mere rewards and profits of the employing class. The idea is steadily growing that the workman must have a larger share in control and management. As important an employer as Lord Leverhulme has said that the whole idea associated with management is that of control, "which idea has embalmed itself in the word 'boss.'" He goes on to say that the workman no longer wants to be blindly bossed as if he were a child.

"The employer is an individual, generally of very strong character," says Robert B. Wolfe, whose success in rousing the interest of laborers in their work has attracted wide attention. "I believe, however, that his usual disregard for the individuality of the workman comes largely from the fact that he has been so engrossed in the task of creating an efficient organization to express his own individuality that he has entirely overlooked the fact that in the creation of this thing he has forgotten to extend the same privilege to his employees."

Now this is neither so easy nor so simple as it sounds, and mere schemes of shop government will not bring about the millennium. Nor is this statement of mine any mere generality. I base it upon very definite facts, one of these being the inherent and unavoidable limitations of the manager himself.

These have been stated with great force by Mr. Person. To quote him in part:

"There seem to be four disadvantages"—to the manager: "First, the fact that the manager's attention is concerned with the unstable elements of his business—the varying details. This concentration on technical aspects of the business denies to the manager opportunity to observe the great facts of social and industrial evolution. He may even not keep up with the development of human thought concerning the very services which he performs for society. He has but little time to acquaint himself with results of investigations of others. He has

(Concluded on Page 165)

Once Up, Always Up

Beaver Board is that kind of wall and ceiling material. You'll never have to replace it, repair it or renew it. It won't need repainting for a good many years. It is as permanent as your woodwork and hardwood floors.

Because of this quality, Beaver Board is now being built into new homes the country over. Skillful panelling and attractive decorations are justified when long life is so fully assured.

But while Beaver Board is extensively used in the better class of homes, it is lending itself equally well to the simple "Do it Yourself" jobs. In both types of work the Beaver Board is the same. The result depends entirely upon the skill with which it is used.

Beaver Board is a true lumber product. It is built up into large flawless panels from fibres of spruce. It is "ready to use" walls and ceilings.

Send for our new book, "Beaver Board and Its Uses." Ask about Beavertone, a velvety paint for Beaver Board, especially made by the manufacturers of Beaver Board.

THE BEAVER BOARD COMPANIES
Administration Offices, Buffalo, N. Y.; Thorold, Ont., Canada; London, Eng.
Offices in principal cities of the United States and abroad
Distributors and dealers everywhere

BEAVER BOARD

You can't expect Beaver Board results unless this trademark is on the back of the board you buy.

BEAVER BOARD
PURE WOOD FIBRE

FOR BETTER WALLS & CEILINGS

KOHLER

PRODUCTS OF *SCIENCE*

Out of the Kohler laboratories come metals carefully tested and analyzed, come formulae for the exact amount of each element contained in the mixture of materials fed to the roaring blast furnaces.

And from the trained hands of Kohler chemists comes the famous Kohler enamel, its ingredients gathered from far places of the globe, from icy Greenland, from the Great American Desert, from hills and valleys, and strange places in both hemispheres.

Melted into a molten mass, poured into molds precise and accurate, the analyzed metals become the gracefully shaped shells of Kohler products. The enamel, applied, fused, re-applied, and fused again, becomes the glistening, snow-white armor which gives to the shell beauty, refinement, durability.

And the result is a Kohler bathtub, kitchen sink, lavatory—truly a product of science and worthy the name "Kohler," which is permanently incorporated in the enamel, faint and inconspicuous, but as an everlasting guarantee of excellence.

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wisconsin
Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wisconsin

BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE AND KOHLER AUTOMATIC POWER AND LIGHT 110 VOLT D. C.

(Concluded from Page 162)

but little time for books. Lack of time from business is too frequently as fatal for him as the lack of education for many others; he falls into the habit of accepting statements of facts of industrial evolution which are not true, and opinions of others concerning economic principles which are not sound.

"Second, the very nature of his responsibilities compels him to regard and to value all things from the point of view of profits. In most instances he is wholly unaware that there are other standards of valuation of the mechanism, processes and policies which he is called upon to consider. In those instances in which he may feel there are other standards of valuation he is too often unable to free himself from the insistent demand which the problems of the ever-changing elements of his business crowd upon him to inquire what those other standards may be. His is a business in which he who hesitates is lost, and he therefore may not stop to work out more than superficial changes; he may not stop to inquire about the fundamental principles of his own managerial activities.

"Third, he is subject to the tendency to seek relief from changeability and uncertainty in the elements which he controls by unconscious overstandardization of all of those elements. Some of them—the material elements—by their nature may be standardized, and their standardization brings relief. Others, such as the quantity and quality of demand and the human elements in production, do not lend themselves to the same kind or degree of standardization, but he too frequently fails to perceive distinctions and attempts to reduce these elements to the same kind and degree of control as he applies to others.

"Fourth, he is subject to the danger of regarding all the elements which he directs as commodities, and of failing to recognize that spiritual factors are involved. Particularly he too frequently fails to recognize that labor as a simple physical force cannot be separated from labor as a distinct and original seat of human intellect, feelings, desires and opinions. Labor as a spiritual force is the most subtle and changeable of all the factors which he combines for the purpose of service through production."

Looking Facts in the Face

But we get nowhere by schemes to turn management over bodily to the worker. Competency to manage industry cannot be decided by vote any more than it can be by sheer force. We might as well try to elect barbers or physicians as to vote who shall manage our industries. As Mr. Person says:

"An honest recognition of the facts makes it necessary to observe that, however noble and honorable of character, the great majority of workingmen have enjoyed neither the education nor the experience to render them broad and sympathetic in their views, informed concerning industrial facts, principles and tendencies, and possessed of trustworthy perspective and sense of value. The truth of this statement is possibly a damning indictment of society, and the fact that occasionally able men and even intellectual giants have risen from the ranks of workingmen, and that the prospects for all are improving, does not make it less so.

"The average workingman has had to leave school at an early age, to begin the long struggle of support of self and family in a régime of the bartering of labor as a commodity, in which the advantages of bartering have been against him. He has had to rise at early hours and put in long days at the factory. He has returned at night weary, thinking principally of the sleep which will restore him for the morrow's work. So it has been, day in and day out. His work has been almost entirely repetitions of more or less automatic operations which have required neither wide contacts nor serious thinking. His function, however socially important, has been a relatively simple one, and has not given him wide acquaintance with persons and things and ideas. His limited education has not given him the impetus, and the weariness of his evenings has not allowed him the inclination to seek contact with things and ideas in the written records of others.

"Is it surprising then that he is not appreciative of the complexity of the industrial mechanism and of the problems of management? Is it surprising that in the experienced manager's mind the presumption should be against the helpfulness of the workman's judgment of things outside the narrow sphere of his hand or machine craft? Notwithstanding the immeasurable promises of better general and industrial education, the manager's prejudice is not unhuman."

The employer very pertinently inquires how the man at the bottom can run the business as well as the one who has gone through all grades and worked up to the top. Put in its extreme form, the employer's argument points out the absurdity of having the laborer who shifts from place to place with the least change in conditions elected to the board of directors. Put in another form, the manager asks how he himself can pause long enough in the struggle for survival to train the workers to take the sort of responsibility which he takes.

But the objections of many of the leaders of the workers themselves are just as emphatic or more so.

The Limits of Democracy

"These employees' councils are all very well in their way, and serve to some extent, but they are only local," says a prominent labor leader.

"A man may have secured very good working conditions under such a system, but if he should leave the firm and go to another plant he would have to start in at the bottom, whereas if he had a union card he would have something to start in on in the new city."

Labor leaders say that with an increasing voice in management the workers might be obliged in some cases to lower their own wages—in other words, to accept the responsibility which goes with control.

"A manager," says one labor leader, "no matter whether he is elected by the workers or appointed by the capitalists, will always force down wages if he can in order to take a contract away from a rival."

These, then, are some of the tremendous problems in the management of industry which must be faced at the present time. Their solution calls for all the ability which man is in possession of. Many of the clearest thinkers on the subject are emphatic in stating that democracy in management itself is unthinkable. The surrender of discipline and authority in industry would simply turn mankind into a mob. But if the political field furnishes any parallel, if government has anything to offer in the way of lessons, then we know that democracy should and can assert itself in elections and legislation rather than in actual management.

Once Congress has enacted legislation, once the New England town meeting has voted, the law must be enforced with autocratic might. The town meeting votes that window smashing shall not be permitted, and appoints a constable to enforce the law. From that point on democracy is unthinkable. Thus many authorities on scientific management, though ridiculing the soviet idea in actual management, believe that in the adoption of the larger policies of industry there can be a greater degree of democracy. They believe the judgment and perceptions of the worker, which no matter how imperfect are important because the worker to a large extent is industry and lives it, should be and safely can be matched against those of the manager.

To examine further this whole subject of industrial democracy is the purpose of further articles.

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Shirts
VACATION! You'll meet new people. First impressions are important. Remember, shirts are considered an index to a man's dress.
Emery Shirts are ultra smart in style without sacrificing either comfort or wear.
Equal to custom made in fit and niceties of making: Pre-shrunk neckband; correct sleeve lengths; clear pearl buttons, sewed fast; Nek-ban-tab for raising back buttonhole.
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W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc.
Philadelphia
The Emery Golf Shirt helps your game by allowing greater freedom in your swing. Bellows pleated back. Adaptable for all sports wear.

Why You Should Strop Your Safety Razor Blades

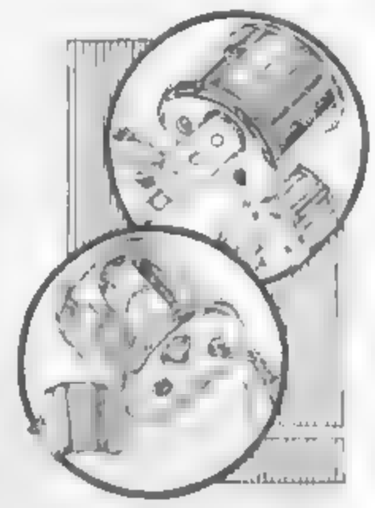
In stropping an old style razor first one side is stropped, then the other.

CORRECT stropping will keep the delicate cutting edges of your safety razor blade keen for scores of delightful shaves.

The edges of all razor blades are extremely sensitive—every edge is made up of tiny teeth which are in alignment when the edge is sharp. Shaving gets these tiny teeth out of line—they become bent and twisted and pull the beard.

With a safety razor blade, just as with an old style razor, stropping is necessary to restore keenness to the edge.

With a Twinplex you can gently and surely stroke the misaligned teeth back into an even, keen cutting edge. It's best to start with a new blade. By regular stropping, you can get shave after shave from a single blade indefinitely.



In stropping a double-edged safety razor blade, the Twinplex with mechanical precision strops first one side then the other, turning the blade over and over—the correct principle of stropping.

Twinplex Stropper

Twinplex is sold on 30 days' trial and a 10 year service guarantee. Price $5.00 in satin lined, nickel or leather case. Sold also in a variety of combination sets. At leading cutlery, hardware, drug and department stores.

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THE LAUGHING HORSE OF GALLUP STREET

(Continued from Page 5)

Mr. Aaron examined the necklace under the gas light. His wife left her cooking to look over his shoulder. Then they both turned to stare at the boys.

"From vere you haf god dese?" asked Mr. Aaron again.

"We found 'em," said Beany, wishing very hard that he had not.

"An' vat will y' do by 'em?"

"Your gray horse."

There was a whispered conversation. Mr. Aaron examined the necklace very minutely under the light. "All righd," he agreed finally. "Vaid. I untie him from d' vagon."

He disappeared through the doorway. Beany and Gangleshanks, after meeting the unflinching gaze of Mrs. Aaron for a moment, turned and bolted after him. It was almost dark. The young folks of Gallup Street were occupied with their evening meal. The boys led the old gray horse away with a feeling that during the last half hour the world had changed and would never be the same tranquil, orderly place again.

It was a long walk from Gallup to Walnut Street. Part of the distance was covered at a trot. Beany pulled at the frayed halter shank in front while Gangleshanks urged from the rear with a barrel stave. The gray horse had not been so pushed in years. He resented it.

When they arrived at the barn the Tub had left. They tied the horse to a ring just inside the door and hurried home. Mrs. Fleming was waiting on the porch when Beany came panting up through the dusk.

"James Fleming," she said, "do you know that you're three-quarters of an hour late for supper? Where have you been? Your father's been telephoning everywhere for you."

"Oh, mother!" Beany used his most persecuted voice. "How silly! I just been foolin' round with Gangleshanks, an' we forgot all about the time."

"Forgot all about the time indeed, when it's almost dark! Where have you been fooling?"

"Oh, just all over, mother. Golly day, I can't remember every little place I been all day."

"James!" Mr. Fleming stuck his head out of the library door. "Where have you been until this hour?"

"Golly day, father, how ——"

"James! Where have you been?" Beany recognized a tone which demanded an explicit answer.

"Well, if you got to know everything I do, I went to school this mornin' an' at recess I fooled round in the yard an' after recess I went back into school again an' ——"

"Nonsense, you know what I mean! Where have you been this afternoon that you're so late?"

"Makin' a club," replied Beany desperately.

"Making a club?" Mr. Fleming was puzzled.

"Buildin' a club," explained Beany. "Me an' some other fellas is buildin' a club."

"Where?" asked Mr. Fleming.

"Golly day, father, I can't tell you that. It's a secret club. We just plain got interested an' forgot supper."

Mr. Fleming prided himself on understanding little boys. He had never quite grown up himself and felt, therefore, a bond of sympathy with them. Beany knew this instinctively and threw himself on his father's mercy.

"I can't tell you without breakin' my word," he said. "You wouldn't want me to break my word."

"I guess it's all right, Grace." Mr. Fleming turned to his wife, who was still standing doubtfully in the doorway. "It's no excuse for being late to dinner, though. Your mother's been worried to death. I don't want this to happen again. Go up now and wash. Hurry."

A great load was lifted from Beany's mind. The crisis was over. During the course of the meal he tactfully directed the conversation to school topics: the baseball team which he felt sure of making; his certain prospects of high standing in his class; the talk of the Rev. Mr. Hopkins. By dessert things were running with unhoped-for smoothness.

Dinner over, Mr. Fleming settled down to the evening paper. "I think," said Beany, "I'll just run across the street and speak to Gangleshanks a minute."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," his father replied calmly. "You'll study your lessons for Monday."

"But it'll only take a minute," urged Beany, his mind on the gray horse standing lonely and supperless in the barn. "I got something important to talk to him about."

"It isn't so important it won't keep till to-morrow," said Mrs. Fleming.

"But, mother, you don't know. Golly day, you say it's not important and you don't know what it is."

"For pity sake don't talk so much about it." It annoyed Mr. Fleming to be disturbed while he read the evening paper. "Do as your mother says. And don't start every sentence with 'Golly day.' It doesn't mean anything."

"But golly day, I only wanted——"

"Beany, didn't you hear your father speaking to you?"

"Gol——"

Beany flung himself into a chair behind the library table, pulled the hated books toward him and stared at the green-shaded lamp. There was a long silence.

"Couldn't I just run over to Gangleshanks' for about ten minutes? I won't be gone a minute."

"No!" exclaimed Mr. Fleming. "We've heard enough on that subject now. Get busy with your lessons."

Beany sat with his head between his hands, apparently studying with all his might. As a matter of fact he was bemoaning the fate which ever brought him face to face with the laughing horse. His enthusiasm for the Rev. Thaddeus Hopkins grew stone cold. It was one thing to preach kindness, another and far more difficult task to practice it. He wondered if the Reverend Hopkins had ever taken a foundling horse under his wing. He wondered if Gangleshanks was waiting for him. He wondered how long horses could go without food. He wondered ——

"Did you hear about Mrs. Pardee's necklace?"

Mr. Fleming looked over the top of the paper at his wife.

"No; what happened to it?"

"Stolen to-day."

"You don't mean it! Where was it taken from?"

"She thinks it was stolen from the house. The police are working on the case. It was a very valuable necklace according to the paper."

"Yes, I remember it. Her grandmother left it to her. It must have been worth a fortune to-day."

"Probably. I hope they get the man that took it. This business of lawbreaking's gone too far. Pretty soon our lives won't be safe."

"What," asked Beany, "will they do to the man that took it if they catch him?" He experienced the sensations of a prisoner who watches the jury resume its place.

"Probably fifteen years, and he deserves thirty," said Mr. Fleming judicially. "Go on with your lessons now. You must learn to concentrate when other people are talking."

Beany stared at the open page before him. "Fifteen years, and deserves thirty," he read.

It was too much to grasp all at once. In fifteen years he would be a man. He pictured himself coming back to Walnut Street in his prison suit. Old Nero would be waiting for him, but too old to wag his tail. And Dan, the butcher boy, would have a long beard. He gained some satisfaction from the thought that Gangleshanks would be with him. At least there wouldn't be any school.

"D'y' think they'll get 'em?" he asked.

"Get whom?" asked Mr. Fleming.

"The men that took the necklace," said Beany, surprised.

"Certainly they'll get them. Look here, how can you ever do any work if your mind's running off on every tangent?"

Beany resumed his task, vainly trying to picture a mind running off on a tangent.

(Continued on Page 169)

Stewart
MOTOR TRUCKS

Eight Years of Rapid Growth Prove Stewart Quality and Economy

THIS THE IDEAL: From the start, Stewart designers decided to build only quality trucks; to build them at quantity prices. Trucks from the ground up—not an adapted passenger car part in them; built for work; built to last and pile up profits for owners; hundreds of useless parts and hundreds of pounds of dead weight eliminated; strong, sturdy, hardworking assets to any man or business.

AND THIS THE ACCOMPLISHMENT: In only eight years Stewart has become one of the world leaders. It has fought the daily battle of business for owners, and won out—because it is a stronger truck, simpler to operate, more economical on gasoline, oil, tire and repair costs. Starting with one on trial, Stewart fleets have grown rapidly—one, two, four, and more—all working and earning; piling up profits for their owners; spreading the Stewart reputation for quality and economy. Factory output has been more than doubled this year. Stewarts are in use in 800 American cities, on hundreds of farms, and in 38 foreign countries.

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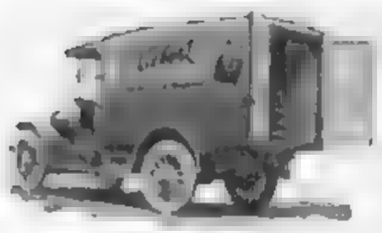

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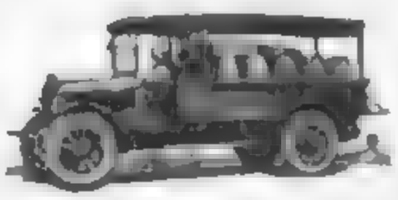

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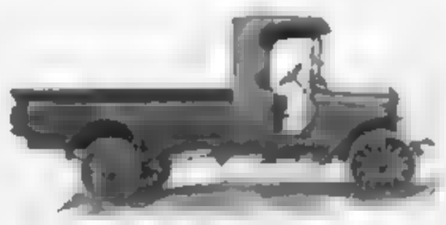

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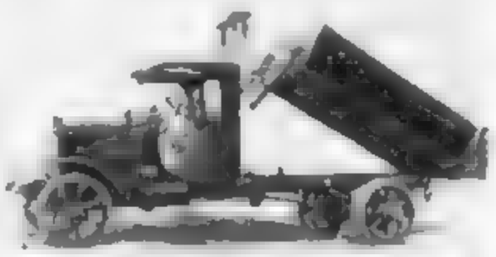

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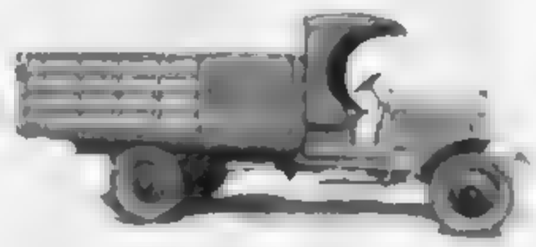

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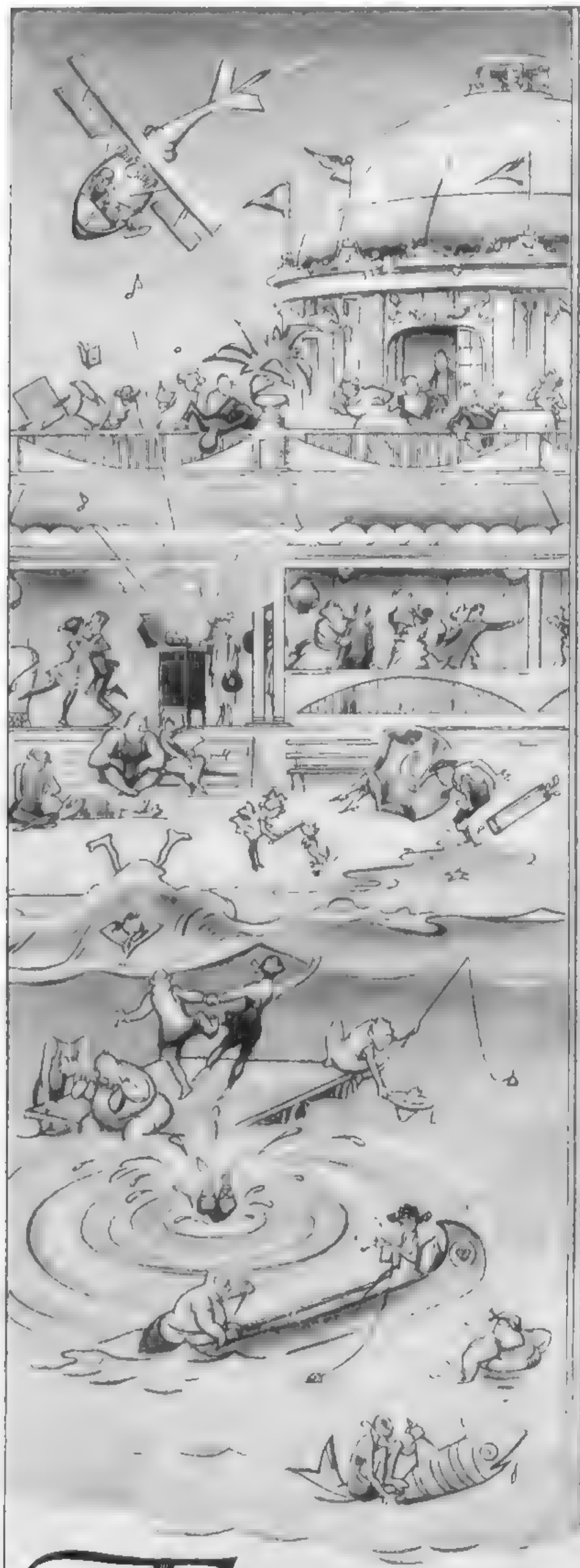

Fun for Summer

SUMMER DAYS *are full of fun—vacation time's at hand. It's fun to loaf and lie around and listen to the band. It's fun to pick a pretty girl who dances like a queen—and lead her in the mystic maze—the dainty, sweet colleen! It's fun to pull a lazy oar, while Eddie Cantor sings—it's fun to close your eyes and think—of lots and lots of things. It's fun to have the "stars" come out and twinkle, one by one—exclusive stars that sing their hits for Emerson alone!*

★

Yes — Emerson Records will flavor your summer vacation with essence of tabasco. So leave room in your suitcase or trunk for an assortment of Emerson dance hits and song hits—about "fifty-fifty."

With Emerson dance records to furnish the inspiration, there will be no end of good times and clever partners. Fox-trots that only a wax figure could resist—waltzes and one-steps that demand action — and always get it. With Emerson song hits sung by such exclusive Emerson artists as Eddie Cantor, The Three Kaufields and Walter Scanlan, dull moments simply won't have the ghost of a chance.

Before buying your vacation ticket, see an Emerson dealer. Hear the newest Emersons and lay in a supply of FUN. The following are just a few of the new Emerson mid-summer numbers:

10192 So Long Oolong How Long You Gonna Be Gone? *Fox-Trot*, Green Brothers' Novelty Band
Yokohama, *Japanese Fox-Trot*
Knickerbocker Specialty Orchestra

10194 Jean, *Fox-Trot*..... All Star Trio
Wild Flower, *Waltz*..... All Star Trio

10191 My Sahara Rose,
Fox-Trot..Sanford's Famous Dance Orchestra
Old Man Jazz, *Fox-Trot*
George Hamilton Green's Novelty Orchestra

10197 I Know Why, *Fox-Trot*..... The Palace Trio
Do You Know? Medley. "Hold Me"
Fox-Trot..... The Palace Trio

10195 Rainbow of My Dreams. Medley
Intro. "Norse Maid," *Fox-Trot*
Saxophone Sextette.....Six Brown Brothers
Jazz Band Blues, *Fox Trot*
Saxophone Sextette....Six Brown Brothers

10193 Whose Baby Are You?..... All Star Trio
Hiawatha's Melody of Love
Waltz..... Green Brothers' Novelty Band

10196 Cairo, *One-Step*.... Plantation Jazz Orchestra
Kismet, *Fox-Trot*....Continental Military Band

EMERSON PHONOGRAPH CO., Inc.
Makers of
Standard 10-inch Gold Seal Records
Also records in foreign languages

Emerson Records and Phonographs

Emerson Records

(Continued from Page 166)

He found it difficult to visualize a tangent. Underneath these surface ramblings lay a vague despair. He was a criminal; hounded by the police; liable to spend most of his life in jail. That morning he had been a free, ordinary boy. Morning, however, seemed years and years ago; part of another life.

As he turned the matter slowly over in his bewildered mind one thing became more and more clear: In some way or other the laughing horse must be returned to Mr. Aaron and the necklace recovered. According to Beany's code of morals the necklace was his as long as he remained in ignorance of its proper owner. Now that that person had turned up it was a question in his mind if he had not actually committed a theft. The horse must go back the following morning. Luckily it was Saturday.

"Oh, Beans!" A familiar voice was calling from the porch just outside the library window.

"Can't I go out an' speak to Gangleshanks Braceworth?" he asked. "He's right on the porch. It won't take a minute."

"Are you through with your lessons?" asked the innocent Mrs. Fleming.

"Golly day, mother, you don't have to study a couple o' years just to do a couple o' sums." Beany considered direct lying as wrong.

"Well, go ahead, only don't go any place. Why don't you bring Gangleshanks in here?"

"Oh, he doesn't want to come in here, mother. We want to talk."

"All right. Put on your cap."

"Oh, mother! Just to go outside?"

"Put on your cap or you can't go out."

"For heaven's sake don't argue about everything that is suggested!" exclaimed Mr. Fleming.

"Golly day!" Beany disappeared through the door. Gangleshanks was waiting outside.

"Have you heard?" Beany asked.

Gangleshanks had. They discussed the news in awed whispers. It was obvious that the horse must go back. Beany outlined his plan for getting him out through the alley the following morning. What to do with the necklace when they recovered it from the ragman raised a new problem. They finally decided to drop it in the grass where it was originally discovered, then find it all over again.

The next thing to be decided was the matter of feeding. "Gee whiz, I never knew a horse was so much trouble. I don't see what y' wanted th' ol' thing for in the first place."

"I didn't want it. It was you that wanted it."

"Me!" exclaimed Gangleshanks, amazed. "I should say not! I didn' want th' ol' horse. Not me. Oh, no."

The corner stone of an argument had been laid. Further building was interrupted by Mrs. Fleming, who appeared in the doorway, shading her eyes from the hall light.

"Won't you come in, Gangleshanks?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. I got to go right home. I just came over to talk to Beany about something."

"Don't stay too long then. It's most bedtime, Beany." She reëntered the house, leaving them alone once more.

"Gee whiz, you got to go to bed early," remarked Gangleshanks contemptuously.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the chagrined Beany. "That don't mean nothin'. I can stay up's long's I want."

A whistle from one of the houses across the street interrupted them. "Oh, Harry," called a male voice. "Come on, now. Hurry up."

"Gee whiz!" muttered Gangleshanks. "Oh, all right."

He threw into his voice all the weariness which can be conveyed in a shout. They agreed to meet right after breakfast, feed the old horse and escort him to his Gallup Street home.

The following morning they were abroad unusually early, even for Saturday. They went at once to the barn, stopping for the Tub on the way. The latter's eyes popped visibly when he heard the story.

"Gu-gu-gosh," he exclaimed sympathetically, "you fellas are in for it n-n-n-now!"

"Wha'd'y' mean when y' say 'you fellas'?" asked Gangleshanks suspiciously. "Why don't you say 'we're in for it'?"

"Caw-caw-cause I ain't got nothin' t' do with it."

"You got just as much as we have."

"N-n-no I ain't."

"It's your barn, isn't it?"

"That du-du-don't make no d-d-d-difference."

Beany glanced at Gangleshanks. The Tub understood the look and folded his arms instinctively over his ribs.

"Lu-lu-look out now, you fu-fu-fu-fellows," he warned.

"I guess we'll have to, Tub," said Beany sorrowfully.

Whereupon they laid the helpless Mr. Hemingway on the grass beside the walk and proceeded to convince him of the truth of their arguments. The Tub's howls for help resounded up and down the street unanswered.

"Oh, Lu-lu-lord! Look out what y'r doin', will y'."

"Who's in trouble?" asked Beany, shifting one knee from the Tub's stomach to his chest.

"I am!" wailed the Tub.

"Who's to blame for this whole thing?" demanded Gangleshanks, sensing a solution to the problem.

"I-I-I am. Oh, Lu-lu-lord! Cut it out, will you? Gu-gu-gosh, what do you fu-fu-fellows think—ouch! Oh, du-du-don't!" The Tub went into fits of agonized laughter.

They released him. He rose and made a perfunctory attempt to brush the grass stains from his clothes.

"Gu-gu-golly, you fu-fu-fellas think you're smart," he remarked. This was ignored. The trio proceeded amicably on their mission.

They opened the door of the barn and squeezed through. At first they were unable to penetrate the gloom. Then as their eyes became more accustomed to it they failed to see the gray horse.

"He's gone!" said Beany, aghast.

"Look!" Gangleshanks was pointing.

Beany looked down at his feet and started back. He was staring straight into the smiling features of the gray horse, whose head was on a level with the floor. It was standing quietly and unharmed in what was apparently a shallow cellar of the barn. About its feet was a litter of boards and splinters, the wreckage of the floor. At the moment the laughing horse was busily engaged in eating what remained of the flooring, evidently under the impression that the quickest means of escape was by eating his prison.

The conspirators looked at one another in dismay. A hasty examination showed the cellar to be a small four-foot affair with no other entrance than through a trapdoor cut in the floor of the barn. If the gray horse had been put in a steel safe and the combination thrown away it could not have been more securely caged.

"Looks like we got to keep him the rest of our lives."

There was a gloomy fatalism in Beany's voice. At this moment the horse threw back his head and, baring his teeth, gave vent to one of his long silent laughs.

"It's your fault, Tub. If you didn't have such a rotten ol' barn we could 'a' taken the ol' horse back. Now we can't ever take it back."

"I d-d-didn't ask y' to put it there," said the Tub, paving the way for another punishment.

"Now that we got to feed it all the rest of our lives, what're we goin' t' feed it on?" Beany had reached the point where he enjoyed making things sound as complex as possible.

"Perhaps it's thirsty," suggested Gangleshanks.

They found an old pail full of tin cans. When emptied it held water fairly well. They lowered a pailful into the cellar on the end of a rope. The horse drank greedily and muzzled the pail in its search for more. Three times they filled it and three times the gray horse sucked it up like a fountain-pen filler.

Having drunk, the horse heaved a deep sigh and laughed up at them contentedly. The next thing was to feed him. Beany and Gangleshanks turned to Tub. His father had the distinction of being the only man in town who kept carriage horses.

"What do horses eat?" asked Beany.

"Oats," replied the Tub promptly, proud at being referred to.

"How many?" asked Gangleshanks.

"Oats du-du-don't come by the many," explained the Tub. "They come by the bu-bu-bu-bu——"

"Bag?" suggested Gangleshanks impatiently. "Well, how many bags?"

"It du-du-depends on the horse," said Tub vaguely, not having the slightest idea.

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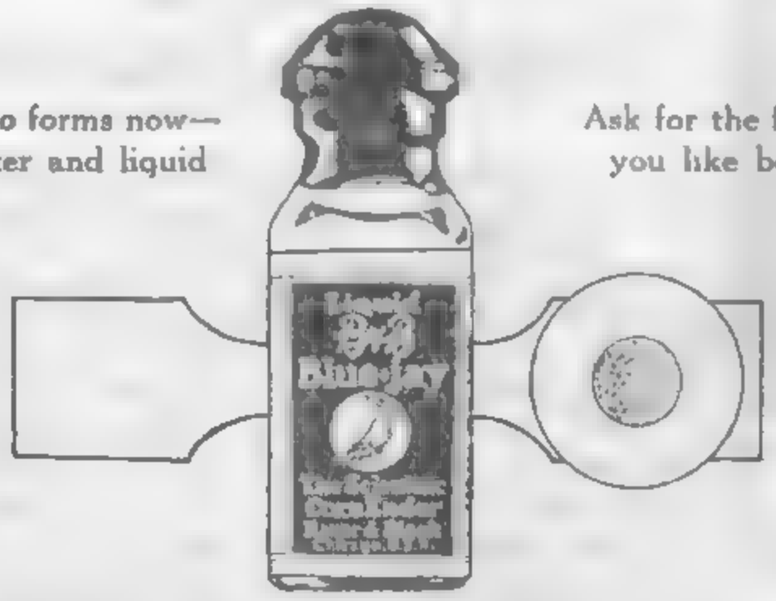

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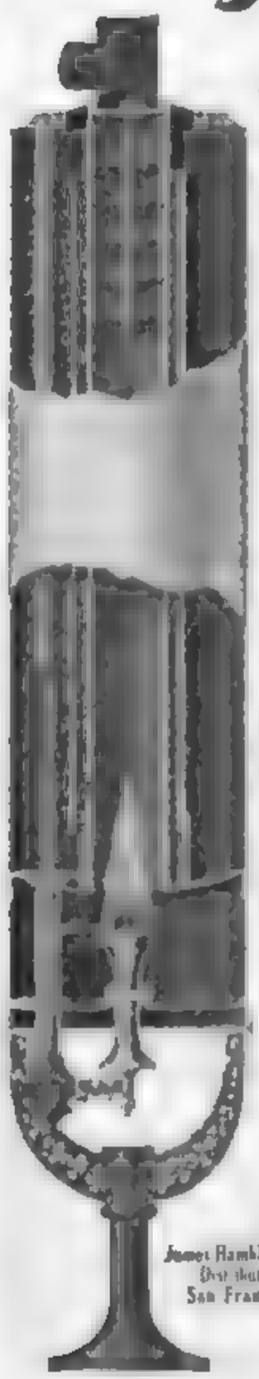
Regal Patrician "Cravenette" Caps

Heats Water on a New Principle



BY scientific tests this new Boiler Heater has established its ability to deliver *more hot water* at *higher temperature* in *shorter time*.

Combustion takes place in central flue. Water is *outside of the flame*, in an inner and outer metal jacket. It circulates as it heats.

Lawson Odorless Combination Boiler-heater (AUTOMATIC)

Self-regulating Thermo Valve keeps water at a temperature of 130°. Special high power Bunsen Burner, with device to eliminate the "flare-back" when lighting. Lights automatically from pilot. A series of baffle plates at top of flue compels retention of heat in combustion chamber. A superior feature of the Lawson Boiler is its larger heating surface, although flame does not come in contact with the metal. Adjustable to any gas pressure. Odorless—absolutely!

Distributors: The Lawson Boiler Heater is a new development in gas water heaters embodying many distinctive improvements. Simple in construction easy to install. No cast sections no circulating pipes to clog up, or rust the water. Consumes less gas. Write us for interesting information.

James Hambly & Son, Distributors, San Francisco

LAWSON MFG. CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Where we goin' to get the oats?" asked Beany.

"How about Tub here? There's plenty in his barn."

"Why p-p-pick on me?" complained the Tub. "How'm I goin' t' get'm?"

"Cause you get to," said Beany threateningly. The Tub instinctively folded his elbows over his ribs.

"Yu-yu-you fellasha'gott'helpmethen," he said sullenly.

They trudged over to the Hemingway barn. Old Patrick, who had for years resisted the temptation to become a chauffeur, was hitching the bays into the brougham. Mrs. Hemingway was about to go shopping. For once things were breaking in their favor. Patrick regarded them suspiciously. To his mind three idle boys were a precursor of trouble. He led the bays into the drive, climbed onto the box and shook his head dubiously as he drove off.

The oats were stored in an empty stall. With difficulty they rolled a bag onto a short ladder which was leaning against the rear wall of the barn. Then, giving one end to Tub, Beany and Gangleshanks took the other and they staggered away with their booty, through the hedge and cross lots to the laughing horse.

III

"THEY found Mrs. Pardee's necklace," said Mr. Fleming suddenly, suspending his carving knife over the steak.

Beany swallowed his water the wrong way and choked.

"If you only wouldn't drink so fast," said his mother, patting him on the back. "One would think you only had a moment to eat your dinner. Where did they find it, Harry?"

"The detectives found it in a pawnshop. Funny thing. I was talking to Pardee about it this afternoon. It seems they traced it to an old ragman whom they've arrested. He claims two boys gave it to him in trade for his horse. Of course the police don't believe the story. His description of the boys was very vague." Beany breathed easier. "Said it was quite dark and all he noticed about them was their caps."

"How absurd!" said Mrs. Fleming. "Every boy wears a cap. That might have been Beany here for all you could tell." She smiled over the table ferns at her son. Beany made a brave attempt at merriment, but only succeeded in making a face.

"Of course," said Mr. Fleming, "the police are on the lookout, but I don't think there's much doubt that the ragman took it."

"Will they send him to jail?" Beany tried to make his voice sound natural.

"I should hope they would!" replied his father grimly.

The meal continued. "What's the matter, dear?" asked Mrs. Fleming, noticing Beany's half-emptied plate.

"I don't think I care for steak as much as I used to," he explained weakly.

"Nonsense!" replied Mr. Fleming. "You've been filling yourself up with trash down at that Mrs. McGruder's. Why do you let him ruin his digestion at these places, dear?"

"No, I haven't; honest, father."

"Then eat your dinner and don't let's have any more nonsense about not liking things. When I was your age ——"

Beany knew the rest of the formula by heart. His father had lived in a terrible age when the rights of little boys were on a par with those of an African slave. He made an effort and swallowed what remained on his plate. The conversation drifted to other topics.

"Are you going down to the club to-night?" asked Mrs. Fleming after dinner.

Mr. Fleming always visited his club on Saturday night, though no one had ever been able to find out what he did there, and he usually came home with a grouch, vowing he would never go again.

"Not to-night," he said. "It's pouring."

Beany sauntered nonchalantly out into the hall. "Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Fleming.

"Oh, I guess I'll run over to Gangleshanks' a minute," he said in his most casual tone.

"Not to-night, you won't," said Mr. Fleming, "in this rain. Why, it's absurd! Why don't you ever stay home once in a while? I'd planned to have my family round me to-night for once. Never saw such a restless boy."

"Yes, Beany. We'd like to see something of you once in a while. You've been with Gangleshanks all day. Why don't you stay home this evening and talk?"

"Oh, mother, what is there to talk about?"

"Lots of things," said Mr. Fleming decidedly. "You're not going over to the Braceworths' to-night, so there's an end of it."

Beany flung his cap on the hall bench and stalked back into the living room in his most dignified manner. He sat down stiffly on the edge of an armchair opposite his father and waited. The latter was deep in the evening paper.

Five minutes passed, marked only by the loud ticking of the clock.

"I don't see any sense in sittin' round just to watch you read y'r paper," remarked Beany. "I thought you wanted to talk. Let's go ahead and talk and get it over with."

Beany's idea of a family conversation was an explanation as to why he had or had not done something.

Mr. Fleming looked up impatiently from his paper. "Talk? Talk?" he repeated as if he had never heard the word before "What's the matter with the boy, Grace? I never saw him act so strangely."

"Beany's all right," she said. "You invited him to stay home for a quiet chat and then you bury yourself behind your paper."

"Oh, very well!" Mr. Fleming tossed the offending paper to the floor and gazed moodily at the fire for several moments. "You didn't have a very good report this week, Beany," he said finally, passing his hand wearily before his eyes as he was wont to do when introducing such a subject.

There was a familiar whistle from the veranda.

"That's Gangleshanks, mother!" cried Beany, starting up.

"Hasn't that boy any home?" asked Mr. Fleming, picking up the paper with a relieved expression.

"It's all right to go out an' talk to him a minute?" Beany ignored this question and appealed to his mother.

"I suppose so. Ask him to come in."

"Oh, Gangleshanks wouldn't want to come in. I think he just ran over to see me on some business. I'll talk to him on the veranda."

"All right," agreed Mrs. Fleming. "Only put on your hat and shove up the latch on the front door so that you can get in again."

Beany was out of the house before these directions were finished. Gangleshanks met him with a worried look.

"They found it," he said.

"I know," Beany nodded. "Dad told me at dinner."

"What we goin' t' do now?" asked Gangleshanks. His trust was beautiful. For once, however, Beany wished that he was more independent.

"It's an awful mess," he replied noncommittally.

"The p'lice are after us." Gangleshanks was full of cheery bits. "We got to get that ol' horse back to the ragman without no one knowin' anythin' about it."

"That's sensible, that is!" replied Beany witheringly. "How you goin' to get him out of the barn? How you goin' to get him back to the ragman when the ragman's in jail? How you goin' to do anything, I'd like to know?"

Gangleshanks looked as if the first thing he might do was to cry. Then he suddenly gripped Beany's arm and crouched behind the post. "Look!" he whispered. A policeman was moving slowly toward them up the front walk. They held their breaths. Then to their inexpressible relief he branched off on to the small walk that led round the side of the house in the direction of the kitchen.

"S'pose he saw us?"

"Do' know. S'pose he's goin' round in back so's we can't get out that way?"

By hanging over the veranda rail it was possible to see the steps of the back porch. They watched the policeman mount halfway up, then shake himself like a wet dog. There was a glare of light as the kitchen door opened to admit him. It threw long, forbidding shadows on the wall of the house next door. The light was shut off and nothing was heard but the pelting of the rain on the tin roof over their heads.

"Let's peek in the kitchen window an' see what he's doin'," suggested Beany.

Regardless of the rain, which was dashing in spiteful gusts against the house, they climbed over the side rail. The situation was too grave to permit the use of steps. The kitchen shades were pulled down, but

(Continued on Page 173)

(This advertisement appeared in the Indianapolis newspapers during the Advertising Convention, June 6 to 12, 1920)

Truth in Advertising

"The Credit for Building the First Car Belongs to Mr. Elwood Haynes"

(The above statement is from a letter to A. G. Seiberling, Vice President and General Manager of The Haynes Automobile Company, Kokomo, Indiana, by Richard H. Lee, Special Counsel of the National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.)

EVERY advertising man attending this great convention will be proud over this tangible evidence of the constructive good being done for advertising by the National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.

"*Truth* in Advertising" is the motto, the slogan and the code of the members of the Associated Advertising Clubs.

While The Haynes Automobile Company has never participated in the discussion over who made America's first car, further than to state that Elwood Haynes invented, designed and built it, and to rest its case with history, we admit a glow of satisfaction as we take occasion to express to the advertising men of the world our felicitations to their National Vigilance Committee upon the thoroughness of its research and its conscientious insistence upon the verities in public statements.

Although the original Haynes automobile, invented, designed and built by Elwood Haynes, is a United States Government exhibit in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C., bearing an official tablet giving its history, nevertheless the accuracy of this government statement has been directly and indirectly questioned.

We asked the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, through their National Vigilance Committee, to sift the entire matter, knowing it would be done utterly without bias, for this reason:

Advertising is a force upon which we, in common with every progressive concern in the world, depend. We know what advertising has done for us. We know how jealously the Associated Advertising Clubs guard the good name of advertising. We know the sacredness of their slogan "*Truth* in Advertising."

The National Vigilance Committee went at its work conscientiously and thoroughly; it spent much time upon its investigation, in order that its finding should be final and decisive. The result is embodied in the letter from Mr. Lee to Mr. Seiberling, and in the straightforward statement:

"The credit for building the first car belongs to Mr. Elwood Haynes."

This decision lends added emphasis to the principle of *character* which is associated in the public mind with the name of the Haynes.

No matter how good advertising may be, it can only be as good as the product it advertises. It can only succeed with the product. We are naturally gratified that the Haynes has made good on its advertising. We give advertising full credit for carrying to the people the message of the four essential factors of character—beauty, strength, power and comfort—which are established in the Haynes. Our advertising led the prospective car owner to expect beauty, strength, power and comfort in the Haynes. The car itself completely exemplified this *character*. The result is that to-day the demand for the new series Haynes is just as far ahead of our production as it was a year ago.

Every advertising man will be pleased to know this, because Haynes advertising is a faithful echo of the car itself. It reflects the policies and principles of The Haynes Automobile Company, and is just as much our product as is the Haynes car itself.

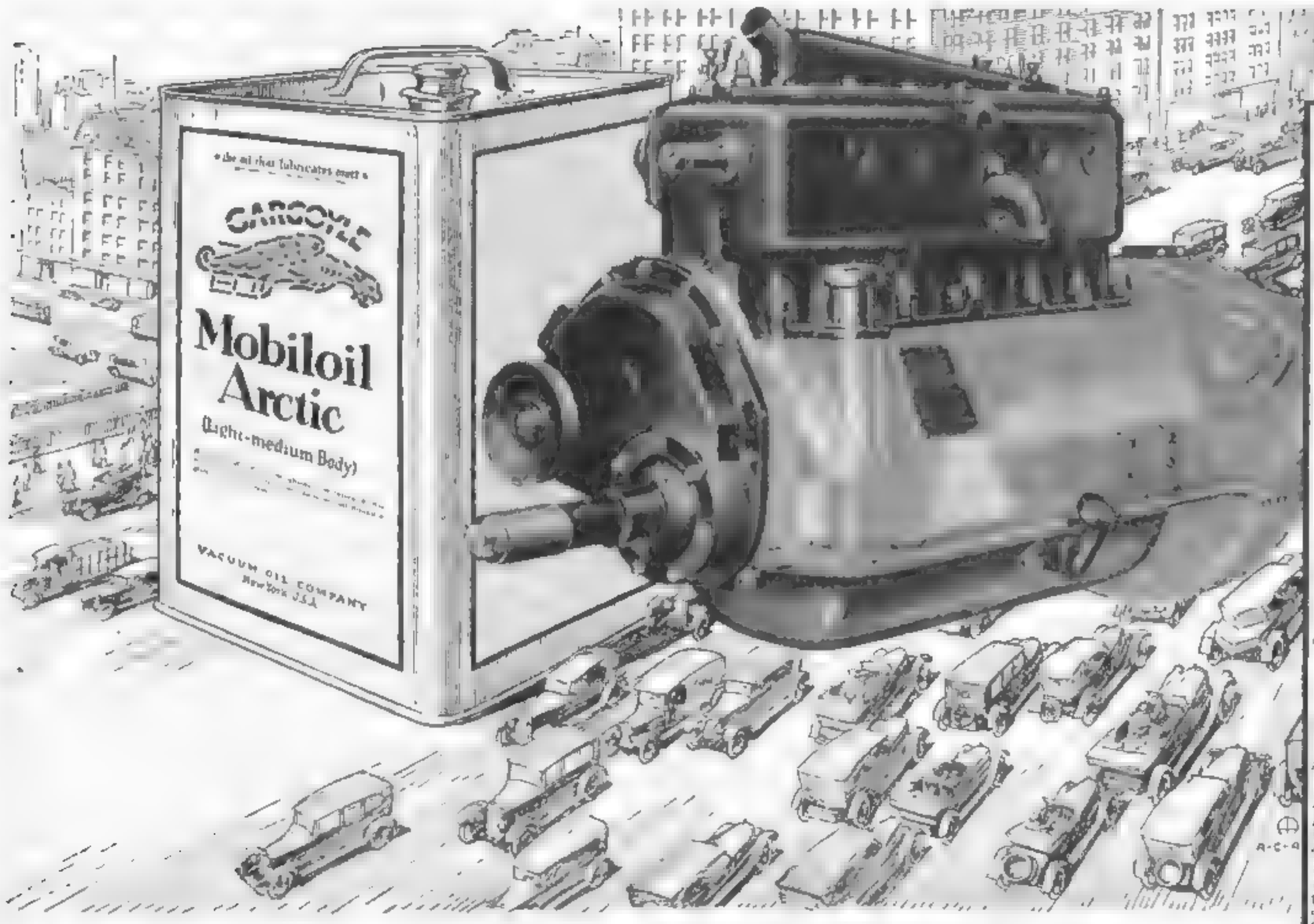
The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World have done great work, but never performed a greater act for the highest good of advertising itself than when their National Vigilance Committee aligned the forces of good advertising with history, with recorded facts and with the U. S. Government's own official statement in the final, irrevocable decision that to Elwood Haynes belongs the credit for building America's first car.

HAYNES

CHARACTER CARS

Beauty — Strength — Power — Comfort

1893 — THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR — 1920



FOR YOUR CONTINENTAL MOTOR

Three factors which explain the superior results obtained from Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

IF you select a car with a Continental Motor you look for engine results. Continental Motors are the standard equipment today in nearly 200 models of passenger cars and motor trucks.

The most important single factor in the efficient operation of your engine is Correct Lubrication.

The Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers has carefully analyzed the lubricating requirements of all types of Continental Motors and has determined the correct lubricant to meet these lubricating requirements with scientific exactness.

This correct lubricant is Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic for all models except the "B-2" and "T" motors that are used in certain models of trucks, for which the correct oil is Gargoyle Mobiloil "A."

SOME features of design and the conditions under which Continental Motors operate, influencing the choice of a lubricant, are:

1—Moderately high piston speeds.

2—Close-fitting pistons and well-finished cylinder walls, made possible by expert workmanship and exact production methods.

3—Well-jacketed, vertical cylinders, preventing excessive cylinder wall temperatures.

Taking these points into consideration, together with other important features of design and construction, an oil of the character and body of Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is best adapted to provide perfect cylinder lubrication, properly seal the piston rings against gas and fuel leakage, and minimize carbon formation.

In addition to meeting these conditions, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is of the proper fluidity to be distributed through the lubricating systems in Continental Motors, providing adequate lubrication for every bearing surface.

With Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic in your Continental Motor you will secure full power and the minimum cost per mile for gasoline, oil and repairs.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

Domestic Branches: New York Boston Philadelphia Pittsburgh Detroit Chicago Minneapolis Indianapolis Kansas City, Kan. Des Moines

Chart of Recommendations *for* AUTOMOBILES

(Abbreviated Edition)

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

How to Read the Chart

THE Correct Grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

These recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise specified.

Where different grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and constitutes a scientific guide to Correct Automobile Lubrication.

If your car is not listed in this partial chart, consult the Chart of Recommendations at your dealer's, or send for booklet, "Correct Lubrication," which lists the Correct Grades for *all* cars.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1920 Summer	1920 Winter	1919 Summer	1919 Winter	1918 Summer	1918 Winter	1917 Summer	1917 Winter	1916 Summer	1916 Winter
Auburn (6 cylinder)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6-39B Series H Eng.					A	A				
Buick	Arc	Arc					Arc	A	Arc	Arc
"	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers 6-46									Arc	Arc
" (6-)									A	Arc
" All Other Mod.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler	Arc	Arc		Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet (4 cylinder)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (F A			A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (K & X Series	A	A								
" All Other Mod.	Arc		Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cleveland	A	Arc								
Cole (8 cylinder)									Arc	Arc
" (6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Commerce	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Elgin	A	Arc			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Federal (Model S-X)					A	A	A	A		
" (Series)										
" All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc		Arc	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant (6 cylinder)	A	Arc			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Conv.) Model D			A	A						
" All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc		A						
Haynes (6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Holmes	B	A								
Hudson Super-Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" All Other Mod.									Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" Series	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc		
King (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel Motor Car									A	A
" " (7					A	A	A	A		
" " All Other Mod.					A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lexington					A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Liberty	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc		
Locomobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	E	E	E	E
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Maxwell	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Meteor	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell (6 cylinder)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cylinder)									A	A
Moline-Knight			B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
Nash	Arc	A	A	A	A	A				
Nash (Quad)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (Model 6)					A	A				
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	A	A	A				
National (6 cylinder)	A	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cylinder)			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Nelson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Oakland (8 cylinder)									A	A
" All Other Mod.	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oldsmobile (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	Arc					Arc	Arc
" (6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc		
" (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
Paige	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Peerless (6 cylinder)	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
" (Model)										
" All Other Models	A	A		Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Reo (4 cylinder)	B	A								
" All Other Models	Arc		A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Reo	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
"	A	A	A	E	A	E	E	E		
"	A	A	A							
Scripps-Booth			E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Simplex					Arc	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
"									Arc	Arc
Stephens	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
"	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar
" All Other Mod.	Arc	A	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar
Studebaker	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar
"	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
"	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Stutz Model (6)	A		A		A					
" (8 cylinder)	Arc	A	Ar	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cylinder)			A	A	A	A				
" All Other Mod.	Ar	A								
Westcott	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	A	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc
White (6 cylinder)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
"			A	A	Ar	Ar				
" All other Models			A	Ar	A	A	Ar	Arc	Ar	Arc
Willys-Knight	B	A		A	B	A	A	A	B	A
"	A	A	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	A	Ar		
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery Obtainable everywhere in the world

NEW YORK, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 170)

Beany discovered one which cleared the window frame by a few inches.

By standing on Gangleshanks' shoulders he was able to reach the window ledge and gain a restricted view of the interior.

The sight which he saw chilled his blood. The policeman had divested himself of his dripping raincoat and had drawn up a chair near the stove. Hannah was busy pouring hot water from the teakettle into a large teapot. Over the back of the chair hung his club, ready for instant use.

"D'y' see him?" whispered Gangleshanks hoarsely. The strain of holding Beany on his shoulders was beginning to tell.

"Shut up!"

There was a short silence, during which Gangleshanks' shoulders wabbled perceptibly.

"Goin' to stand there all evening?" he asked in indignant undertone.

"Keep still, can't you?"

In order to make this more emphatic Beany leaned down toward his supporter's ear. The shifting of weight was too much for Gangleshanks. His shoulders gave a last convulsive wabble and collapsed. The two outlaws disappeared into the mud. They held their breaths for a moment. It seemed to them that the crash might have been heard for blocks. There was no other sound from the house, however, but a hysterical laugh from Hannah.

"You went an' did it now," whispered Beany, wiping the mud from his hands.

"How did I go an' do it? You expect me to hold you up in the air all night like an acrobat?" Then his curiosity got the better of his indignation. "What was he doin'?"

"Let's get out of here first." Beany led the way back to the veranda. Gangleshanks started to climb up to its friendly shelter. "No, don't go up. He could catch us too easy if he popped out the front door." Beany's literary tendencies kept him posted on the ways of professional sleuths. "He's waitin' for us in the kitchen. I guess he found out we was out."

"What're y' goin' t' do?"

"Stay here till he gets tired waitin'," replied Beany calmly.

"I'm gettin' all wet."

"Well, what of it?" exclaimed Beany impatiently. "Would you rather be wet or in jail?"

"I'd rather be in jail as long's it was dry."

"Here he comes!"

Beany pulled Gangleshanks down beside him into the shadow of the porch. A light shone from the front door. Someone came out.

"Beany!" called Mrs. Fleming. "I want you, Beany!"

Here was a predicament. Not knowing what to do, they did nothing. The light patch on the wet grass was darkened by another figure.

"James!" Mr. Fleming's voice was pitched in no uncertain tone.

There was no help for it. As well confess now, thought Beany, and go to jail as to prolong the agony.

"Yes, sir," he replied meekly, and appeared round the corner of the veranda followed by Gangleshanks.

To his surprise his father and mother were alone on the porch, entirely unsupported by the police. To anyone not acquainted with the facts the boys presented an extraordinary sight. They were dripping wet and their clothes, faces and hands were plastered with mud.

"James Fleming! Where have you been?"

Beany made an unsuccessful attempt at nonchalance. "Just talkin' to Gangleshanks," he said.

"Come into the house this minute!" commanded Mr. Fleming. "Gangleshanks, go right home. I'll let your father attend to you."

"And now, young man," he said when the front door had banged ominously behind them, "go up to your room and go to bed. I'll be up and talk to you later." Never had an order sounded so musical to Beany's ears. It meant that in some unaccountable way his father was in ignorance of the law sitting cozily in the kitchen waiting for a favorable opportunity to enmesh him.

"I don't understand that boy lately," said Mr. Fleming when the talk was over and he sat once more with his wife. "He does the most unaccountable things and offers the silliest excuses. Told me he went off the veranda to talk business with Gangleshanks so they wouldn't disturb us."

"Perhaps it's just as well not to try too hard," replied his philosophical wife. "Beany's not a bad boy. I'm sure of that. You can also be sure that he's got good reasons in his own mind for every move he makes."

And Beany, overhearing this speech from his position halfway down the front stairs, stole back to bed with the feeling that his mother was the only sensible person in the world except Gangleshanks.

IV

THE next day was Sunday. Beany dreamed all night that the gray horse was dragging him down Walnut Street on the end of a pearl necklace. When he woke up the rain had ceased and a fresh breeze was fanning the curtains of his bedroom. He ran to shut the window and saw a policeman strolling along the sidewalk in front of the house. A fresh realization of his worldly cares descended upon him like a blanket. The police were watching the house.

"I don't think I'll go to church this morning," he announced at breakfast.

He pictured the gray horse patiently dying of starvation in the cellar of the barn. Mr. Fleming looked up from his paper crossly. The events of the previous evening had not left him in a Sunday mood.

"Why not, I'd like to know?"

"I have a lot of stuff to do round here," explained Beany.

"Nonsense! You'll go to church with your mother and me just as usual."

"Yes, sir."

Beany was mindful of certain injunctions which he had received ten hours previously. The meal passed off quietly if not pleasantly. The journey to church was an ordeal to Beany of which no one dreamed. His one comfort lay in his hat, which was of the Sunday felt variety and afforded him a partial disguise. It is doubtful, however, what might have happened had a policeman loomed up round the corner. He observed with satisfaction that Gangleshanks was also in church, wearing a subdued and holy look.

Sunday dinner was usually an event. To-day it was an ordeal. Immediately it was finished Beany slipped out by the kitchen route to prevent embarrassing inquiries. Gangleshanks was waiting impatiently outside. Silently they proceeded to the Tub's house, prepared to inflict the most terrible punishments if he should hesitate to furnish them with more oats. The Tub met them at the door in a state of great excitement.

He had grown appreciably thinner in the last forty-eight hours.

"Ol' Pat's mu-mu-missed the bag o' oats," he whispered. "Du-du-don't say nothin'. He just told fu-fu-fu ——"

Mrs. Hemingway came out into the hall to see who was there.

"Come right in, boys," she said.

Mrs. Hemingway was the kind of woman who was always making a fellow sit on the edge of a chair in the library and tell her about his family. She also had an irritating habit of noting an increase in Beany's growth each time she saw him. Never had her hospitality been more unwelcome.

"Here's Jimmy Fleming and Harry Braceworth," she announced, pushing the unwilling guests before her into the living room.

"Howarye?" said Mr. Hemingway without coming out of his Sunday paper.

Mrs. Hemingway was not to be evaded so easily. She must know about Gangleshanks' baby sister and if Mrs. Fleming had yet succeeded in getting a maid.

"I do believe, Beany, that you've grown," she said finally. "Stand up with your back to Alexander. I shouldn't be surprised if you were taller than he is."

This interesting experiment was never carried out, for at that moment there was a disturbance in the back hall, a door was slammed and old Patrick, the coachman, burst into the room. His face was distorted with excitement and he was breathing hard as if he had been running.

"The saints preserve an' keep us from what I just been seein'!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Hemingway put down his paper hurriedly and removed his spectacles.

"What's the matter now, Patrick?" he asked in a martyred voice.

"It's the divvil hisself is in this thing, an' well did I know somethin' like this 'ud come of it when the bay mare backed into that lookin'-glass in the barn."

"But what's happened?" asked Mr. Hemingway impatiently.

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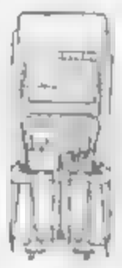

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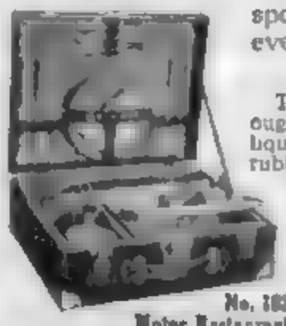

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ICY-HOTS are Built for Lifetime Service

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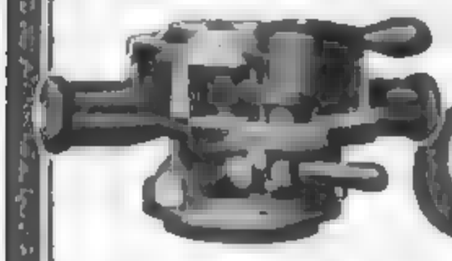

OSTER

No. 104½ BULL-DOG DIE-STOCK

"Well, sor, when I left ye I sat down to thry an' figger who it might be as had taken them oats. All at oncet I sees a little thrail uv the things leadin' from the barn to the hedge. 'Ha, ha!' says I, an' follows it, through the hedge, across the lots an' up to your own barn door."

"My own barn?" repeated Mr. Hemingway, puzzled.

"Yes, sor. The barn on that vacant place o' yours down the street. I turns in with the thrail, opens the door an' steps in. As I hope t' be saved, the sight what met me oies would 'a' stopped the heart uv a weaker man!"

At the recollection of it Patrick wiped the perspiration from his face with his sleeve. Having thus prepared it, he crossed himself reverently.

"Well, well. What did you see?"

"Well, sor, ye'll nivver believe it, but the floor uv the barn had opened clean up so's y' could see right down into the bottomless pit. An' there at the bottom of it was th' ol' boy hisself, his head throwed back an' his teeth bared right in me foice."

"Nonsense! What's this all about?"

"May I die unblessed if I be not tellin' the truth, sor!" exclaimed Patrick fervently.

"I suppose I'll have to go over with you. You've probably seen something that's been stored there for the last ten years and you've never noticed before."

"An' it's divvil a step will I go near that barn again," said Pat firmly. "It's notice I'm givin' y' now, sor."

"I never heard such rubbish!" Mr. Hemingway went out into the hall for his hat. "I'm going over to see what this is all about," he said to his wife.

"Wait a moment. I'll put on my hat and walk over with you."

If it was really the devil her woman's curiosity prompted her to see what he might look like. Patrick shook his head and faded away in the direction of the kitchen. The Hemingways departed. The boys were left alone.

"Now you done it," said Beany. "What did you want to go dropping oats all over everything for?"

"What did I drop oats for?" Gangleshanks was indignant. "Why, didn't you drop 'em just as much as me?"

"Well, I'm glad I didn't have nu-nu-nothin' to do with th' ol' haw-haw-haw-horse," said the Tub complacently.

Beany and Gangleshanks looked at him in amazement.

"You didn't?" said Beany. "I'd like to know why you didn't have just as much to do with it as us. More. It was you that thought of the barn in the first place."

"The whole thing is your fault," agreed Gangleshanks. "If you hadn't wanted to have a club in your rotten ol' barn we'd never have thought of the horse."

"Du-du-don't you think I'm goin' t' take any o' the blame," said the Tub, instinctively backing away.

This movement proved to be his undoing. It suggested the same thing to both Gangleshanks and Beany. With one mind they advanced upon him. The servants were all out. The house was deserted. With the skill of long practice they seized their victim and laid him on the rug.

"Yu-yu-you lemme up, now!" warned the Tub. "You'll bu-bu-be sorry if you du-du-du ——" Something in the set faces of his tormentors roused his fears that this was about to be a cure even more severe than usual. "Yu-yu-you leggo, Beany Fleming! Gu-gu-get offa me, Gangleshanks! I'll tu-tu-tell father. I'll —— "

Just what else he proposed to do will never be known, for at that moment Beany flipped a corner of the rug over his face. Never had the cure been applied more scientifically. The gurgling groans of the victim would have warmed the heart of an Inquisitioner.

Beany ceased his rib gouging for a moment.

"Do you swear," he asked solemnly, "never to tell who was the other members of the club?"

"No," came the stubborn response.

The torture was resumed. "'Es, 'es. I swear. Oh! Ugh! I sw-wu-wear!"

"Do you swear," continued Beany, triumphant, "to take all the blame for the horse?"

"'Es, 'es," came the muffled affirmative. "Lu-lu-lemme up. Do anydig."

"Remember," warned Beany, removing the corner of the rug but still maintaining his position of advantage on the Tub's stomach, "if you ever tell we'll do this for an hour straight."

"Or more," added Gangleshanks, "if we have time."

"QUEER thing about that necklace business," said Mr. Fleming as they sat at supper that evening. "I heard this afternoon that they found the ragman's horse in Hemingway's barn. As far as I can make out, his son knows all about it. Hemingway's trying to hush the whole thing up. The ragman has been released. Fine piece of nonsense, the whole thing."

"I never did like that Hemingway boy," said Mrs. Fleming. "He's too fat. You know him, don't you, Beany?"

"Not very well," said Beany discreetly.

"Well, I shouldn't have anything to do with him at all. I don't think he's a very good companion for either you or Gangleshanks. He seems to be rather a wild sort of boy."

"Yes, sir."

"I never thought that necklace was stolen anyway," said Mrs. Fleming. "That Mrs. Pardee's a flighty sort of person. She'd be very apt to jump at conclusions."

"I never thought it was, either," agreed her husband. And thus was the subject of the necklace shelved forever.

"Oh, by the way," said Mr. Fleming later in the evening, "I met the Rev. Mr. Hopkins to-day, Beany. The one that talked at your school and that you liked so much. I asked him here to supper next Sunday night. He seems like a very nice man."

"Who? That ol' pie crust?" said Beany disrespectfully. "Whoever said I liked him? Golly day! Excuse me! I guess I'll go over to Gangleshanks' that night."

The following morning the Tub found a paper pasted under the cover of his desk. It depicted in the most gruesome details a human skull surmounting a pair of crossed tibiæ.

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IN POLITICS

(Continued from Page 19)

The progressive faction of the party, strong in the town and ably led, still bore marks I had left upon it. My fear was that the progressive faction would spring a candidate strong enough to eliminate me in the primary. I knew they were looking for one.

A number of gentlemen have claimed the distinction, such as it is, of having been the architect of my insignificant political fortunes. Severally and in turn they have many times submitted to me the plans and specifications from which the edifice was constructed. I wish to observe that the conversation of the gentleman who made you is the most negligible adventure in the category of experience. Men are swept into office on the wave of fervor and devotion which their friends roll up behind them. They are broken when their friends lose the savor—the fine edge—that marked their loyalty. My friends put me across, but I take credit for the strategic maneuver which finally cleared the way for me.

I had called up Dick Hoskins in formal observance of one of the niceties of politics. Hoskins was a powerful force in the politics of the town. He worked unostentatiously, often under cover, but controlled a large vote. I had counted on his support. We were good friends and I had heard he favored my candidacy. In calling him up I was merely observing the ethics of the game, which is that to the gentleman on whom you are counting to bear a portion of your load you must do the courtesy of soliciting his support in person. So I called Dick up and asked him how he felt on the general subject of my candidacy.

When he spoke I got my first real jolt.

"I'll support you," he said, "or I'll support Tom Bowman. If both of you run I'll take to the woods and I won't come back to town till the election is over."

I had digested the significance of it all as I hung up the receiver. The other faction was pushing Bowman into the race—probably had already pushed him in. And he was a tough bird for me to pluck. In a general way we should, if both of us got into the race, split the same vote. Bowman had been president of the chamber of commerce. He was a strong man and stood well. Though I had much the wider acquaintance, I was satisfied Bowman would run better with the business element of the town. I formulated a hasty plan and hotfooted my way to Bowman's office to find out how far the thing had gone.

"I hear you're thinking of running for mayor," I said to him after we had engaged in somewhat brief amenities concerning the nature of the weather. "I've been thinking about running, but I don't know that I'd want to run if you're in. We'd be fighting each other in the primary and one of us would be eliminated. I don't want it that badly, and I thought maybe we could get together and agree as to which should run."

Uncle John is Interested

Bowman was much less fecund of conversational unguent than I had been. "The boys have been after me," he said, "but I haven't quite made up my mind. I'll let you know to-morrow morning."

I realized that so far as Bowman was concerned I was in a blind alley. He had made up his mind to run. Unless I could stop it his candidacy was certain. One of my closest friends and advisers was a state and national leader who as a matter of precaution kept his index finger on local situations. I laid my burden on him.

"Why don't you see Uncle John?" he said.

I saw the connection instantly and marveled that I had not thought of it before. Uncle John was the town rich man, a leading banker and very powerful in a quiet, unostentatious way. He had considerable financial interest in the business of which Bowman was the titular head and he was friendly to me. I got in touch with Uncle John immediately and told him what I wanted. Uncle John looked at me over his old-fashioned spectacles.

"Bowman mustn't run," he said. "I'll speak to him."

He must have spoken with celerity and dispatch, for at three o'clock my adviser telephoned me that Bowman was out of the race and would not under any circumstances become a candidate. The reaction was so great I had to come up for air, so I left the typewriting machine from which I was trying to coax the day's work and started for a walk round the square. Downstairs, in the business office of the paper, I ran into Harry Light, Bill Fullington and Jim Wyer with their heads together.

I recognized the significance of the impromptu conference at a glance. Light and Fullington, together with Frank Didier, were the head and loins and respiratory organs of the other faction. They made its organization and played its game. I knew they had their heads together over the mayoralty situation. I walked over and horned into the conference.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Can't you find anybody to run against me?"

"We hear Tom Bowman is thinking of running," said Light.

"I heard that too," I said. "I'd hate to see Tom get in. He's a good fellow. I wouldn't like to run against him."

Wyer glanced at the two others and then looked at me. I knew instinctively Wyer had the signal to hand me the package, whatever it was.

Finally he said: "Both of you ought not run."

"Well," I countered, "I've got my organization pretty well made. My word is out to a lot of fellows."

A Safe Deal

Wyer glanced at Light and Fullington again and came across with it. "Would you agree," he asked, "to support Bowman if he runs, provided we support you if you run?"

Fullington came through with his play and filed his demurrer. "I don't know," he said, "whether I'd want to go home and tell my wife I'd made a deal with Jay House or not."

I ignored Fullington's uncomplimentary interpolation. "Let me get this straight," I said. "I'm to support Bowman if he runs; you're to support me if I run?"

"That's it," Light replied.

"All right," I said; "I'll stand hitched to that agreement."

My journey round the square had been considerably extended before I returned to the newspaper office. I had to walk it off. I had eased Bowman out of the race and tied the Light-Fullington-Didier faction to my candidacy with one gesture. It was an extremely satisfactory day, as days go.

I was coaxing a still-reluctant writing machine when Fullington came into my office at six o'clock that evening.

"You pulled something," he said as he sat down and wiped a perspiring brow. "I don't know how you did it, but I give you credit. We had Bowman in the race at noon. When we saw him again at five o'clock he was out. But we're for you now and you can count on us to go through."

Light managed both of my campaigns. Fullington was a valuable lieutenant throughout my brief political career. It was two or three years before I told him the details of Bowman's retirement from the mayoralty race. If Bowman reads this narration—and the probabilities are that he will do so—he will learn much that is new to him concerning his brief candidacy for mayor.

The code of politics is very simple and may be expressed in two sentences. The man who expects to remain a factor in politics must be loyal to his friends. Once he has given his word he must keep it regardless. These are the articles of faith, and they have been the superstructure of every political dynasty, great or small.

With the last of the preliminary barriers cleared from my pathway, I announced my candidacy in the newspapers. I quote the three high lights of my announcement:

"I profess to be no advance agent of the millennium. I have no Utopian plan or scheme of city government to recommend. I do not wish to reform or uplift the community. I do not believe I can in two short years make of it a great industrial center. It is a cleaner community, morally and otherwise, than the average of its kind. I believe it should be kept so. But to my mind the greatest need of the town, so far as it can be expressed in the governmental function, is more horse sense and less fiddle-faddle.

"As a candidate for mayor I stand pat on my record as a man and a citizen. I have nothing to conceal. There is nothing

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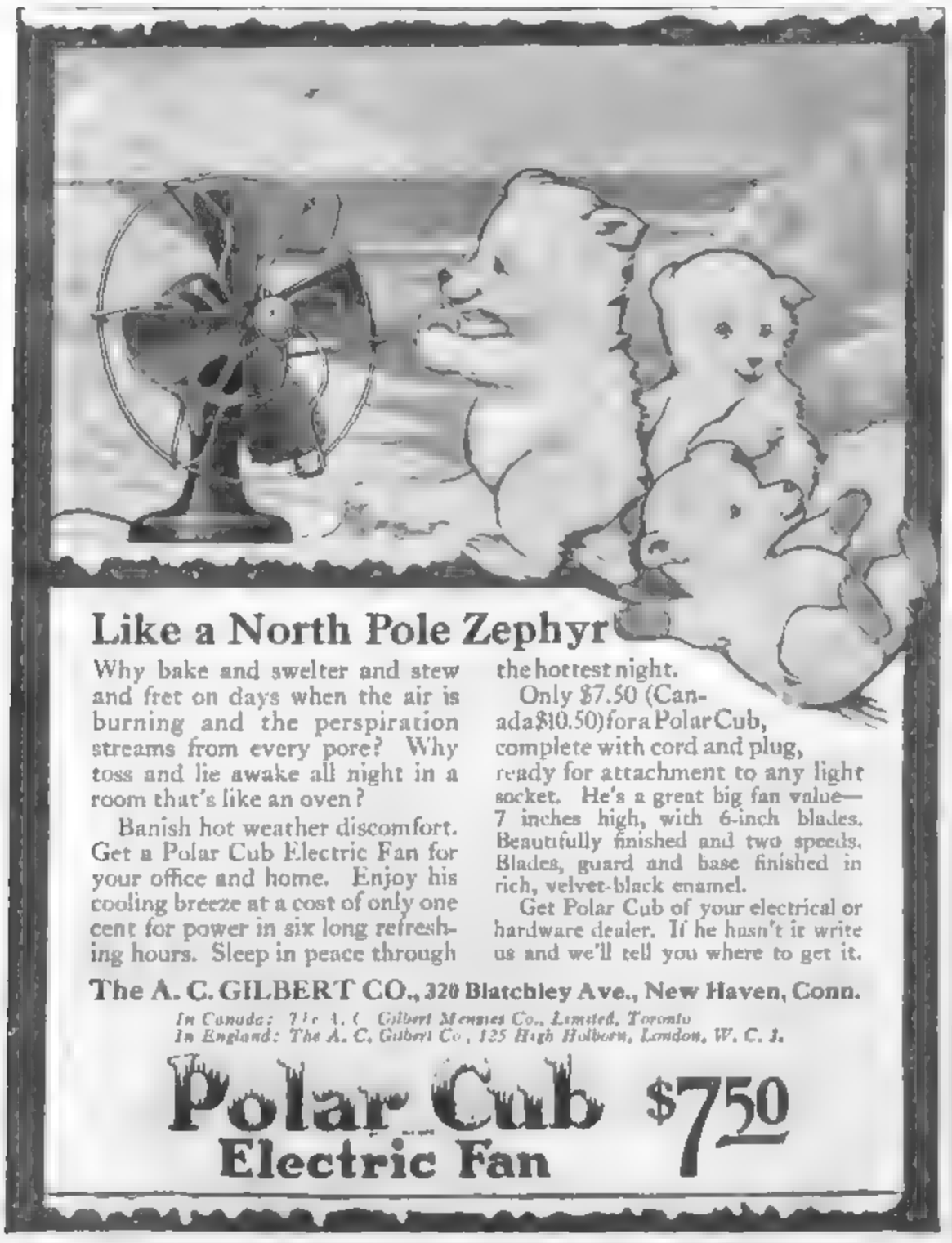

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All good department stores, leather goods stores and most drug stores have these practical kits. If your dealer cannot supply you send for our free descriptive booklet so you can get the "Fitall" you want.

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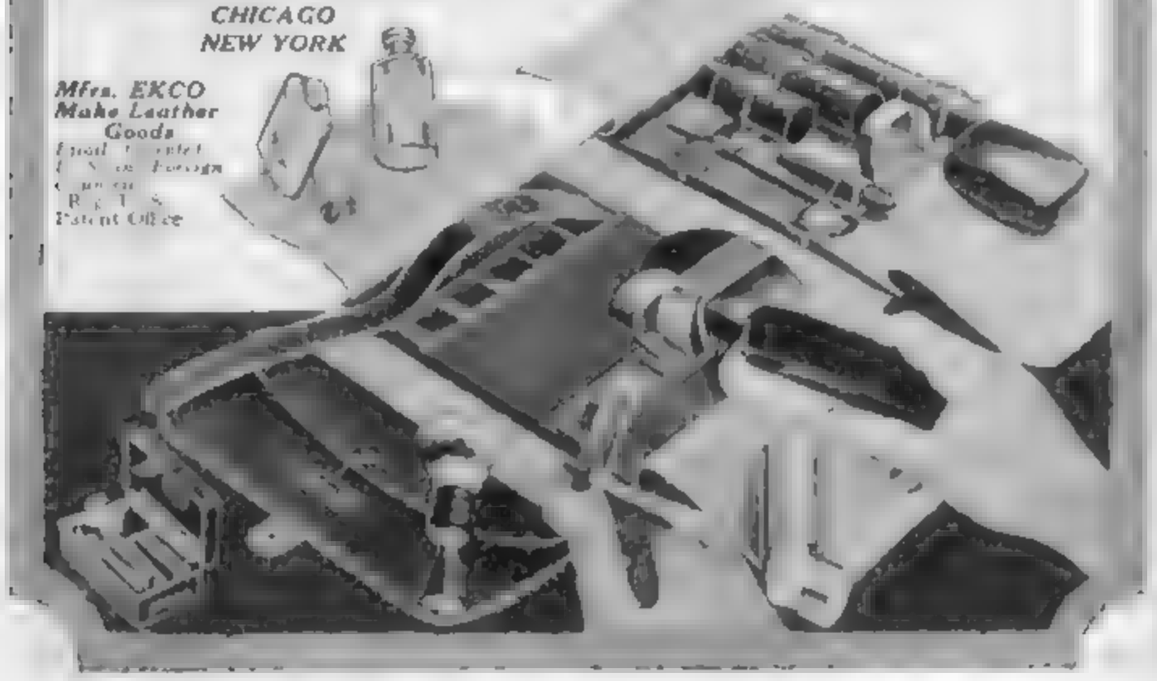

in my career for which I wish to apologize or which I would take the trouble to defend. It is supererogation to inject my views on any proposition into this announcement. For nearly fourteen years, on every working day in the year, I have expressed myself fully, frankly and, I hope, to the point on every subject, foreign or domestic, that has engrossed the attention of the town. As a candidate for mayor I stand precisely where I have stood as a working newspaperman and a private citizen. Upon any issue that rises during the campaign my opinion will be available to any citizen who cares to ask for it. The voters are entitled to know exactly where I stand. I am perfectly willing to tell them.

"My purpose in becoming a candidate is not eleemosynary in its nature. I do not offer myself as a sacrifice to civic benefit. I am running for mayor because I believe it will help me. Did I not believe I could help myself by doing so I wouldn't accept an election as mayor on a silver platter."

Every candidate for office is the subject of certain hallucinations. One of them is that the people will concede his superior fitness for the place or that the opposition will, by its failure to present a candidate, admit the impossibility of beating him. And so for two or three days I fretted between conviction and a hope which my sober second sense told me was vain. But the law-and-order element did not leave me long in suspense. Within the week it had drafted a man to meet the crisis that faced the town.

His name was Beaky. He was a good man and a sterling citizen who had dedicated the adventure of life to real estate and fire insurance. If anything, he was too good. It is possible to sugar coat a candidate with too great an array of virtues. Beaky was right on prohibition, predestination, suffrage, the cigarette, the church, mother's day and all the other vital issues. He was for the curfew law and early rising and against midnight lunches, unchaperoned picnic parties and gustatory excesses. His defeat hurt him sadly and I always felt a little sorry for him. In perfect good faith and with the utmost sincerity he had sprung forth at the behest of many of his fellow citizens to slay the dragon that menaced the municipality. On the battlefield he bogged down and was swallowed up. Subsequently he discovered that he had been tricked. There had been no dragon.

Where Campaign Funds Go

Before the entries closed two additional candidates interpolated themselves. They were highly esteemed citizens, but they affected the situation only in an abstract way. The race was between the pacemakers. Neither had the remotest chance to eliminate either Beaky or myself. I was out on the rolling billows of politics and with only Beaky for company. All I had to do was finance and make a heartbreaking campaign.

There is much idle talk, customarily expressed by those who have no conception of the machinery and methods of politics, concerning the corruption which hedges that profane institution. So far as it concerns the actual buying and selling of votes, it is mostly fluff. The trouble with politics is that it is overcapitalized. The overhead wipes the small operator out. The machinery is ponderous and there is much lost motion. The primary system of making nominations has greatly increased the operating charges. I venture the assertion that no candidate with spirited opposition can be elected to any office of major significance, city, state or national, for the amount of his salary.

Technically at least I violated the corrupt-practices act in every campaign I made. So did every other candidate who finished with me. So has every other candidate I have known who had a battle to fight. I did not actually spend more money than I was legally entitled to spend. We were careful about that. But somebody spent it. I know because I raised my own campaign fund, partly from voluntary contribution and partly from my own resources.

Most of the money in politics is spent legitimately. The only indictment against it is that a good deal of the expenditure is ill advised. The expense for the prosaic items of advertising, literature, printing, postage, rent and clerical assistance easily may run into big money. The investiture of personnel is even more expensive. Every political organization carries a great body of workers who are paid for the time they devote to the fortunes of the candidate. The rule in politics is once a worker always a worker. The man who has drawn a little of the easy money of the game never resumes his status as a free and independent American citizen. He is always on somebody's pay roll. If one side doesn't hire him the other does.

The answer to the worker is that somebody must spread the propaganda of the campaign. Voters must be interested in the vital issues that confront them. They must be induced to register and pushed to the polls on primary and election days. It is a lamentable fact that in nearly every community the artificial urge is required. It is conceivable that such of the citizenry as went to the polls might vote without the assistance, the tutelage and the scrutiny of the paid watchers who are stationed at the polling places. It is conceivable, but since it has never been tried nobody knows to a certainty. The machinery of politics requires a prodigious amount of detail work. Those who perform it are paid for it. Without this sort of organization no man has more than the barest outside chance of being elected.

Playing Both Ends

Possibly half of those who make a profession of working in elections are leeches who return absolutely nothing but conversation for the stipend they draw. One of the qualifications of a political manager is a sixth sense which enables him to spot the leech and keep him off the pay roll. Ability to detect the double-crossers is also a most valuable asset. The double-crosser is the real vulture of the political game. He is the carrion bird of politics who takes pay from one candidate and works for another. Two or three of our experiences with this type of worker fall easily to mind.

I noticed one day a new face at headquarters—a youthful, good-looking, alert-appearing chap. I asked Light some trivial question about him.

"I'm using him," he said, "as a messenger and as a worker among the musicians. He has a drag with the musicians and he is foolish about you."

Being foolish about candidates must have been a specialty with him. We learned afterward that he had been on the pay roll at three different headquarters. He might have been on the pay roll of the fourth candidate, but the latter had set up nothing so pretentious as a headquarters.

Employed in a tie plant on the fringe of town were about two hundred voters on whom we had not been able to get a definite line. A foreman named Overbay represented to Light that he could swing that vote to me and deliver it at the polls. He was paid a stipulated sum for his services in behalf of the organization. Employees at the tie plant voted after they quit work in the evening. A considerable number of them cast their ballots in a certain precinct of the First Ward. The tie-plant vote arrived at the polling place en masse and got into line just before the polls closed. Theirs were the last ballots to go into the box. Our watcher reported that the first thirty-seven ballots out of the box were marked for Keene, my opponent.

Following the election Overbay was the first man to make application for one of the minor appointments. He not only had apparently double-crossed me but he presumed upon my ignorance of the political creed in an attempt to violate one of its tenets. As I have noted, the creed of politics is very simple. One of its tenets concerns the worker, of which there are two types, paid and voluntary. When a worker has accepted money from a political organization its obligation to him is canceled. He is not in line for any appointment, major or minor. On the other hand, the voluntary worker has a definite claim on such patronage as the successful candidate has to give.

There appeared one morning at headquarters a young woman bearing credentials from a leader in one of the precincts. Light employed many women in the work of propaganda. He sent them as canvassers into the homes to work upon the woman vote. As I have noted, he had the sixth sense. I could see at a glance that he distrusted the young woman, who had asked to be placed on the pay roll as a canvasser.

"You want to go to work for Mr. House?" Light asked.

"I want to help him if I can."

(Continued on Page 181)

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YOU expect to find the Royal Typewriter in the modern office of Big Business today. Just as the parchment and quill-pen were essential to the old scribe, so is the "Royal" in harmony and accord with modern business methods.

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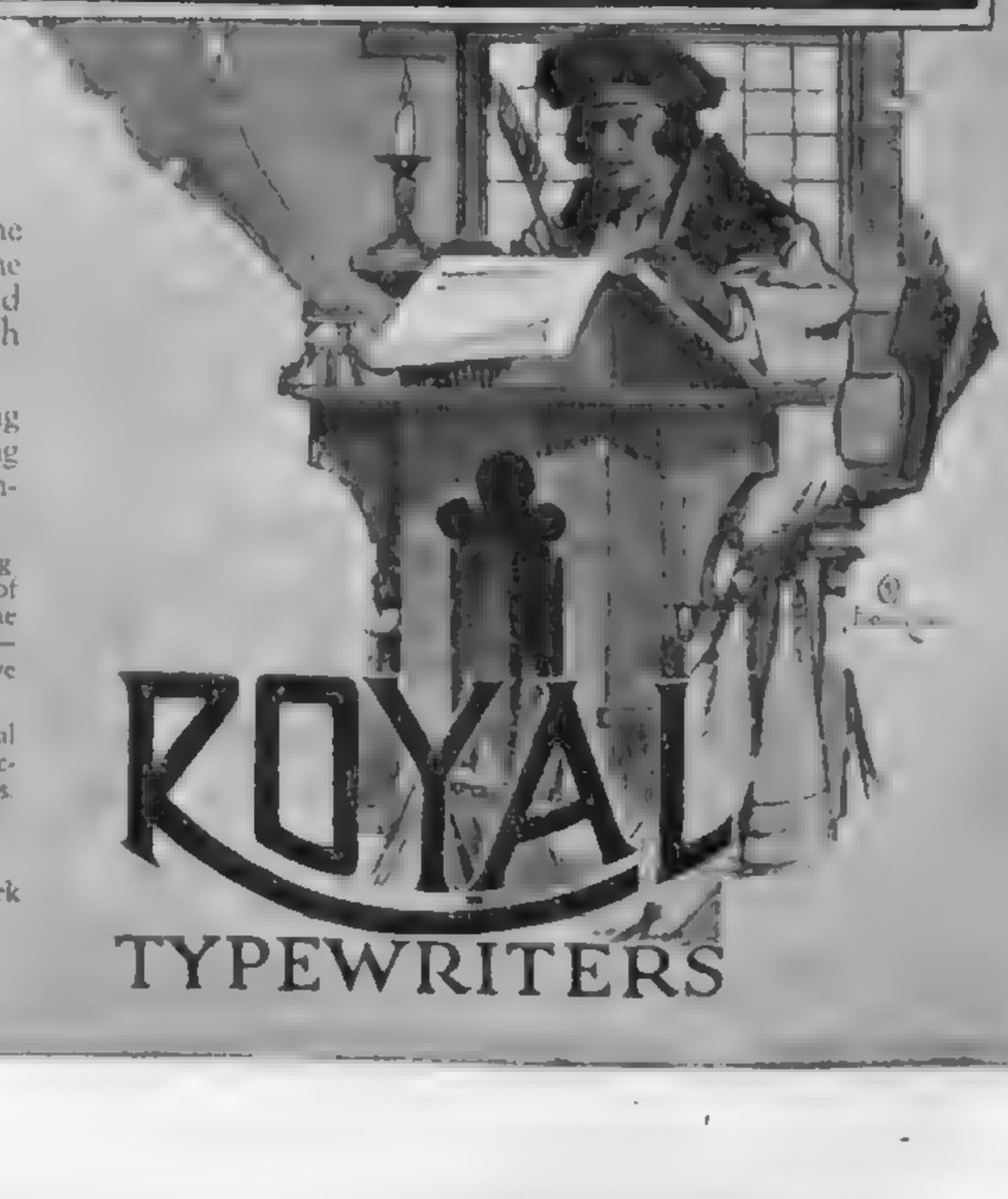

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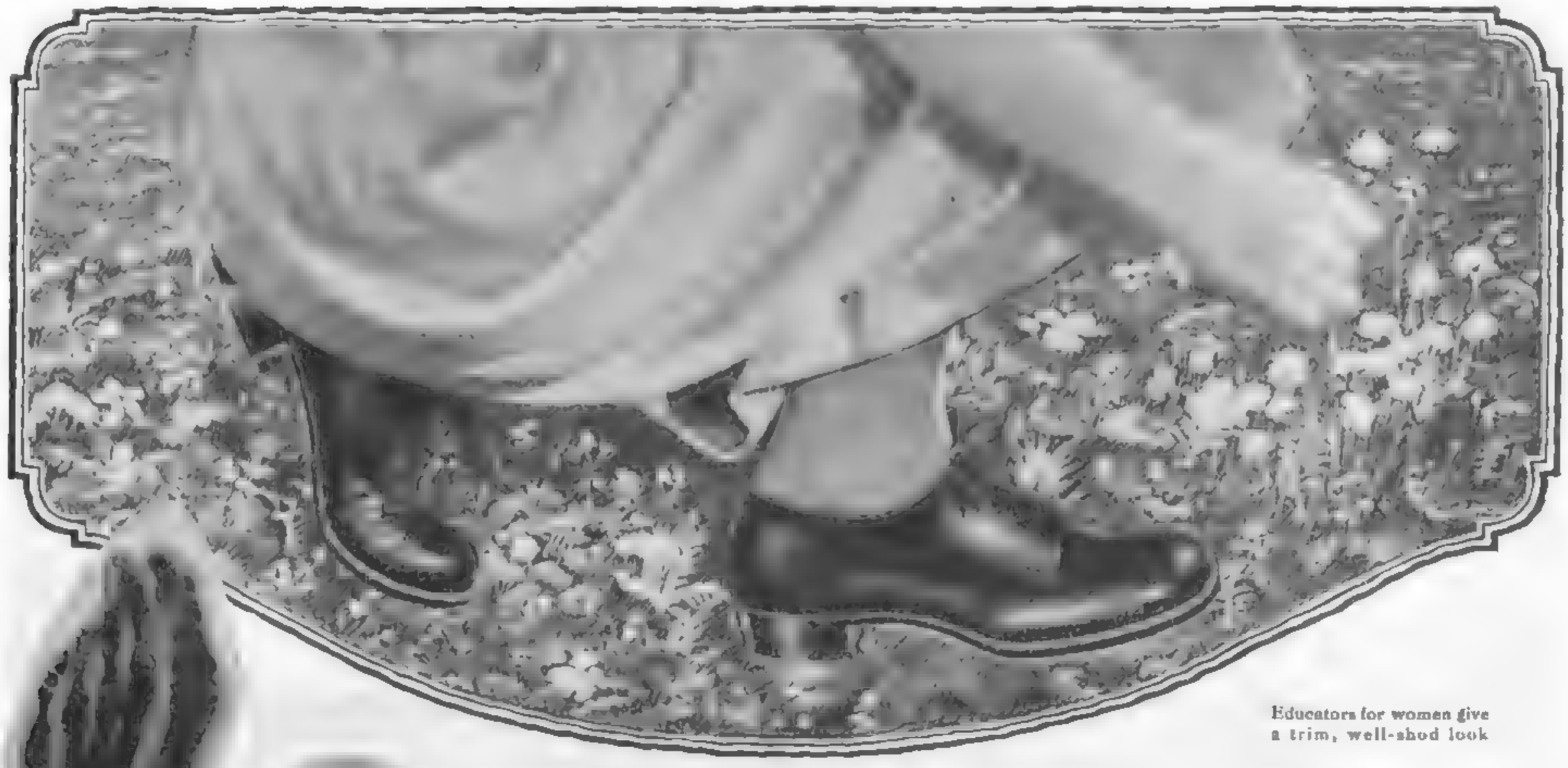

Educators for women give a trim, well-shod look

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Make Your Feet *Feel* Good and *Look* Good Too!

THE pointed, narrow, foot-distorting shoe is becoming passé.

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EDUCATOR SHOE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

(Continued from Page 178)

Light gave her the stereotyped instructions, assigned her to a certain neighborhood and instructed her to call at a certain house, the number and description of which he impressed upon her mind.

"I hear the folks there are against Mr. House," he told her. "I wish you'd call there sometime this forenoon; maybe you can change them over."

Light had set a trap and baited it. The house to which he sent the girl was the residence of his father-in-law. He telephoned certain brief instructions to the family and waited. Shortly before noon they reported the girl had appeared and had made an impassioned plea for one of my opponents, Mr. Willard.

With all the candidates in, the fight crystallized and we squared away in the race for the nomination. Save for one outbreak, the preprimary campaign was as undramatic as this relation. The town simmered and bubbled underneath the surface, but it did not erupt. Light had a flair for organization. He stressed the personal touch and the personal appeal. In a campaign he was as the drip-drip of water upon a stone. As the weeks went by he molded an organization that covered the town like a blanket and stretched its tentacles into every precinct. It was an organization built round the personality of the candidate, quickened by the devotion and loyalty of the candidate's friends. That sort of political machine seldom cracks under the strain.

A Bombshell From the Pulpit

The one outbreak of the preprimary campaign was staged by a local clergyman. In good-humored fashion I had pilloried him on many occasions. He hated me as he hated sin and iniquity. As between us, I think he gave sin and iniquity a little the better of it. With the opening of the campaign he challenged me through the newspapers to meet him in his pulpit in joint debate.

I ignored the challenge. He then announced that he would hold a series of Sunday-evening services in which he would unmask me and hold me up to the contempt and contumely of the community. His church was jammed on the occasion of his first unmasking with a curious audience that had come to be entertained. It waited breathlessly for the dénouement.

Some years previous to the date of this narration I had compiled and printed a book in which a certain homely philosophy concerning the human race was presented in paragraphic form. The book was just what it purported to be—a random collection of pot shots at humanity. With his audience hanging upon the words of his revelation the clergyman picked up a copy of the book and read from it a selected list of paragraphs in which I had given humanity, perhaps, a trifle the worst of it.

As he began to toll the old familiar numbers the audience, which collectively had read them all, began to titter. A gale of laughter followed the titter, and the preacher's bomb exploded in his hands.

Thus and so, mostly in the fashion not at all spectacular, we came to the first barrier—the primary. I ran away from the field. My total vote did not quite equal that polled by the three candidates who ran against me, but I had more than any two of them. And then the thunderbolts of Jove were loosed. The law-and-order element had finally grasped the fact that the candidate regarded as a peril and a menace was potentially mayor-elect, and there ensued an emotional orgy unparalleled in the annals of the town.

Up to the day following the primary the newspapers had taken no hand in the fight. They had simmered as the town had simmered. The proprietor of my own newspaper was distinctly hostile to my candidacy. His hostility had communicated itself to his editors and department heads, but the rank and file, upstairs and down, were for me. The paper lay dead during the primary. It barely admitted to its readers that a primary election was on the point of being held. The evening newspaper was much friendlier. The proprietor was in Florida for the winter, the boys were running it and, being strongly prejudiced in my favor, they went as far with me as they could go without actually committing it to my candidacy.

Colonel McKisson, proprietor of the afternoon paper, returned from Florida the day of the primary. We had been very good friends. I did not expect him to go the limit for me, but I had not believed he would resort to excoriation. He sensed my candidacy as a plot on the part of the morning paper to control the politics of the town and turned his trenchant pen upon me. He literally tore me to shreds and fed me to the fishes. That same afternoon the frantic men and women who besieged the proprietor and his editors won my own paper to a policy of open and unremitting warfare and it dropped its policy of illy-concealed but quiet hostility to remove from my person the few shreds of epidermis Colonel McKisson had overlooked. Thereafter the newspapers battled for supremacy in a contest to decide which could most deeply embed the harpoon into my quivering flesh.

Most of the churches, already organized against me, took up the cry. All the various women's civic organizations followed. I shall never forget the clamor and turmoil of that experience. The church membership and the women's organizations were almost frantic. Exhortation was supplemented by prayer.

I have referred to the inability of an organization cemented together by an abstract idea to function unanimously. I had friends, even in the W. C. T. U. The president of the local organization, who chanced to be one of them, invited me to appear before the organization and address it. She thought I ought to have a chance for my white alley. The opposition to hearing me was so great she was forced to withdraw the invitation.

And yet even then I felt no bitterness against them. They believed what they had been led to believe. In their imagination they saw the outlawed saloon open its doors, gambling dives in full blast, magdalens walking the streets unmolested, white slavery rampant, vice victorious and the town crumbling under the direction of one unfortified by any knowledge of business.

It is merely that I from time to time question the wisdom of the people and deplore their emotional excesses.

The Worst of Being a Chorus Girl

I once asked a chorus girl to tell me the most tiresome thing connected with her business. "The thing I hate worst," she replied, "is the cooked smile I must wear from the time I go on the stage until I leave it." The worst thing in politics is not the abuse. It is the cooked smile which the candidate must maintain. He can avoid the loss of self-respect; he need not cater to the whims, the caprices and the prejudices of the public and he can be perfectly frank and aboveboard. But he cannot shut himself away from the friendly souls who have made his cause their own. He must turn a cooked smile to their kindly verbosity, their never-ending flow of dull and boresome conversation. He must present an amiable face to the uninteresting human beings with whom he is in continual contact. It is not so much a matter of good policy as it is of common decency. I know of nothing so dreary, so wearing as a campaign for office.

A candidate rises and falls upon the slightest word. He is scaling the heights or plumbing the depths. The most trivial sign of encouragement from the most inconsequential source or the most ridiculous possible rumor affecting his candidacy adversely sends him up or down. I reached headquarters one morning in gay and effervescent mood. I do not now recall its origin. Probably the street-car conductor with whom I had ridden downtown had told me I was sure to be elected. The moment I got inside the door at headquarters I sensed calamity. It was a cave of gloom. Light was hunched over his desk. The two or three lieutenants in his

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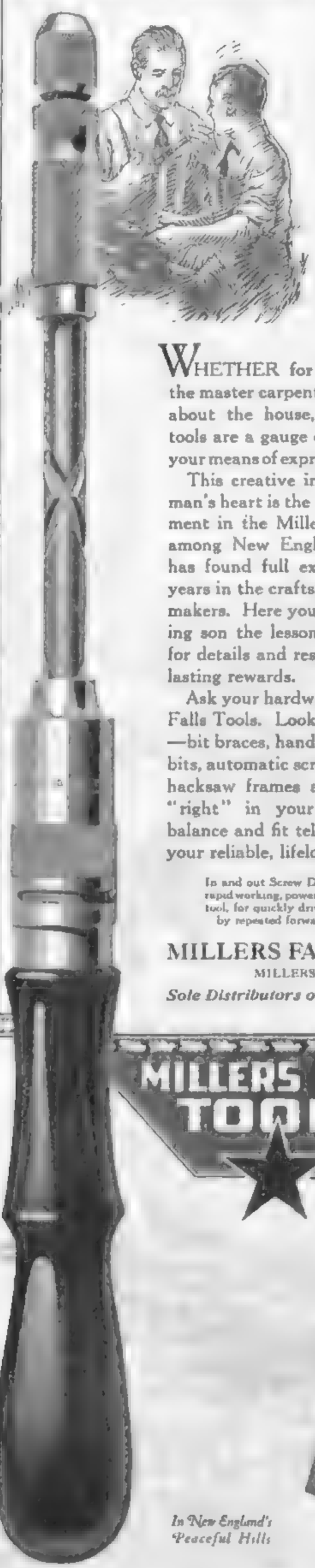

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In New England's Peaceful Hills

room chewed meditative cuds. The atmosphere communicated itself to me and I drooped.

"What's wrong?" I managed to ask.

Light spoke. "Jay, how did you come to do it?" he said.

"Do what?" I asked.

"Do you mean to tell me," Light continued, "that you don't know?" And he picked up the morning paper and pointed to the concluding paragraph in my column.

It read: "Buck Kilby says, though he loves the people and wishes to save them, he prefers the odor of the violet."

"Your little joke," said Light, when I had time to grasp the enormity of my offense, "has cost us a thousand votes."

As a matter of fact we never heard of it in the campaign. It probably did not affect a vote one way or the other. The headquarters crowd was overwrought that morning.

When we went into battle on the morning of election day I had hocked what was, figuratively speaking, the family plate to pay the fiddler for his performance. Late in the afternoon of the day before election a contribution of one hundred dollars had come in from one of our well-wishers. I pinned the money inside my vest. I had hoped to hold it out against the mountain of financial obligations which would rear itself in front of me once the election was over. Light sent for it before I had eaten breakfast the next morning.

All we had to beat were the newspapers; most of the church influence; all the organizations, male and female, dedicated to civic righteousness and public service; all those who disliked me politically, personally or for any other reason; the opposing candidate's not inconsiderable personal following; and the charge that I was wholly unqualified and unfitted for the business of the office. At that mark Light shot a smoothly working, polished organization that functioned like a watch. It is legend that it was the smartest machine that ever went to the mat in behalf of a candidate in that town.

The first scattering returns from widely separated precincts, which came into headquarters between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, disclosed with accuracy and precision the trend of the election. They indicated that on the basis of the larger vote cast I was running ahead of Beaky in about the same ratio I had beaten him in the primary. Shortly after nine o'clock the Second Precinct of the Fourth Ward reported in full. It was tradition in the town—never discredited before or since my election—that the city swung with the Second of the Fourth. It was a small precinct, lying close to the heart of the town, always hotly contested. The watchers reported I had carried it by twenty-seven votes. The crowd which jammed headquarters went wild when the news came in. That which happened afterward was anticlimax.

By ten o'clock I was leading Beaky by one thousand four hundred votes, a majority which could not possibly be overcome in the precincts remaining to report. In the end I beat him by one thousand two hundred and nineteen votes. All at once I felt unutterably worn and weary. I went to the newspaper office, wrote a brief note of thanks to my supporters and filed a couple of telegrams to friends outside. And then, with the clamor of the crowd which surged through the streets and the cheers of those who milled in front of the bulletin boards in our ears, my wife and I rode home together. I do not think we spoke to each other on the way.

It was our great moment. Then, if ever, the fever of exultation should have surged within us. I had gone into battle nailed to an idea and had come out battered and bruised but triumphant. I had been torn and clawed, but so far as my personal and intimate world was concerned, I was sitting on it. The agony which my wife for weeks had endured—the agony which every woman whose husband is nailed to the cross of public opinion endures—was over. Her doubts and forebodings had fallen away. We went into the house and sat down in the living room. I lighted my pipe.

"Well," I said, "we licked 'em," and picked up the afternoon papers.

"Yes," my wife assented, "we whipped them," and turned the pages of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to an absorbing serial story then current in this publication. We did not again that evening refer to any phase of the mayoralty contest.

The drama of the arts, whether it be written, spoken or laid upon canvas, is eloquent, emotional, often discursive. The drama of life is repressed, tight-lipped, inscrutable.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. House. The next will appear in an early issue.

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Table of Contents

July 24, 1920

	PAGE
SHORT STORIES	
The Laughing Horse of Gallup Street—*Edward Streeter*	3
Charm—*Grace Sartwell Mason*	8
The Dilettante—*Lawrence Perry*	12
The Dub of Peace—*Albert Payson Terhune*	16
SERIALS	
It Pays to Smile—*Nina Wilcox Putnam*	20
Steel—*Joseph Hergesheimer*	24
All-Wool Morrison—*Holman Day*	26
ARTICLES	
The Conscience of the Republic—*A. R. Pinci*	6
I. T. U.—Our National Mystery—*Forrest Crissey*	10
What is Management?—*Albert W. Atwood*	14
In Politics—*Jay E. House*	18
Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life—*Baron Rosen*	22
Another Throw of the Philosopher's Stone—*E. W. Howe*	29
Captured by Kindness—*L. B. Yates*	30
Blanketing the Sales Engineer—*Charles C. Lynde*	48
DEPARTMENTS	
Editorial—*By the Editor*	28
Everybody's Business—*Floyd W. Parsons*	36
Small-Town Stuff—*Robert Quillen*	46
Sense and Nonsense	154

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Let a man feel that he is oppressed and exploited; that his employer neither knows nor cares if he lives or dies; that whatever happens he has nothing to lose; and he listens with conviction to the agitator's vindictive foamings and to the promise of a Communist Heaven on earth.

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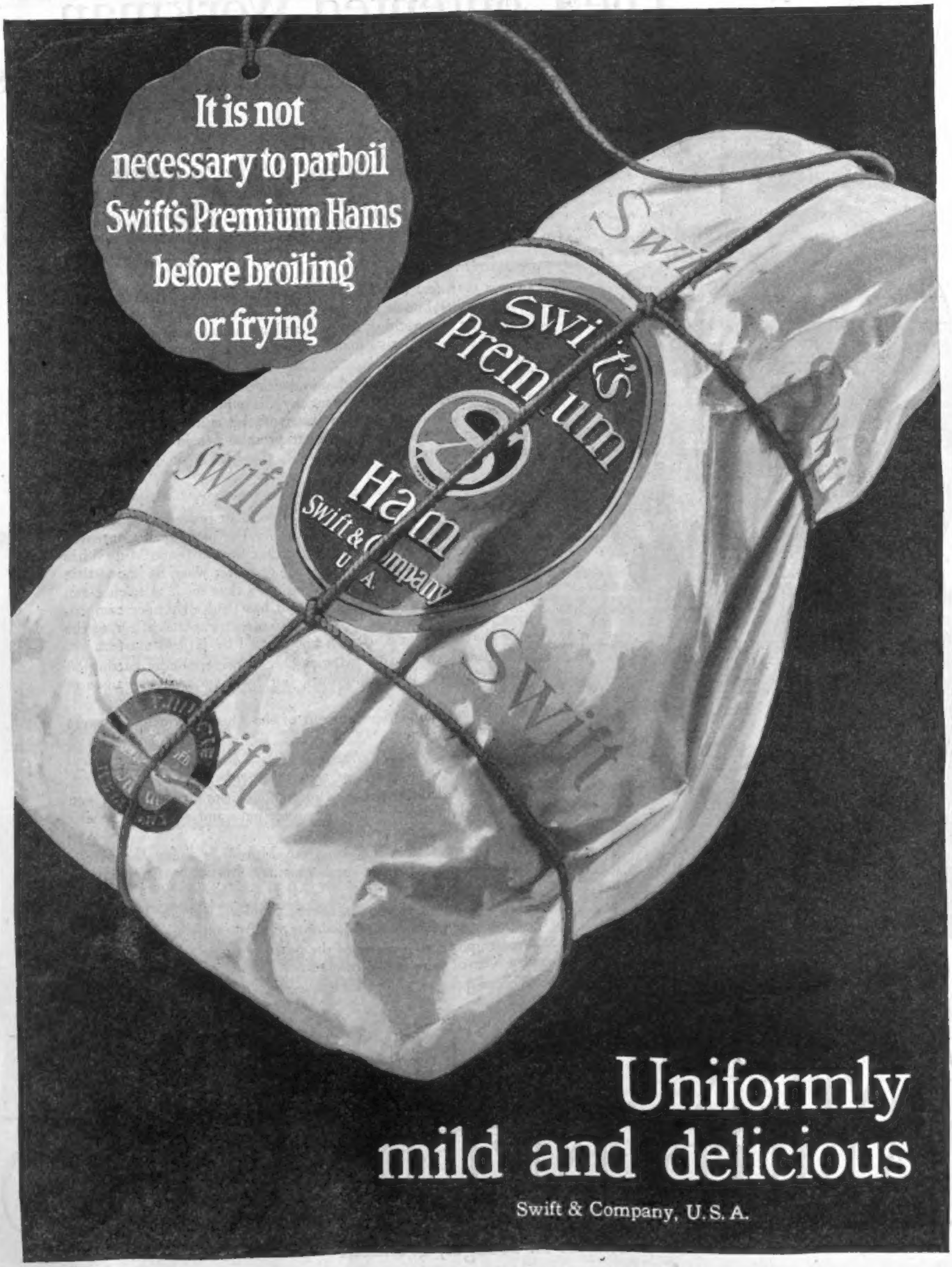
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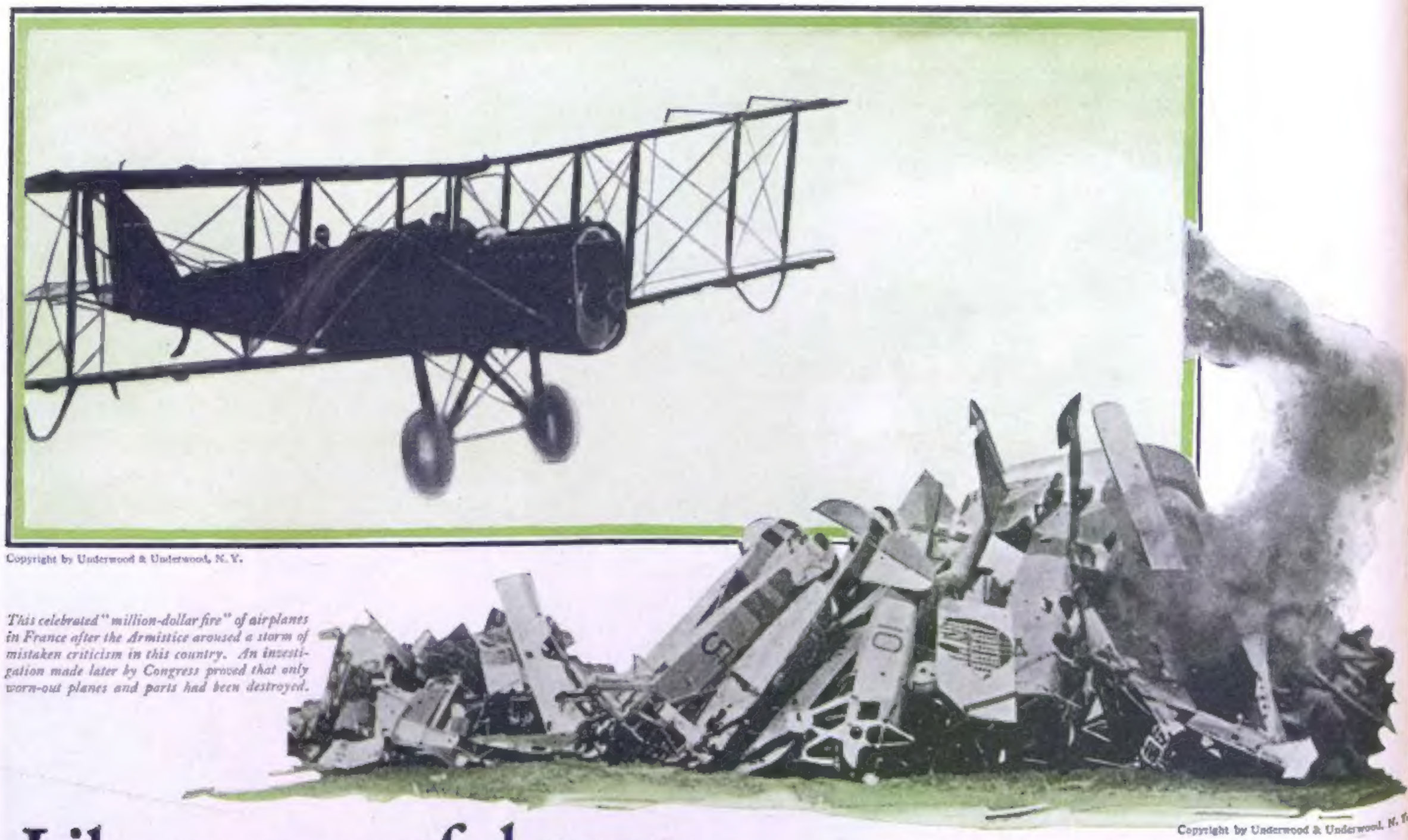

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This celebrated "million-dollar fire" of airplanes in France after the Armistice aroused a storm of mistaken criticism in this country. An investigation made later by Congress proved that only worn-out planes and parts had been destroyed.

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Like a powerful man who has not learned to rest

THE best commercial planes can fly only 135 hours without complete overhauling. The famous "million-dollar bonfire" of airplanes after the Armistice brought out even more surprising facts about *military* planes. During the war the average plane had to be scrapped after a few months.

Throughout hours of flight the airplane must be continually driven at furious, racing speed. That is why its life is usually measured in months, while the automobile's life is invariably measured in years.

Many men and women force themselves day after day to an exhausting pace in just this same way. In business or in pleasure they constantly tax their strength to the utmost.

Everyone realizes that rest must alternate with work. But most people have not discovered the secret of a brief moment's relaxation at the proper time.

The leaders in world achievement have learned how to snatch moments of rest in the midst of crowded days. It is only this secret of *momentary relaxation* that has saved them from breaking down under the strain of their efforts.

Harriman, the great railroad-builder, even at the most critical moments, could drop all business problems and in an instant become absorbed in his favorite author. Roosevelt used to pause to read jingles. Today many hard-driven business leaders gain this momentary recreation, as Woolworth did, from gorgeously furnished offices—from a vase of flowers or a beautiful statuette on their desks.

Nearly every great worker has his own special way of getting momentary relaxation. It is surprising to find what extremely simple things—and how many different things—can afford this quick, refreshing rest.

Most of us have noticed, for example, that just washing or rinsing the hands is often wonderfully restful.

Today there is a new way—an inexpensive luxury—that makes this ordinary, pleasant act twice as effective. Next time you wash your hands in the middle of a busy morning or afternoon let this be a real *momentary relaxation*. Use Jergens Violet Soap. See what a delicious feeling of cool, fragrant cleanliness it gives you—how it soothes both mind and body.

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